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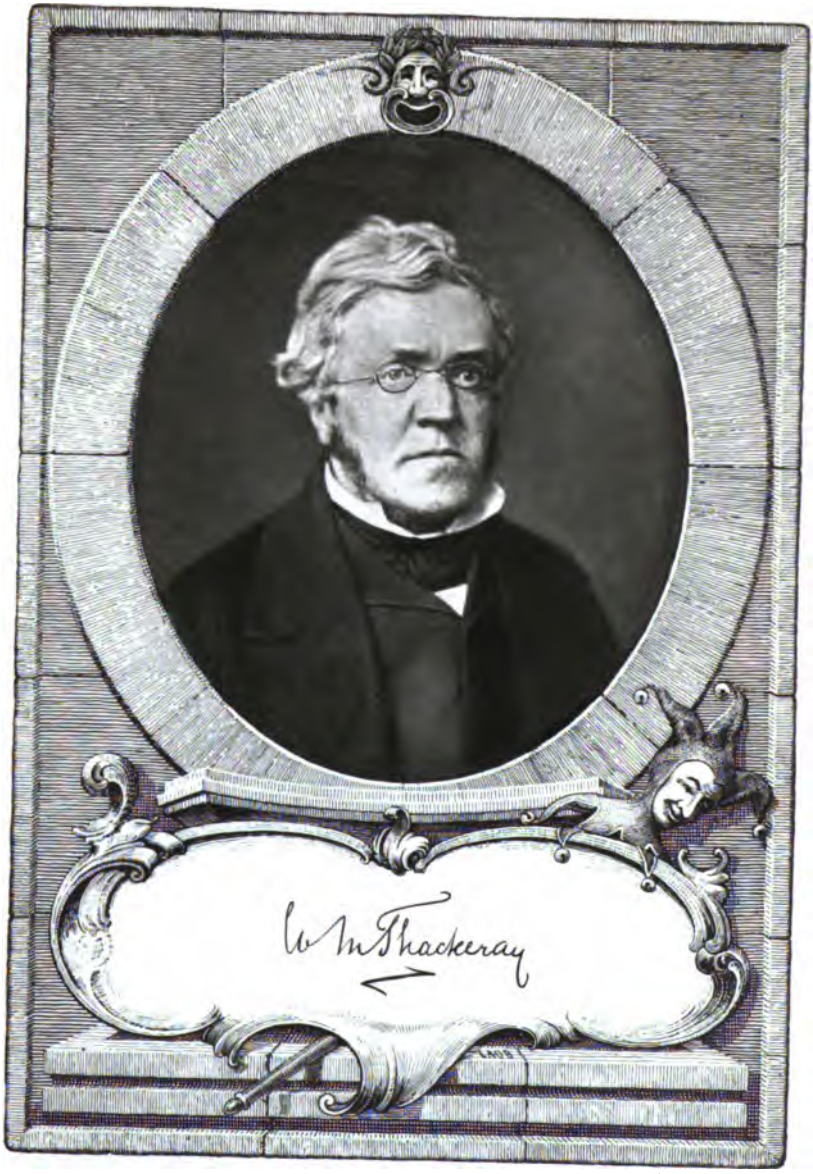
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Austen to Thackeray

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Jane Austen

Five Daughters to Marry

"My dear Mr. Bennet," said his lady to him one day, "have you heard that Netherfield Park is let at last?"

Mr. Bennet replied that he had not.

"But it is," returned she; "for Mrs. Long has just been here, and she told me all about it."

Mr. Bennet made no answer.

"Do not you want to know who has taken it?" cried his wife impatiently.

"*You* want to tell me, and *I* have no objection to hearing it."

"Why, my dear, you must know, Mrs. Long says that Netherfield is taken by a young man of large fortune from the north of England; that he came down on Monday in a chaise and four to see the place, and was so much delighted with it that he agreed with Mr. Morris immediately; that he is to take possession before Michaelmas, and some of his servants are to be in the house by the end of next week."

"What is his name?"

"Bingley."

"Is he married or single?"

"Oh, single, my dear, to be sure! A single man of large fortune—four or five thousand a year. What a fine thing for our girls!"

"How so? How can it affect them?"

"My dear Mr. Bennet," replied his wife, "how can you

be so tiresome? You must know that I am thinking of his marrying one of them."

"Is that his design in settling here?"

"Design? Nonsense, how can you talk so! But it is very likely that he *may* fall in love with one of them, and therefore you must visit him as soon as he comes."

"I see no occasion for that. You and the girls may go, or you may send them by themselves, which perhaps will be still better, for, as you are as handsome as any of them, Mr. Bingley might like you the best of the party."

"My dear, you flatter me. I certainly *have* had my share of beauty, but I do not pretend to be anything extraordinary now. When a woman has five grown-up daughters, she ought to give over thinking of her own beauty."

"In such cases, a woman has not often much beauty to think of."

"But, my dear, you must indeed go and see Mr. Bingley when he comes into the neighbourhood."

"It is more than I engage for, I assure you."

"But consider your daughters. Only think what an establishment it would be for one of them. Sir William and Lady Lucas are determined to go, merely on that account; for in general, you know, they visit no newcomers. Indeed you must go, for it will be impossible for *us* to visit him, if you do not."

"You are overscrupulous, surely. I dare say Mr. Bingley will be very glad to see you; and I will send a few lines by you to assure him of my hearty consent to his marrying whichever he chooses of the girls, though I must throw in a good word for my little Lizzy."

"I desire you will do no such thing. Lizzy is not a bit better than the others; and I am sure she is not half so hand-

some as Jane, nor half so good-humoured as Lydia. But you are always giving *her* the preference."

"They have none of them much to recommend them," replied he. "They are all silly and ignorant like other girls; but Lizzy has something more of quickness than her sisters."

"Mr. Bennet, how can you abuse your own children in such a way? You take delight in vexing me. You have no compassion on my poor nerves."

"You mistake me, my dear. I have a high respect for your nerves. They are my old friends. I have heard you mention them with consideration these twenty years at least."

"Ah, you do not know what I suffer!"

"But I hope you will get over it, and live to see many young men of four thousand a year come into the neighbourhood."

"It will be no use to us, if twenty such should come, since you will not visit them."

"Depend upon it, my dear, that when there are twenty, I will visit them all."

Mr. Bennet was so odd a mixture of quick parts, sarcastic humour, reserve, and caprice, that the experience of three-and-twenty years had been insufficient to make his wife understand his character. *Her* mind was less difficult to develop. She was a woman of mean understanding, little information, and uncertain temper. When she was discontented, she fancied herself nervous. The business of her life was to get her daughters married; its solace was visiting and news.—*"Pride and Prejudice."*

Mr. Woodhouse's Idea of Supper

MR. WOODHOUSE was fond of society in his own way. He liked very much to have his friends come to see him, but his horror of late hours and large dinner parties made him unfit for any acquaintance but such as would visit him at his own terms. At little suppers given at his house his feelings were in sad warfare. He loved to have the cloth laid, because it had been the fashion of his youth, but his conviction of suppers being very unwholesome, made him rather sorry to see anything put on it; and while his hospitality would have welcomed his visitors to everything, his care for their health made him grieve that they would eat.

Such another small basin of thin gruel as his own was all that he could, with thorough self-approbation, recommend; though he might constrain himself, while the ladies were comfortably clearing the nicer things, to say:

"Mrs. Bates, let me propose your venturing on one of these eggs. An egg boiled very soft is not unwholesome. Leslie understands boiling an egg better than anybody. I would not recommend an egg boiled by anybody else, but you need not be afraid; they are very small, you see—one of our small eggs will not hurt you. Miss Bates, let Emma help you to a *little* bit of tart—a *very* little bit. Ours are all apple tarts. You need not be afraid of unwholesome preserves here. I do not advise the custard. Mrs. Goddard, what say you to *half* a glass of wine? A *small* half-glass, put into a tumbler of water? I do not think it could disagree with you."

—*"Emma."*

Lord Byron

Don Juan's Sea-Sickness

Don Juan bade his valet pack his things
  According to direction, then received
A lecture and some money: for four springs
  He was to travel; and though Inez grieved
(As every kind of parting has its stings),
  She hoped he would improve—perhaps believed.
A letter, too, she gave (he never read it)
Of good advice—and two or three of credit.

In the meantime, to pass her hours away,
  Brave Inez now set up a Sunday-school
For naughty children, who would rather play
  (Like truant rogues) the devil, or the fool.
Infants of three years old were taught that day,
  Dunces were whipt, or set upon a stool;
The great success of Juan's education,
Spurred her to teach another generation.

Juan embarked—the ship got under way,
  The wind was fair, the water passing rough;
A devil of a sea rolls in that bay,
  As I, who've crossed it oft, know well enough;
And, standing upon deck, the dashing spray
  Flies in one's face, and makes it weather-tough;
And there he stood to take, and take again,
His first—perhaps his last—farewell of Spain.

I can't but say it is an awkward sight
To see one's native land receding through
The growing waters; it unmans one quite,
Especially when life is rather new.
I recollect Great Britain's coast looks white,
But almost every other country's blue,
When gazing on them, mystified by distance,
We enter on our nautical existence.

So Juan stood, bewildered on the deck:
The wind sung, cordage strained, and sailors swore,
And the ship creaked, the town became a speck,
From which away so fair and fast they bore.
The best of remedies is a beef-steak
Against sea-sickness: try it, sir, before
You sneer, and I assure you this is true,
For I have found it answer—so may you.

Don Juan stood, and, gazing from the stern,
Beheld his native Spain receding far:
First partings form a lesson hard to learn,
Even nations feel this when they go to war;
There is a sort of unexprest concern,
A kind of shock that sets one's heart ajar;
At leaving even the most unpleasant people
And places, one keeps looking at the steeple.

But Juan had got many things to leave,
His mother, and a mistress, and no wife,
So that he had much better cause to grieve
Than many persons more advanced in life;

And if we now and then a sigh must heave
  At quitting even those we quit in strife,
No doubt we weep for those the heart endears—
That is, till deeper griefs congeal our tears.

So Juan wept, as wept the captive Jews
  By Babel's waters, still remembering Sion.
I'd weep—but mine is not a weeping Muse,
  And such light griefs are not a thing to die on;
Young men should travel, if but to amuse
  Themselves; and the next time their servants tie on
Behind their carriages their new portmanteau,
Perhaps it may be lined with this my canto.

And Juan wept, and much he sighed and thought,
  While his salt tears dropped into the salt sea,
"Sweets to the sweet" (I like so much to quote;
  You must excuse this extract—'tis where she,
The Queen of Denmark, for Ophelia brought
  Flowers to the grave); and, sobbing often, he
Reflected on his present situation,
And seriously resolved on reformation.

"Farewell, my Spain—a long farewell!" he cried.
  "Perhaps I may revisit thee no more,
But die, as many an exiled heart hath died,
  Of its own thirst to see again thy shore.
Farewell, where Guadalquivir's waters glide!
  Farewell, my mother! And, since all is o'er,
Farewell, too, dearest Julia!" (Here he drew
Her letter out again, and read it through.)

"And oh! if e'er I should forget, I swear—
  But that's impossible, and cannot be—
Sooner shall this blue ocean melt to air,
  Sooner shall earth resolve itself to sea,
Than I resign thine image, oh, my fair!
  Or think of anything excepting thee;
A mind diseased no remedy can physic."
(Here the ship gave a lurch and he grew sea-sick.)
"Sooner shall heaven kiss earth!" (Here he fell sicker.)
  "Oh, Julia! what is every other woe?
(For God's sake let me have a glass of liquor;
  Pedro, Battista, help me down below.)
Julia, my love! (you rascal, Pedro, quicker)
  Oh, Julia! (this curst vessel pitches so)
Beloved Julia, hear me still beseeching!"
(Here he grew inarticulate with retching.)

He felt that chilling heaviness of heart,
  Or rather stomach, which, alas! attends,
Beyond the best apothecary's art,
  The loss of love, the treachery of friends,
Or death of those we dote on, when a part
  Of us dies with them as each fond hope ends.
No doubt he would have been much more pathetic,
But the sea acted as a strong emetic.

Love's a capricious power: I've known it hold
  Out through a fever caused by its own heat,
But be much puzzled by a cough and cold,
  And find a quinsy very hard to treat;

Against all noble maladies he's bold,
  But vulgar illnesses don't like to meet,
Nor that a sneeze should interrupt his sigh,
Nor inflammations redden his blind eye.

But worst of all is nausea, or a pain
  About the lower region of the bowels;
Love, who heroically breathes a vein,
  Shrinks from the application of hot towels,
And purgatives are dangerous to his reign,
  Sea-sickness death. His love was perfect, how else
Could Juan's passion, while the billows roar,
Resist his stomach, ne'er at sea before?

—*"Don Juan."*

After Swimming the Hellespont

If, in the month of dark December,
  Leander, who was nightly wont
(What maid will not the tale remember?)
  To cross thy stream, broad Hellespont;

If, when the wint'ry tempest roar'd,
  He sped to Hero nothing loath,
And thus of old thy current pour'd,
  Fair Venus! how I pity both!

For *me*, degenerate, modern wretch,
  Though in the genial month of May,
My dripping limbs I faintly stretch,
  And think I've done a feat to-day.

But since he crossed the rapid tide,
According to the doubtful story,
To woo—and—Lord knows what beside,
And swam for Love, as I for Glory;

'Twere hard to say who fared the best:
Sad mortals, thus the gods still plague you!
He lost his labour, I my jest;
For he was drowned, and I've the ague.

Epitaph for Joseph Blackett, Poet and Shoemaker

STRANGER! behold, interred together,
The *souls* of learning and of leather.
Poor Joe is gone, but left his *all:*
You'll find his relics in a *stall.*
His works were neat, and often found
Well stitched, and with *morocco* bound.
Tread lightly—where the bard is laid
He cannot mend the shoe he made;
Yet is he happy in his hole,
With verse immortal as his *sole.*
But still to business he held fast,
And stuck to Phœbus to the last.
Then who shall say so good a fellow
Was only "leather and prunella"?
For character—he did not lack it;
And if he did, 'twere shame to "Black-jt,"

Michael's Call for Witnesses

Now Satan turned and waved his swarthy hand,
  Which stirred with its electric qualities
Clouds farther off than we can understand,
  Although we find them sometimes in our skies;
Infernal thunder shook both sea and land
  In all the planets, and hell's batteries
Let off the artillery, which Milton mentions
As one of Satan's most sublime inventions.

This was a signal unto such damned souls
  As have the privilege of their damnation
Extended far beyond the mere controls
  Of worlds past, present, or to come; no station
Is theirs particularly in the rolls
  Of hell assigned; but where their inclination
Or business carries them in search of game,
They may range freely—being damned the same.

They're proud of this—as very well they may,
  It being a sort of knighthood, or gilt key
Stuck in their loins; or like to an *entrée*
  Up the back stairs, or such freemasonry.
I borrow my comparisons from clay,
  Being clay myself. Let not those spirits be
Offended with such base low likenesses;
We know their posts are nobler far than these.

When the great signal ran from heaven to hell—
  About ten million times the distance reckoned
From our sun to its earth, as we can tell
  How much time it takes up, even to a second,
For every ray that travels to dispel
  The fogs of London, through which, dimly beaconed,
The weather-cocks are gilt some thrice a year,
If that the *summer* is not too severe—

I say that I can tell—'twas half a minute:
  I know the solar beams take up more time
Ere, packed up for their journey, they begin it;
  But then their telegraph is less sublime,
And if they ran a race, they would not win it
  'Gainst Satan's couriers bound for their own clime.
The sun takes up some years for every ray
To reach its goal—the devil not half a day.

Upon the verge of space, about the size
  Of half-a-crown, a little speck appeared
(I've seen a something like it in the skies
  In the Ægean, ere a squall); it neared
And growing bigger, took another guise;
  Like an aerial ship it tacked, and steered,
Or *was* steered (I am doubtful of the grammar
Of the last phrase, which makes the stanza stammer—

But take your choice); and then it grew a cloud;
  And so it was—a cloud of witnesses.
But such a cloud! No land e'er saw a crowd
  Of locusts numerous as the heavens saw these;

They shadowed with their myriads space; their loud
And varied cries were like those of wild geese
(If nations may be likened to a goose),
And realised the phrase of "Hell broke loose."

Here crashed a sturdy oath of stout John Bull,
Who damned away his eyes as heretofore.
There Paddy brogued "By Jasus!" "What's your wull?"
The temperate Scot exclaimed. The French ghost swore
In certain terms I sha'n't translate in full,
As the first coachman will. And 'midst the war,
The voice of Jonathan was heard to express,
"*Our* president is going to war, I guess."

Besides there were the Spaniard, Dutch, and Dane—
In short, an universal shoal of shades,
From Otahiti's isle to Salisbury Plain,
Of all climes and professions, years and trades,
Ready to swear against the good king's reign,
Bitter as clubs in cards are against spades:
All summoned by this grand "subpœna," to
Try if kings mayn't be damned like me or you.

When Michael saw this host, he first grew pale,
As angels can; next, like Italian twilight,
He turned all colours—as a peacock's tail,
Or sunset streaming through a Gothic sky-light
In some old abbey, or a trout not stale,
Or distant lightning on the horizon *by* night,

Or a fresh rainbow, or a grand review
Of thirty regiments in red, green, and blue.

Then he addressed himself to Satan: "Why—
  My good old friend, for such I deem you, though
Our different parties make us fight so shy,
  I ne'er mistake you for a *personal* foe;
Our difference is *political,* and I
  Trust that, whatever may occur below,
You know my great respect for you; and this
Makes me regret whate'er you do amiss—

"Why, my dear Lucifer, would you abuse
  My call for witnesses? I did not mean
That you should half of earth and hell produce;
  'Tis even superfluous, since two honest, clean,
True testimonies are enough: we lose
  Our time, nay, our eternity, between
The accusation and defence; if we
Hear both, 'twill stretch our immortality."

Satan replied, "To me the matter is
  Indifferent, in a personal point of view;
I can have fifty better souls than this
  With far less trouble than we have gone through
Already; and I merely argued his
  Late Majesty of Britain's case with you
Upon a point of form: you may dispose
Of him; I've kings enough below, God knows!"

—*"The Vision of Judgment."*

Sir Walter Scott

A Preaching Match at Tillietudlem

"I FEAR," said Morton, "there is very little chance, my good friend Cuddie, of our getting back to our old occupation."

"Hout, stir—hout, stir," replied Cuddie, "it's aye gude to keep up a hardy heart, as broken a ship's come to land. But what's that I hear? Never stir, if my auld mither isna at the preaching again! I ken the sough o' her texts, that sound just like the wind blawing through the spence; and there's Kettledrummle setting to wark too. Lordsake, if the sodgers anes get angry they'll murder them baith, and us for company!"

Their further conversation was in fact interrupted by a blatant noise which rose behind them, in which the voice of the preacher emitted, in unison with that of the old woman, tones like the grumble of a bassoon combined with the screaking of a cracked fiddle. At first the aged pair of sufferers had been contented to condole with each other in smothered expressions of complaint and indignation; but the sense of their injuries became more pungently aggravated as they communicated with each other, and they became at length unable to suppress their ire.

"Woe, woe, and a threefold woe unto you, ye bloody and violent persecutors!" exclaimed the Reverend Gabriel Kettledrummle. "Woe, and threefold woe unto you, even to the breaking of seals, the blowing of trumpets, and the pouring forth of vials."

"Aye, aye; a black cast to a' their ill-faur'd faces, and the outside o' the loof to them at the last day!" echoed the shrill counter-tenor of Mause, falling in like the second part of a catch.

"I tell you," continued the divine, "that your rankings and your ridings, your neighings and your prancings, your bloody, barbarous, and inhuman cruelties, your benumbing, deadening, and debauching the conscience of poor creatures by oaths, soul-damning and self-contradictory, have arisen from earth to heaven like a foul and hideous outcry of perjury for hastening the wrath to come—hugh! hugh! hugh!"

"And I say," cried Mause in the same tune, and nearly at the same time, "that wi' this auld breath o' mine, and it's sair taen down wi' the asthmatics and this rough trot——"

"Deil gin they would gallop," said Cuddie, "wad it but gar her haud her tongue!"

"Wi' this auld and brief breath," continued Mause, "will I testify against the backslidings, defections, defalcations, and declinings of the land—against the grievances and the causes of wrath!"

"Peace, I pr'ythee—peace, good woman," said the preacher, who had just recovered from a violent fit of coughing, and found his own anathema borne down by Mause's better wind—"peace, and take not the word out of the mouth of a servant of the altar. I say, I uplift my voice and tell you, that before the play is played out—aye, before this very sun gaes down—ye sall learn that neither a desperate Judas, like your prelate Sharp that's gane to his place; nor a sanctuary-breaking Holofernes, like bloody-minded Claverhouse; nor an ambitious Diotrephes, like the lad Evandale; nor a covetous and warld-following Demas, like him they ca' Sergeant Bothwell, that makes every wife's plack and her meal-ark

his ain; neither your carabines, nor your pistols, nor your broadswords, nor your horses, nor your saddles, bridles, surcingles, nose-bags, nor martingales, shall resist the arrows that are whetted and the bow that is bent against you!"

"That shall they never, I trow," echoed Mause. "Castaways are they ilk ane o' them; besoms of destruction, fit only to be flung into the fire when they have sweepit the filth out o' the Temple; whips of small cords, knotted for the chastisement of those wha like their warldly gudes and gear better than the Cross or the Covenant, but when that wark's done, only meet to mak latchets to the deil's brogues."

"Fiend hae me," said Cuddie, addressing himself to Morton, "if I dinna think our mither preaches as weel as the minister! But it's a sair pity o' his hoast, for it aye comes on just when he's at the best o't, and that lang routing he made air this morning is sair again him too. Deil an I care if he wad roar her dumb, and then he wad hae't a' to answer for himsell. It's lucky the road's rough, and the troopers are no taking muckle tent to what they say wi' the rattling o' the horses' feet; but an we were anes on saft grund we'll hear news o' a' this."

Cuddie's conjectures were but too true. The words of the prisoners had not been much attended to while drowned by the clang of horses' hoofs on a rough and stony road; but they now entered upon the moorlands, where the testimony of the two zealous captives lacked this saving accompaniment. And, accordingly, no sooner had their steeds begun to tread heath and greensward, and Gabriel Kettledrummle had again raised his voice with, "Also I uplift my voice like that of a pelican in the wilderness——"

"And I mine," had issued from Mause, "like a sparrow on the house-tops——"

When "Hollo, ho!" cried the corporal from the rear; "rein up your tongues; the devil blister them, or I'll clap a martingale on them."

"I will not peace at the commands of the profane," said Gabriel.

"Nor I neither," said Mause, "for the bidding of no earthly potsherd, though it be painted as red as a brick from the Tower of Babel, and ca' itsell a corporal."

"Halliday," cried the corporal, "hast got never a gag about thee, man? We must stop their mouths before they talk us all dead."—*"Old Mortality."*

Captain Dugald Dalgetty

THE appearance of the horseman corresponded well with his military equipage, to which he had the air of having been long inured. He was above the middle size, and of strength sufficient to bear with ease the weight of his weapons, offensive and defensive. His age might be forty and upward, and his countenance was that of a resolute weather-beaten veteran, who had seen many fields, and brought away in token more than one scar. At the distance of about thirty yards he halted and stood fast, raised himself on his stirrups, as if to reconnoitre and ascertain the purpose of the opposite party, and brought his musketoon under his right arm, ready for use, if occasion should require it. In everything but numbers, he had the advantage of those who seemed inclined to interrupt his passage.

The leader of the party was, indeed, well mounted and clad in a buff coat, richly embroidered, the half-military dress

of the period; but his domestics had only coarse jackets of thick felt, which could scarce be expected to turn the edge of a sword, if wielded by a strong man; and none of them had any weapons, save swords and pistols, without which gentlemen, or their attendants, during those disturbed times, seldom stirred abroad.

When they had stood at gaze for about a minute, the younger gentleman gave the challenge which was then common in the mouth of all strangers who met in such circumstances—"For whom are you?"

"Tell me first," answered the soldier, "for whom are you?—the strongest party should speak first."

"We are for God and King Charles," answered the first speaker. "Now tell your faction, you know ours."

"I am for God and my standard," answered the single horseman.

"And for which standard?" replied the chief of the other party—"Cavalier or Roundhead, King or Convention?"

"By my troth, sir," answered the soldier, "I would be loath to reply to you with an untruth, as a thing unbecoming a cavalier of fortune and a soldier. But to answer your query with beseeming veracity, it is necessary I should myself have resolved to whilk of the present divisions of the kingdom I shall ultimately adhere, being a matter whereon my mind is not as yet preceesely ascertained."

"I should have thought," answered the gentleman, "that, when loyalty and religion are at stake, no gentleman or man of honour could be long in choosing his party."

"Truly, sir," replied the trooper, "if ye speak this in the way of vituperation, as meaning to impugn my honour or genteelity, I would blithely put the same to issue, venturing in that quarrel with my single person against you three.

But if you speak it in the way of logical ratiocination, whilk I have studied in my youth at the Mareschal-College of Aberdeen, I am ready to prove to ye *logice*, that my resolution to defer, for a certain season, the taking upon me either of these quarrels, not only becometh me as a gentleman and a man of honour, but also as a person of sense and prudence, one imbued with humane letters in his early youth, and who, from thenceforward, has followed the wars under the banner of the invincible Gustavus, the Lion of the North, and under many other heroic leaders, both Lutheran and Calvinist, Papist and Arminian."

After exchanging a word or two with his domestics, the younger gentleman replied, "I should be glad, sir, to have some conversation with you upon so interesting a question, and should be proud if I can determine you in favour of the cause I have myself espoused. I ride this evening to a friend's house not three miles distant, whither, if you choose to accompany me, you shall have good quarters for the night, and free permission to take your own road in the morning, if you then feel no inclination to join with us."

"Whose word am I to take for this?" answered the cautious soldier. "A man must know his guarantee, or he may fall into an ambuscade."

"I am called," answered the younger stranger, "the Earl of Menteith, and, I trust, you will receive my honour as a sufficient security."

"A worthy nobleman," answered the soldier, "whose parole is not to be doubted." With one motion he replaced his musketoon at his back, and with another made his military salute to the young nobleman, and continuing to talk as he rode forward to join him. "And, I trust," said he, "my own assurance, that I will be *bon camarado* to your lordship in

peace or in peril, during the time we shall abide together, will not be altogether vilipended in these doubtful times, when, as they say, a man's head is safer in a steel cap than in a marble palace."

"I assure you, sir," said Lord Menteith, "that to judge from your appearance, I most highly value the advantage of your escort; but, I trust, we shall have no occasion for any exercise of valour, as I expect to conduct you to good and friendly quarters."

"Good quarters, my lord," replied the soldier, "are always acceptable, and are only to be postponed to good pay or good booty—not to mention the honour of a cavalier, or the needful points of commanded duty. And truly, my lord, your noble proffer is not the less welcome, in that I knew not preceesely this night where I and my poor companion" (patting his horse) "were to find lodgments."

"May I be permitted to ask, then," said Lord Menteith, "to whom I have the good fortune to stand quartermaster?"

"Truly, my lord," said the trooper, "my name is Dalgetty —Dugald Dalgetty, Ritt-master Dugald Dalgetty of Drumthwacket, at your honourable service to command. It is a name you may have seen in *Gallo Belgicus*, the *Swedish Intelligencer*, or, if you read High Dutch, in the *Fliegenden Mercoeur* of Leipsic. My father, my lord, having by unthrifty courses reduced a fair patrimony to a nonentity, I had no better shift, when I was eighteen years auld, than to carry the learning whilk I had acquired at the Mareschal-College of Aberdeen, my gentle bluid and designation of Drumthwacket, together with a pair of stalwarth arms, and legs conform, to the German wars, there to push my way as a cavalier of fortune. My lord, my legs and arms stood me in more stead than either my gentle kin or my book-lear, and I

found myself trailing a pike as a private gentleman under old Sir Ludovick Leslie, where I learned the rules of service so tightly, that I will not forget them in a hurry. Sir, I have been made to stand guard eight hours, being from twelve at noon to eight o'clock of the night, at the palace, armed with back and breast, headpiece and bracelets, being iron to the teeth, in a bitter frost, and the ice was as hard as ever was flint; and all for stopping an instant to speak to my landlady, when I should have gone to roll-call."

"And, doubtless, sir," replied Lord Menteith, "you have gone through some hot service, as well as this same cold duty you talk of?"

"Surely, my lord, it doth not become me to speak; but he that hath seen the fields of Leipsic and of Lutzen, may be said to have seen pitched battles. And one who hath witnessed the intaking of Frankfort, and Spanheim, and Nuremberg, and so forth, should know somewhat about leaguers, storms, onslaughts, and outfalls."

"But your merit, sir, and experience, were doubtless followed by promotion?"

"It came slow, my lord, dooms slow," replied Dalgetty; "but as my Scottish countrymen, the fathers of the war, and the raisers of those valorous Scottish regiments that were the dread of Germany, began to fall pretty thick, what with pestilence and what with the sword, why we, their children, succeeded to their inheritance. Sir, I was six years first private gentleman of the company, and three years lance speisade; disdaining to receive a halberd, as unbecoming my birth. Wherefore I was ultimately promoted to be a fahndragger, as the High Dutch call it (which signifies an ancient), in the King's Leif Regiment of Black-Horse, and thereafter I arose to be lieutenant and ritt-master, under that

invincible monarch, the bulwark of the Protestant faith, the Lion of the North, the terror of Austria, Gustavus the Victorious."

"And yet, if I understand you, Captain Dalgetty, I think that rank corresponds with your foreign title of ritt-master——"

"The same grade preceesely," answered Dalgetty, "ritt-master signifying literally file-leader."

"I was observing," continued Lord Menteith, "that, if I understood you right, you had left the service of this great prince."

"It was after his death—it was after his death, sir," said Dalgetty, "when I was in no shape bound to continue mine adherence. There are things, my lord, in that service, that cannot but go against the stomach of any cavalier of honour. In especial, albeit the pay be none of the most superabundant, being only about sixty dollars a month to a ritt-master, yet the invincible Gustavus never paid above one-third of that sum, whilk was distributed monthly by way of loan; although, when justly considered, it was, in fact, a borrowing by that great monarch of the additional two-thirds which were due to the soldier. And I have seen some whole regiments of Dutch and Holsteiners mutiny on the field of battle, like base scullions, crying out 'Gelt! Gelt!' signifying their desire of pay, instead of falling to blows like our noble Scottish blades, who ever disdained, my lord, postponing of honour to filthy lucre."

"But were not these arrears," said Lord Menteith, "paid to the soldiery at some stated period?"

"My lord," said Dalgetty, "I take it on my conscience, that at no period, and by no possible process, could one creutzer of them ever be recovered. I myself never saw

twenty dollars of my own all the time I served the invincible Gustavus, unless it was from the chance of a storm or victory, or the fetching in some town or doorp, when a cavalier of fortune, who knows the usage of wars, seldom faileth to make some small profit."

"I begin rather to wonder, sir," said Lord Menteith, "that you should have continued so long in the Swedish service, than that you should have ultimately withdrawn from it."

"Neither I should," answered the ritt-master; "but that great leader, captain, and king, the Lion of the North, and the bulwark of the Protestant faith, had a way of winning battles, taking towns, overrunning countries, and levying contributions, whilk made his service irresistibly delectable to all true-bred cavaliers who follow the noble profession of arms. Simple as I ride here, my lord, I have myself commanded the whole stift of Dunklespiel on the Lower Rhine, occupying the palsgrave's palace, consuming his choice wines with my comrades, calling in contributions, requisitions, and caduacs, and not failing to lick my fingers, as became a good cook. But truly all this glory hastened to decay, after our great master had been shot with three bullets on the field of Lutzen; wherefore, finding that Fortune had changed sides, that the borrowings and lendings went on as before out of our pay, while the caduacs and casualties were all cut off, I e'en gave up my commission, and took service with Wallenstein, in Walter Butler's Irish regiment."

"And may I beg to know of you," said Lord Menteith, apparently interested in the adventures of this soldier of fortune, "how you liked this change of masters?"

"Indifferent well," said the captain—"very indifferent well. I cannot say that the emperor paid much better than the great Gustavus. For hard knocks, we had plenty of

them. I was often obliged to run my head against my old acquaintances, the Swedish feathers, whilk your honour must conceive to be double-pointed stakes, shod with iron at each end, and planted before the squad of pikes to prevent an onfall of the cavalry. The whilk Swedish feathers, although they look gay to the eye, resembling the shrubs or lesser trees of ane forest, as the puissant pikes, arranged in battalia behind them, correspond to the tall pines thereof, yet, nevertheless, are not altogether so soft to encounter as the plumage of a goose. Howbeit, in despite of heavy blows and light pay, a cavalier of fortune may thrive indifferently well in the imperial service, in respect his private casualties are nothing so closely looked to as by the Swede; and so that an officer did his duty on the field, neither Wallenstein nor Pappenheim, nor old Tilly before them, would likely listen to the objurgations of boors or burghers against any commander or soldado, by whom they chanced to be somewhat closely shorn. So that an experienced cavalier, knowing how to lay, as our Scottish phrase runs, 'the head of the sow to the tail of the grice,' might get out of the country the pay whilk he could not obtain from the emperor."

"With a full hand, sir, doubtless, and with interest," said Lord Menteith.

"Indubitably, my lord," answered Dalgetty composedly; "for it would be doubly disgraceful for any soldado of rank to have his name called in question for any petty delinquency."

"And pray, sir," continued Lord Menteith, "what made you leave so gainful a service?"

"Why, truly, sir," answered the soldier, "an Irish cavalier, called O'Quilligan, being major of our regiment, and I having had words with him the night before, respecting the

worth and precedence of our several nations, it pleased him the next day to deliver his orders to me with the point of his batoon advanced and held aloof, instead of declining and trailing the same, as is the fashion from a courteous commanding officer toward his equal in rank, though, it may be, his inferior in military grade. Upon this quarrel, sir, we fought in private rencontre; and as, in the perquisitions, which followed, it pleased Walter Butler, our oberst, or colonel, to give the lighter punishment to his countryman, and the heavier to me, whereupon, ill-stomaching such partiality, I exchanged my commission for one under the Spaniard."

"I hope you found yourself better off by the change?" said Lord Menteith.

"In good sooth," answered the ritt-master, "I had but little to complain of. The pay was somewhat regular, being furnished by the rich Flemings and Walloons of the Low Country. The quarters were excellent; the good wheaten loaves of the Flemings were better than the Provant rye-bread of the Swede, and Rhenish wine was more plenty with us than ever I saw the black-beer of Rostock in Gustavus's camp. Service there was none, duty there was little; and that little we might do, or leave undone, at our pleasure; an excellent retirement for a cavalier somewhat weary of field and leaguer, who had purchased with his blood as much honour as might serve his turn, and was desirous of a little ease and good living."

"And may I ask," said Lord Menteith, "why you, captain, being, as I suppose, in the situation you describe, retired from the Spanish service also?"

"You are to consider, my lord, that your Spaniard," replied Captain Dalgetty, "is a person altogether unparalleled in his own conceit, where-through he maketh not fit account of such

foreign cavaliers of valour as are pleased to take service with him. And a galling thing it is to every honourable soldado, to be put aside, and postponed, and obliged to yield preference to every puffing signor, who, were it the question which should first mount a breach at push of pike, might be apt to yield willing place to a Scottish cavalier. Moreover, sir, I was pricked in conscience respecting a matter of religion."

"I should not have thought, Captain Dalgetty," said the young nobleman, "that an old soldier, who had changed service so often, would have been too scrupulous on that head."

"No more I am, my lord," said the captain, "since I hold it to be the duty of the chaplain of the regiment to settle those matters for me, and every other brave cavalier, inasmuch as he does nothing else that I know of for his pay and allowances. But this was a particular case, my lord, a *casus improvisus*, as I may say, in whilk I had no chaplain of my own persuasion to act as my adviser. I found, in short, that although my being a Protestant might be winked at, in respect that I was a man of action, and had more experience than all the dons in our *tertia* put together, yet, when in garrison, it was expected I should go to mass with the regiment. Now, my lord, as a true Scottish man, and educated at the Mareschal-College of Aberdeen, I was bound to uphold the mass to be an act of blinded papistry and utter idolatry, whilk I was altogether unwilling to homologate by my presence. True it is, that I consulted on the point with a worthy countryman of my own, one Father Fatsides, of the Scottish Covenant in Würtzburg——"

"And I hope," observed Lord Menteith, "you obtained a clear opinion from this same ghostly father?"

"As clear as it could be," replied Captain Dalgetty, "con-

sidering we had drunk six flasks of Rhenish, and about two mutchkins of Kirchenwasser. Father Fatsides informed me, that, as nearly as he could judge for a heretic like myself, it signified not much whether I went to mass or not, seeing my eternal perdition was signed and sealed at any rate, in respect of my impenitent and obdurate perseverance in my damnable heresy. Being discouraged by this response, I applied to a Dutch pastor of the reformed church, who told me, he thought I might lawfully go to mass, in respect that the prophet permitted Naaman, a mighty man of valour, and an honourable cavalier of Syria, to follow his master into the house of Rimmon, a false god, or idol, to whom he had vowed service, and to bow down when the king was leaning upon his hand. But neither was this answer satisfactory to me, both because there was an unco difference between an anointed King of Syria and our Spanish colonel, whom I could have blown away like the peeling of an ingan, and chiefly because I could not find the thing was required of me by any of the articles of war; neither was I proffered any consideration, either in perquisite or pay, for the wrong I might thereby do to my conscience."

"So you again changed your service?" said Lord Menteith.

"In troth did I, my lord; and after trying for a short while two or three other powers, I even took on for a time with their High Mightinesses the States of Holland."

"And how did their service jump with your humour?" again demanded his companion.

"Oh! my lord," said the soldier, in a sort of enthusiasm, "their behaviour on pay-day might be a pattern to all Europe —no borrowings, no lendings, no offsets, no arrears—all balanced and paid like a banker's book. The quarters, too,

are excellent, and the allowances unchallengeable; but then, sir, they are a preceese, scrupulous people, and will allow nothing for peccadilloes. So that if a boor complains of a broken head, or a beer-seller of a broken can, or a daft wench does but squeak loud enough to be heard above her breath, a soldier of honour shall be dragged, not before his own court-martial, who can best judge of and punish his demerits, but before a base mechanical burgomaster, who shall menace him with the rasp-house, the cord, and what not, as if he were one of their own mean, amphibious, twenty-breeched boors. So not being able to dwell longer among those ungrateful plebeians, who, although unable to defend themselves by their proper strength, will nevertheless allow the noble foreign cavalier who engages with them nothing beyond his dry wages, which no honourable spirit will put in competition with a liberal licence and honourable countenance, I resolved to leave the service of the Mynheers. And hearing at this time, to my exceeding satisfaction, that there is something to be doing this summer in my way in this my dear native country, I am come hither, as they say, like a beggar to a bridal, in order to give my loving countrymen the advantage of that experience which I have acquired in foreign parts. So your lordship has an outline of my brief story, excepting my deportment in those passages of action in the field, in leaguers, storms, and onslaughts, whilk would be wearisome to narrate, and might, peradventure, better befit any other tongue than mine own."

—*"A Legend of Montrose."*

Charles Lamb

Sayings and Anecdotes

LAMB once said to a brother whist-player, whose hands were none of the cleanest, "If dirt was trumps, what a hand you'd have."

The greatest pleasure I know, is to do a good action by stealth, and to have it found out by accident.

One cannot bear to pay for articles he used to get for nothing. When Adam laid out his first penny upon non-pareils at some stall in Mesopotamia, I think it went hard with him, reflecting upon his own goodly orchard, where he had so many for nothing.

A widow friend of Lamb, having opened a preparatory school for children, at Camden Town, said to him, "I live so far from town I must have a sign, I think you call it, to show that I teach children." "Well," he replied, "you can have nothing better than *The Murder of the Innocents.*"

A farmer, Charles Lamb's chance companion in a coach, kept boring him to death with questions as to the state of the crops. At length he put a poser, "And pray, sir, how go turnips?" "Why, that, sir," stammered out Lamb, "will depend upon the boiled legs of mutton."

While Lamb was clerk at the India House he used his own pleasure in observing the hours of attendance. The

other officials grumbled, and one of the heads of the establishment undertook to lecture the erring Elia. "Mr. Lamb, you come very late every morning." "I do, sir," said Lamb, "but I make up for it by going away very early every afternoon."

"Charles," said Coleridge, one day, to Lamb, "did you ever hear me preach?" "I never heard you do anything else," said Lamb.

On a cold and drizzling day a villainous-looking mendicant approached Lamb in the street with an appealing look and outstretched hand. "I have seen better days," said the beggar, in a whining tone. "So have I," said Lamb, shrugging his shoulders, and buttoning up his coat. "This is a very bad day, indeed."

Lamb was reserved among strangers. A friend, about to introduce him to a circle of new faces, said, "Now will you promise, *Lamb,* not to be as *sheepish* as usual?" Charles replied, with a rustic air, "I *wool.*"

A pun is a noble thing *per se.* It is a sole digest of reflection; it is entire; it fills the mind; it is as perfect as a sonnet—better. It limps ashamed in the train and retinue of humour; it knows it should have an establishment of its own.

Some one was mentioning in Lamb's presence the cold-heartedness of the Duke of Cumberland, in restraining the duchess in rushing up to the embrace of her son, whom she had not seen for a considerable time, and insisting on her

receiving him in state. "How horribly *cold* it was," said the narrator. "Yes," said Lamb, in his stuttering way, "but you know he is the Duke of *Cu-cum-ber-land.*"

Positively, the best thing a man can have to do is nothing, and, *next to that,* perhaps, good works.

A mixture of brandy and water spoils two good things.

A Comparison Between Whist and Quadrille

QUADRILLE, Mrs. Battle has often told me, was her first love; but whist had engaged her maturer esteem. The former, she said, was showy and specious, and likely to allure young persons. The uncertainty and quick shifting of partners (a thing which the constancy of whist abhors); the dazzling supremacy and regal investiture of spadille—absurd, as she justly observed, in the pure aristocracy of whist, where his crown and garter give him no proper power above his brother-nobility of the aces; the giddy vanity, so taking to the inexperienced, of playing alone; above all, the overpowering attractions of a *Sans Prendre Vol,* to the triumph of which there is certainly nothing parallel or approaching in the contingencies of whist—all these, she would say, make quadrille a game of captivation to the young and enthusiastic. But whist was the *solider* game: that was her word. It was a long meal—not, like quadrille, a feast of snatches. One or two rubbers might coextend in duration with an evening. They gave time to form rooted friendships and to cultivate steady enmities. She despised the chance-started,

capricious, and ever-fluctuating alliances of the other. The skirmishes of quadrille, she would say, reminded her of the petty ephemeral embroilments of the little Italian States, depicted by Machiavelli: perpetually changing postures and connections—bitter foes to-day, sugared darlings to-morrow; kissing and scratching in a breath—but the wars of whist were comparable to the long, steady, deep-rooted, national antipathies of the great French and English nations.

—*"Essays of Elia."*

A Bad Cold

Do you know what it is to succumb under an insurmountable day-mare, an indisposition to do anything or to be anything; a total deadness and distaste; a suspension of vitality; an indifference to locality; a numb, soporifical good-for-nothingness; an ossification all over; an oyster-like insensibility to the passing events; a mind-stupor; a brawny defiance to the needles of a thrusting-in conscience? Did you ever have a very bad cold, with a total irresolution to submit to water-gruel processes? This has been for many weeks my lot, and my excuse; my fingers drag heavily over this paper, and to my thinking it is three-and-twenty furlongs from here to the end of this demi-sheet. I have not a thing to say; nothing is of more importance than another; I am flatter than a denial or a pancake; emptier than Judge ——'s wig when the head is in it; duller than a country stage when the actors are off it; a cipher, an O! I acknowledge life at all only by an occasional convulsional cough and a permanent phlegmatic pain in the chest. I am weary

of the world; life is weary of me. My day has gone into twilight, and I don't think it worth the expense of candles. My wick has a thief in it, but I can't muster courage to snuff it out. I inhale suffocation; I can't distinguish veal from mutton; nothing interests me; 'tis twelve o'clock, and Thirtell is just now coming out upon the New Drop, Jack Ketch alertly tucking up his greasy sleeves to do the last office of mortality, yet cannot I elicit a groan or a moral reflection. If you told me the world will be at an end to-morrow, I should just say, "Will it?" I have not volition enough left to dot my i's, much less to comb my eyebrows; my eyes are set in my head; my brains are gone out to see a poor relation in Moorfields, and they did not say when they'd come back again; my skull is a Grub Street attic to let. Did you ever have an obstinate cold, a six or seven weeks' unremitting chill and suspension of hope, fear, conscience, and everything? Yet do I try all I can to cure it; I try wine, and spirits, and smoking, and snuff, in unsparing quantities; but they all only seem to make me worse instead of better. I sleep in a damp room, but it does me no good; I come home late o' nights, but do not find any visible amendment. Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?

—*"Letter to Bernard Barton."*

The Housekeeper

THE frugal snail, with forecast of repose,
Carries his house with him where'er he goes;
Peeps out—and if there comes a shower of rain,
Retreats to his small domicile again.

Touch but a tip of him, a horn—'tis well—
He curls up in his sanctuary shell.
He's his own landlord, his own tenant; stay
Long as he will, he dreads no Quarter Day.
Himself he boards and lodges; both invites
And feasts himself; sleeps with himself o' nights.
He spares the upholsterer trouble to procure
Chattels; himself is his own furniture,
And his sole riches. Whereso'er he roam—
Knock when you will—he's sure to be at home.

A Dissertation Upon Roast Pig

MANKIND, says a Chinese manuscript, which my friend M. was obliging enough to read and explain to me, for the first seventy thousand ages ate their meat raw, clawing or biting it from the living animal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day. This period is not obscurely hinted at by their great Confucius in the second chapter of his "Mundane Mutations," where he designates a kind of golden age by the term Chofang, literally the Cook's Holiday. The manuscript goes on to say that the art of roasting, or rather broiling (which I take to be the elder brother), was accidentally discovered in the manner following. The swine-herd, Ho-ti, having gone out into the woods one morning, as his manner was, to collect mast for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son, Bo-bo, a great lubberly boy, who, being fond of playing with fire, as younkers of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw which, kindling quickly, spread the conflagration over every part of their poor man-

sion, till it was reduced to ashes. Together with the cottage (a sorry antediluvian make-shift of a building, you may think it), what was of much more importance, a fine litter of new-farrowed pigs, no less than nine in number, perished.

China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the East, from the remotest periods that we read of. Bo-bo was in the utmost consternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the tenement, which his father and he could easily build up again with a few dry branches, and the labour of an hour or two, at any time, as for the loss of the pigs. While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odour assailed his nostrils, unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it proceed from? Not from the burnt cottage: he had smelt that smell before; indeed this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the negligence of this unlucky young firebrand. Much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower. A premonitory moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip. He knew not what to think. He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burnt his fingers, and to cool them he applied them in his booby fashion to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life, indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted—*crackling!* Again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now; still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit. The truth at length broke into his slow understanding, that it was the pig that smelt so, and the pig that tasted so delicious; and, surrendering himself up to the new-born pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole

handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters, armed with retributory cudgel, and finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders, as thick as hailstones, which Bo-bo heeded not any more than if they had been flies. The tickling pleasure, which he experienced in his lower regions, had rendered him quite callous to any inconveniences he might feel in those remote quarters. His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig, till he had fairly made an end of it, when, becoming a little more sensible of his situation, something like the following dialogue ensued:

"You graceless whelp, what have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that you have burnt me down three houses with your dog's tricks,—and be hanged to you!—but you must be eating fire, and I know not what! What have you got there, I say?"

"Oh, father, the pig, the pig! Do come and taste how nice the burnt pig eats."

The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. He cursed his son, and he cursed himself, that ever he should beget a son that should eat burnt pig.

Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig, and fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti, still shouting out, "Eat, eat, eat the burnt pig, father! Only taste! Oh, Lord!" with such-like barbarous ejaculations, cramming all the while as if he would choke.

Ho-ti trembled in every joint while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should put his son to death for an unnatural young monster, when the crackling scorching his fingers, as it had done his son's and applying

the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavour, which, make what sour mouths he would for pretence, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion (for the manuscript here is a little tedious), both father and son fairly sat down to the mess, and never left off till they had despatched all that remained of the litter.

Bo-bo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape, for the neighbours would certainly have stoned them for a couple of abominable wretches, who could think of improving upon the good meat which God had sent them. Nevertheless, strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burnt down now more frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day, others in the night-time. As often as the sow farrowed, so sure was the house of Ho-ti to be in a blaze: and Ho-ti himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever. At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned to take their trial at Pekin, then an inconsiderable assize town. Evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burnt pig, of which the culprits stood accused, might be handed into the box. He handled it, and they all handled it; and burning their fingers, as Bo-bo and his father had done before them, and nature prompting to each of them the same remedy, against the face of all the facts, and the clearest charge which judge had ever given—to the surprise of the whole court, townsfolk, strangers, reporters, and all present—without leaving the box, or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a simultaneous verdict of not guilty.

The judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision; and when the court was dismissed, went privily, and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days his lordship's town-house was observed to be on fire. The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fires in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the district. The insurance-offices one and all shut up shop. People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very science of architecture would in no long time be lost to the world. Thus this custom of firing houses continued, till in process of time, says my manuscript, a sage arose, like our Locke, who made a discovery, that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked (*burnt*, as they called it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it. Then first began the rude form of a gridiron. Roasting by the string, or spit, came in a century or two later, I forget in whose dynasty. By such slow degrees, concludes the manuscript, do the most useful, and seemingly the most obvious arts, make their way among mankind.

Without placing too implicit faith in the account above given, it must be agreed, that if a worthy pretext for so dangerous an experiment as setting houses on fire (especially in these days) could be assigned in favour of any culinary object, that pretext and excuse might be found in ROAST PIG.

Of all the delicacies in the whole *mundus edibilis*, I will maintain it to be the most delicate—*princeps obsoniorum*.

I speak not of your grown porkers—things between pig and pork—those hobbydehoys—but a young and tender suckling—under a moon old—guiltless as yet of the sty—with no original speck of the *amor immunditiæ*, the hereditary failing of the first parent, yet manifest—his voice as yet not

broken, but something between a childish treble and a grumble—the mild forerunner, or *præludium,* of a grunt.

He must be roasted. I am not ignorant that our ancestors ate them seethed, or boiled—but what a sacrifice of the exterior tegument!

There is no flavour comparable, I will contend, to that of the crisp, tawny, well-watched, not over-roasted, *crackling,* as it is well called—the very teeth are invited to their share of the pleasure at this banquet in overcoming the coy, brittle resistance—with the adhesive oleaginous—oh, call it not fat!—but an indefinable sweetness growing up to it—the tender blossoming of fat—fat cropped in the bud—taken in the shoot—in the first innocence—the cream and quintessence of the child-pig's yet pure food—the lean, no lean, but a kind of animal manna—or, rather, fat and lean (if it must be so) so blended and running into each other, that both together make but one ambrosian result, or common substance.

Behold him while he is "doing"! It seemeth rather a refreshing warmth, than a scorching heat, that he is so passive to. How equably he twirleth round the string! Now he is just done. To see the extreme sensibility of that tender age! He hath wept out his pretty eyes—radiant jellies—shooting stars!

See him in the dish, his second cradle, how meek he lieth! Wouldst thou have had this innocent grow up to the grossness and indocility which too often accompany maturer swinehood? Ten to one he would have proved a glutton, a sloven, an obstinate, disagreeable animal—wallowing in all manner of filthy conversation—from these sins he is happily snatched away.

"Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade,
Death came with timely care."

His memory is odoriferous—no clown curseth, while his stomach half rejecteth the rank bacon—no coal-heaver bolteth in reeking sausages—he hath a fair sepulchre in the grateful stomach of the judicious epicure—and for such a tomb might be content to die.

He is the best of sapors. Pine-apple is great. She is indeed almost too transcendent—a delight, if not sinful, yet so like to sinning, that really a tender-conscienced person would do well to pause—too ravishing for mortal taste, she woundeth and excoriateth the lips that approach her—like lovers' kisses, she biteth—she is a pleasure bordering on pain from the fierceness and insanity of her relish—but she stoppeth at the palate—she meddleth not with the appetite—and the coarsest hunger might barter her consistently for a mutton-chop.

Pig—let me speak his praise—is no less provocative of the appetite than he is satisfactory to the criticalness of the censorious palate. The strong man may batten on him, and the weakling refuseth not his mild juices.

Unlike to mankind's mixed characters, a bundle of virtues and vices, inexplicably intertwisted and not to be unravelled without hazard, he is—good throughout. No part of him is better or worse than another. He helpeth, as far as his little means extend, all around. He is the least envious of banquets. He is all neighbours' fare.

I am one of those who freely and ungrudgingly impart a share of the good things of this life which fall to their lot (few as mine are in this kind) to a friend. I protest I take as great an interest in my friend's pleasures, his relishes, and proper satisfactions, as in mine own. "Presents," I often say, "endear Absents." Hares, pheasants, partridges, snipes, barn-door chickens (those "tame villatic fowl"), capons,

plovers, brawn, barrels of oysters, I dispense as freely as I receive them. I love to taste them, as it were, upon the tongue of my friend. But a stop must be put somewhere. One would not, like Lear, "give everything." I make my stand upon pig. Methinks it is an ingratitude to the Giver of all good flavours to extradomiciliate, or send out of the house slightingly (under pretext of friendship, or I know not what), a blessing so particularly adapted, predestined, I may say, to my individual palate. It argues an insensibility.

I remember a touch of conscience in this kind at school. My good old aunt, who never parted from me at the end of a holiday without stuffing a sweetmeat, or some nice thing, into my pocket, had dismissed me one evening with a smoking plum-cake, fresh from the oven. In my way to school (it was over London Bridge) a gray-headed old beggar saluted me (I have no doubt at this time of day that he was a counterfeit). I had no pence to console him with, and in the vanity of self-denial, and the very coxcombry of charity, schoolboy-like, I made him a present of—the whole cake! I walked on a little, buoyed up, as one is on such occasions, with a sweet soothing of self-satisfaction; but before I had got to the end of the bridge my better feelings returned, and I burst into tears, thinking how ungrateful I had been to my good aunt, to go and give her good gift away to a stranger that I had never seen before, and who might be a bad man for aught I knew; and then I thought of the pleasure my aunt would be taking in thinking that I—I myself and not another—would eat her nice cake—and what should I say to her the next time I saw her—how naughty I was to part with her pretty present! And the odour of that spicy cake came back upon my recollection, and the pleasure and the curiosity I had taken seeing her make it, and her joy when she had sent it to the

oven, and how disappointed she would feel that I had never had a bit of it in my mouth at last; and I blamed my impertinent spirit of almsgiving, and out-of-place hypocrisy of goodness; and above all, I wished never to see the face again of that insidious, good-for-nothing, old, gray impostor.

Our ancestors were nice in their method of sacrificing these tender victims. We read of pigs whipt to death with something of a shock, as we hear of any other obsolete custom. The age of discipline is gone by, or it would be curious to inquire (in a philosophical light merely) what effect this process might have toward intenerating and dulcifying a substance, naturally so mild and dulcet as the flesh of young pigs. It looks like refining a violet. Yet we should be cautious, while we condemn the inhumanity, how we censure the wisdom of the practice. It might impart a gusto.

I remember an hypothesis, argued upon by the young students, when I was at St. Omer's and maintained with much learning and pleasantry on both sides, "Whether, supposing that the flavour of a pig who obtained his death by whipping (*per flagellationem extremam*) superadded a pleasure upon the palate of a man more intense than any possible suffering we can conceive in the animal, is man justified in using that method of putting the animal to death?" I forget the decision.

His sauce should be considered—decidedly a few bread crumbs, done up with his liver and brains, and a dash of mild sage. But banish, dear Mrs. Cook, I beseech you, the whole onion tribe. Barbecue your whole hogs to your palate, steep them in shallots, stuff them out with plantations of the rank and guilty garlic; you cannot poison them, or make them stronger than they are—but consider he is a weakling—a flower.—"*Essays of Elia.*"

Sydney Smith

Witticisms

American Ice.—Shortly after the repudiation of the Pennsylvanian bonds, Sydney Smith was shown a lump of American ice, upon which he remarked, "That he was glad to see anything solvent come from America."

Cannibals.—Sydney Smith is said to have given some advice to the bishop of New Zealand, previous to his departure, recommending him to have regard to the minor as well as to the more grave duties of his station—to be given to hospitality—and, in order to meet the tastes of his native guests, never to be without a smoked little boy in the bacon sack, and a cold clergyman on the sideboard. "And as for myself, my lord," he concluded, "all I can say is, that I hope you will not disagree with the man that eats you!"

Impertinence of an Opinion.—It is always considered as a piece of impertinence in England, if a man of less than two or three thousand a year has any opinions at all upon important subjects.

Use and Abuse.—A certain authoress interdicts cards and assemblies. No cards, because cards are employed in gaming; no assemblies, because many dissipated persons pass their lives in assemblies. Carry this but a little farther, and we must say, no wine, because of drunkenness; no meat, because of gluttony; no use, that there may be no abuse!

VIRGILIAN PUN.—Smith proposed, as a motto for Bishop Burgess, brother to the well-known fish-sauce purveyor:

"*Gravi* jampridem *saucia* cura."

THE WRONG WORD.—Preaching a charity sermon, he frequently repeated the assertion that Englishmen were distinguished for the love of their species. The collection happened to be inferior to his expectations, and he said that he had evidently used the wrong word: his expression should have been, that they were distinguished for their love of their specie.

SAMARITANS.—Yes, you find people ready enough to do the Samaritan, without the oil and twopence.

DOGS.—"No, I don't like dogs; I always expect them to go mad. A lady asked me once for a motto for her dog Spot. I proposed, 'Out, damnèd Spot!' But she did not think it sentimental enough."

Salad

To make this condiment, your poet begs
The pounded yellow of two hard-boiled eggs.
Two boiled potatoes, passed through kitchen-sieve,
Smoothness and softness to the salad give.
Let onion atoms lurk within the bowl,
And, half-suspected, animate the whole.

Of mordant mustard add a single spoon,
Distrust the condiment that bites so soon;
But deem it not, thou man of herbs, a fault,
To add a double quantity of salt.
And, lastly, o'er the flavoured compound toss
A magic soup-spoon of anchovy sauce.
Oh, green and glorious! Oh, herbaceous treat!
'Twould tempt the dying anchorite to eat;
Back to the world he'd turn his fleeting soul,
And plunge his fingers in the salad bowl!
Serenely full, the epicure would say,
Fate cannot harm me, I have dined to-day!

Robert Southey

The March to Moscow

THE Emperor Nap he would set off
On a summer excursion to Moscow:
The fields were green, and the sky was blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
What a pleasant excursion to Moscow!

Four hundred thousand men and more
Must go with him to Moscow:
There were marshals by the dozen,
And dukes by the score;
Princes a few, and kings one or two.
While the fields are so green, and the sky so blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
What a pleasant excursion to Moscow!

There was Junot and Augereau,
Heigh-ho for Moscow!
Dombrowsky and Poniatowsky,
Marshal Ney, lack-a-day!
General Rapp, and the Emperor Nap;
Nothing would do,
While the fields were so green, and the sky so blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
Nothing would do
For the whole of this crew,
But they must be marching to Moscow.

The Emperor Nap he talked so big
That he frightened Mr. Roscoe.
"John Bull," he cries, "if you'll be wise,
Ask the Emperor Nap if he will please
To grant you peace, upon your knees,
Because he is going to Moscow!
He'll make all the Poles come out of their holes,
And beat the Russians, and eat the Prussians;
For the fields are green, and the sky is blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
And he'll certainly march to Moscow!"

And Counsellor Brougham was all in a fume
At the thought of the march to Moscow:
"The Russians," he said, "they were undone,
And the great Fee-Faw-Fum
Would presently come,
With a hop, step, and jump, unto London;
For, as for his conquering Russia,
However some persons might scoff it,
Do it he could, and do it he would,
And from doing it nothing would come but good,
And nothing could call him off it."
Mr. Jeffrey said so, who must certainly know;
For he was the Edinburgh Prophet.
They all of them knew Mr. Jeffrey's "Review,"
Which with Holy Writ ought to be reckoned:
It was, through thick and thin, to its party true;
Its back was buff, and its sides were blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
It served them for Law, and for Gospel too.

But the Russians stoutly they turned to
Upon the road to Moscow.
Nap had to fight his way all through;
They could fight, though they could not *parlez-vous.*
But the fields were green, and the sky was blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
And so he got to Moscow.

He found the place too warm for him,
For they set fire to Moscow.
To get there had cost him much ado;
And then no better course he knew,
While the fields were green, and the sky was blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
But to march back again from Moscow.

The Russians they stuck close to him
All on the road from Moscow.
There was Tormazow and Jemalow,
And all the others that end in "ow";
Milarodovitch and Jaladovitch
And Karatschkowitch,
And all the others that end in "itch";
Schamscheff, Souchosaneff,
And Schepaleff,
And all the others that end in "eff";
Wasiltschikoff, Kostomaroff,
And Tchoglokoff,
And all the others that end in "off";
Rajeffsky and Novereffsky
And Rieffsky,

And all the others that end in "effsky";
Oscharoffsky and Rostoffsky,
And all the others that end in "offsky."
And Platoff he played them off,
And Shouvaloff he shovelled them off,
And Markoff he marked them off,
And Krosnoff he crossed them off,
And Tuchkoff he touched them off,
And Boroskoff he bored them off,
And Kutousoff he cut them off,
And Parenzoff he pared them off,
And Woronzoff he worried them off,
And Doctoroff he doctored them off,
And Rodionoff he flogged them off.
And last of all an admiral came,
A terrible man with a terrible name—
A name which you all know by sight very well;
But which no one can speak, and no one can spell.
They stuck close to Nap with all their might;
They were on the left and on the right,
Behind and before, and by day and by night;
He would rather *parles-vous* than fight:
But he looked white, and he looked blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
When *parles-vous* no more would do,
For they remembered Moscow.

And then came on the frost and snow,
All on the road from Moscow.
The wind and the weather he found, in that hour,
Cared nothing for him, nor for all his power;

For him who, while Europe crouched under his rod,
Put his trust in his Fortune, and not in his God.
Worse and worse every day the elements grew,
The fields were so white, and the sky so blue,
Sacrebleu! Ventrebleu!
What a horrible journey from Moscow!

What then thought the Emperor Nap
Upon the road from Moscow?
Why, I ween he thought it small delight
To fight all day, and to freeze all night;
And he was besides in a very great fright,
For a whole skin he liked to be in;
And so, not knowing what else to do,
When the fields were so white, and the sky so blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
He stole away—I tell you true—
Upon the road from Moscow.
"'Tis myself," quoth he, "I must mind most;
So the Devil may take the hindmost."

Too cold upon the road was he,
Too hot had he been at Moscow;
But colder and hotter he may be,
For the grave is colder than Muscovy;
And a place there is to be kept in view,
Where the fire is red, and the brimstone blue,
Morbleu! Parbleu!
Which he must go to,
If the Pope say true,
If he does not in time look about him;

Where his namesake almost
He may have for his Host;
He has reckoned too long without him.
If that Host get him in Purgatory,
He won't leave him there alone with his glory;
But there he must stay for a very long day,
For from thence there is no stealing away,
As there was on the road from Moscow.

The Ten Lost Tribes of Israel

THAT the lost ten tribes of Israel may be found in London, is a discovery which any person may suppose he has made, when he walks for the first time from the city to Wapping. That the tribes of Judah and Benjamin flourish there is known to all mankind; and from them have sprung the Scripites, and the Omniumites, and the Threepercentites.

But it is not so well known that many other tribes noticed in the Old Testament are to be found in this island of Great Britain.

There are the Hittites, who excel in one branch of gymnastics. And there are the Amorites, who are to be found in town and country; and there are the Gadites, who frequent watering-places, and take picturesque tours.

Among the Gadites I shall have some of my best readers, who being in good humour with themselves and with everything else, except on a rainy day, will even then be in good humour with me. There will be the Amorites in their company; and among the Amorites, too, there will be some

who, in the overflowing of their love, will have some liking to spare for the doctor and his faithful memorialist.

The poets, those especially who deal in erotics, lyrics, sentimentals, or sonnets, are the Ah-oh-ites.

The gentlemen who speculate in chapels are the Puhites.

The chief seat of the Simeonites is at Cambridge; but they are spread over the land. So are the Man-ass-ites, of whom the finest specimens are to be seen in St. James's Street, at the fashionable time of day for exhibiting the dress and the person upon the pavement.

The freemasons are of the family of the Jachinites.

The female Haggites are to be seen, in low life wheeling barrows, and in high life seated at card-tables.

The Shuhamites are the cordwainers.

The Teamanites attend the sales of the East India Company.

Sir James Mackintosh, and Sir James Scarlett, and Sir James Graham belong to the Jim-nites.

Who are the Gazathites, if the people of London are not, where anything is to be seen? All of them are the Gettites when they can, all would be Havites if they could.

The journalists should be Geshurites, if they answered to their profession; instead of this they generally turn out to be Geshuwrongs.

There are, however, three tribes in England, not named in the Old Testament, who considerably outnumber all the rest. These are the High Vulgarites, who are the children of Rahank and Phashan, the Middle Vulgarites, who are the children of Mammon and Terade, and the Low Vulgarites, who are the children of Tahag, Rahag, and Bohobtay-il.

—*"The Doctor."*

The Cataract of Lodore

How does the water
Come down at Lodore?
My little boy asked me
Thus once on a time.
Moreover he tasked me
To tell him in rhyme.
Anon, at the word,
There first came one daughter,
And then came another,
To second and third
The request of their brother,
And to hear how the water
Comes down at Lodore,
With its rush and its roar,
As many a time
They had seen it before.
So I told them in rhyme,
For of rhymes I had store;
And 'twas in my vocation
For their recreation
That so I should sing,
Because I was Laureate
To them and the King.
From its sources which well
In the Tarn on the fell;
From its fountains
In the mountains,
Its rills and its gills,
Through moss and through brake

It runs and it creeps
For awhile till it sleeps
In its own little lake.
And thence at departing,
Awakening and starting,
It runs through the reeds,
And away it proceeds
Through meadow and glade,
In sun and in shade,
And through the wood-shelter,
Among crags in its flurry,
Helter-skelter,
Hurry-skurry.
Here it comes sparkling,
And there it lies darkling;
Now smoking and frothing
Its tumult and wrath in,
Till, in this rapid race
On which it is bent,
It reaches the place
Of its steep descent.
The cataract strong
Then plunges along,
Striking and raging,
As if a war waging
Its caverns and rocks among;
Rising and leaping,
Sinking and creeping,
Swelling and sweeping,
Showering and springing,
Flying and flinging,
Writhing and ringing,

Eddying and whisking,
Spouting and frisking,
Turning and twisting,
Around and around
With endless rebound!
Smiting and fighting,
A sight to delight in;
Confounding, astounding,
Dizzying and deafening the ear with its sound.

Collecting, projecting,
Receding and speeding,
And shocking and rocking,
And darting and parting,
And threading and spreading,
And whizzing and hissing,
And dripping and skipping,
And hitting and splitting,
And shining and twining,
And rattling and battling,
And shaking and quaking,
And pouring and roaring,
And waving and raving,
And tossing and crossing,
And flowing and going,
And running and stunning,
And foaming and roaming,
And dinning and spinning,
And dropping and hopping,
And working and jerking,
And guggling and struggling,

And heaving and cleaving,
And moaning and groaning;

And glittering and frittering,
And gathering and feathering,
And whitening and brightening,
And quivering and shivering,
And hurrying and skurrying,
And thundering and floundering;

Dividing and gliding and sliding,
And falling and brawling and sprawling,
And driving and riving and striving,
And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling,
And sounding and bounding and rounding,
And bubbling and troubling and doubling,
And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,
And clattering and battering and shattering;

Retreating and beating and meeting and sheeting,
Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,
Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,
Recoiling, turmoiling and toiling and boiling,
And gleaming and streaming and steaming and beaming,
And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,
And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,
And curling and whirling and purling and twirling,
And thumping and plumping and bumping and jumping,
And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing;
And so never ending, but always descending,
Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blending,
All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar:
And this way the water comes down at Lodore.

Captain Marryat

The Great Triangular Duel

JACK walked up to the boatswain, and, taking his hat off, with the utmost politeness, said to him:

"If I mistake not, Mr. Biggs, your conversation refers to me."

"Very likely it does," replied the boatswain. "Listeners hear no good of themselves."

"It happears that gentlemen can't converse without being vatched," continued Mr. Easthupp, pulling up his shirt-collar.

"It is not the first time that you have thought proper to make very offensive remarks, Mr. Biggs; and as you appear to consider yourself ill-treated in the affair of the trousers, for I tell you at once that it was I who brought them on board, I can only say," continued our hero, with a very polite bow, "that I shall be most happy to give you satisfaction."

"I am your superior officer, Mr. Easy," replied the boatswain.

"Yes, by the rules of the service; but you just now asserted that you would waive your rank: indeed, I dispute it on this occasion; I am on the quarter-deck, and you are not."

"This is the gentleman whom you have insulted, Mr. Easy," replied the boatswain, pointing to the purser's steward.

"Yes, Mr. Heasy, quite as good a gentleman as yourself,

although I 'ave 'ad misfortunes. I ham of as hold a family as hany in the country," replied Mr. Easthupp, now backed by the boatswain. "Many the year did I valk Bond Street, and I 'ave as good blood in my weins as you, Mr. Heasy, although I 'ave been misfortunate. I've had hadmirals in my family."

"You have grossly insulted this gentleman," said Mr. Biggs, in continuation; "and, notwithstanding all your talk of equality, you are afraid to give him satisfaction: you shelter yourself under your quarter-deck."

"Mr. Biggs," replied our hero, who was now very wroth, "I shall go on shore directly we arrive at Malta. Let you, and this fellow, put on plain clothes, and I will meet you both; and then I'll show you whether I am afraid to give satisfaction."

"One at a time," said the boatswain.

"No, sir, not one at a time, but both at the same time. I will fight both or none. If you are my superior officer, you must *descend*," replied Jack, with an ironical sneer, "to meet me, or I will not descend to meet that fellow, whom I believe to have been little better than a pickpocket." . . .

Mr. Biggs, having declared that he would fight, of course had to look out for a second, and he fixed upon Mr. Tallboys, the gunner, and requested him to be his friend. Mr. Tallboys, who had been latterly very much annoyed by Jack's victories over him in the science of navigation, and therefore felt ill-will toward him, consented; but he was very much puzzled how to arrange that *three* were to fight at the same time, for he had no idea of there being two duels; so he went to his cabin and commenced reading. Jack, on the other hand, dared not say a word to Jolliffe on the subject; indeed, there was no one in the ship to whom

he could confide but Gascoigne; he therefore went to him, and, although Gascoigne thought it was excessively *infra dig.* of Jack to meet even the boatswain, as the challenge had been given there was no retracting; he therefore consented, like all midshipmen, anticipating fun, and quite thoughtless of the consequences. . . .

Mr. Tallboys addressed Mr. Gascoigne, taking him apart while the boatswain amused himself with a glass of grog, and our hero sat outside, teasing a monkey.

"Mr. Gascoigne," said the gunner, "I have been very much puzzled how this duel should be fought, but I have at last found out. You see that there are *three* parties to fight; had there been two or four there would have been no difficulty, as the right line or square might guide us in that instance; but we must arrange it upon the *triangle* in this."

Gascoigne stared; he could not imagine what was coming.

"Are you aware, Mr. Gascoigne, of the properties of an equilateral triangle?"

"Yes," replied the midshipman; "it has three equal sides. But what the devil has that to do with the duel?"

"Everything, Mr. Gascoigne," replied the gunner; "it has resolved the great difficulty; indeed, the duel between three can only be fought upon that principle. You observe," said the gunner, taking a piece of chalk out of his pocket and making a triangle on the table, "in this figure we have three points, each equidistant from each other; and we have three combatants; so that placing one at each point, it is all fair play for the three: Mr. Easy, for instance, stands here, the boatswain here, and the purser's steward at the third corner. Now, if the distance is fairly measured, it will be all right."

"But then," replied Gascoigne, delighted at the idea, "how are they to fire?"

"It certainly is not of much consequence," replied the gunner; "but still, as sailors, it appears to me that they should fire with the sun; that is, Mr. Easy fires at Mr. Biggs, Mr. Biggs fires at Mr. Easthupp, and Mr. Easthupp fires at Mr. Easy, so that you perceive that each party has his shot at one, and at the same time receives the fire of another."

Gascoigne was in ecstasies at the novelty of the proceeding, the more so as he perceived that Easy obtained every advantage by the arrangement.

"Upon my word, Mr. Tallboys, I give you great credit; you have a profound mathematical head, and I am delighted with your arrangement. Of course in these affairs the principals are bound to comply with the arrangements of the seconds, and I shall insist upon Mr. Easy consenting to your excellent and scientific proposal."

Gascoigne went out, and, pulling Jack away from the monkey, told him what the gunner had proposed, at which Jack laughed heartily.

The gunner also explained it to the boatswain, who did not very well comprehend, but replied:

"I dare say it's all right, shot for shot, and damn all favours."

The parties then repaired to the spot with two pairs of ship's pistols, which Mr. Tallboys had smuggled on shore; and as soon as they were on the ground the gunner called Mr. Easthupp out of the cooperage. In the meantime Gascoigne had been measuring an equilateral triangle of twelve paces, and marked it out. Mr. Tallboys, on his return with the purser's steward, went over the ground, and, finding

that it was "equal angles subtended by equal sides," declared that it was all right. Easy took his station, the boatswain was put into his, and Mr. Easthupp, who was quite in a mystery, was led by the gunner to the third position.

"But, Mr. Tallboys," said the purser's steward, "I don't understand this. Mr. Easy will first fight Mr. Biggs, will he not?"

"No," replied the gunner, "this is a duel of three. You will fire at Mr. Easy, Mr. Easy will fire at Mr. Biggs, and Mr. Biggs will fire at you. It is all arranged, Mr. Easthupp."

"But," said Mr. Easthupp, "I do not understand it. Why is Mr. Biggs to fire at me? I have no quarrel with Mr. Biggs."

"Because Mr. Easy fires at Mr. Biggs, and Mr. Biggs must have his shot as well."

"If you have ever been in the company of gentlemen, Mr. Easthupp," observed Gascoigne, "you must know something about duelling."

"Yes, yes, I've kept the best company, Mr. Gascoigne, and I can give a gentleman satisfaction; but——"

"Then, sir, if that is the case, you must know that your honour is in the hands of your second, and that no gentleman appeals."

"Yes, yes, I know that, Mr. Gascoigne; but, still, I've no quarrel with Mr. Biggs, and therefore Mr. Biggs, of course, will not aim at me."

"Why, you don't think that I'm going to be fired at for nothing?" replied the boatswain. "No, no, I'll have my shot anyhow."

"But at your friend, Mr. Biggs?"

"All the same I shall fire at somebody; shot for shot, and hit the luckiest."

"Vel, gentlemen, I purtest against these proceedings," replied Mr. Easthupp. "I came here to have satisfaction from Mr. Easy, and not to be fired at by Mr. Biggs."

"Don't you have satisfaction when you fire at Mr. Easy?" replied the gunner. "What more would you have?"

"I purtest against Mr. Biggs firing at me."

"So you would have a shot without receiving one!" cried Gascoigne. "The fact is that this fellow's a confounded coward, and ought to be kicked into the cooperage again."

At this affront Mr. Easthupp rallied, and accepted the pistol offered by the gunner.

"You 'ear those words, Mr. Biggs? Pretty language to use to a gentleman! You shall 'ear from me, sir, as soon as the ship is paid off. I purtest no longer, Mr. Tallboys. Death before dishonour! I'm a gentleman, damme!"

At all events, the swell was not a very courageous gentleman, for he trembled most exceedingly as he pointed his pistol.

The gunner gave the word as if he were exercising the great guns on board ship.

"Cock your locks! Take good aim at the object! Fire! Stop your vents!"

The only one of the combatants who appeared to comply with the latter supplementary order was Mr. Easthupp, who clapped his hand to his trousers behind, gave a loud yell, and then dropped down, the bullet having passed clean through his seat of honour, from his having presented his broadside as a target to the boatswain as he faced toward our hero. Jack's shot had also taken effect, having passed through both the boatswain's cheeks, without further mischief than extracting two of his best upper double teeth and forcing through the hole of the further cheek the boatswain's

own quid of tobacco. As for Mr. Easthupp's ball, as he was very unsettled, and shut his eyes before he fired, it had gone the Lord knows where.

The purser's steward lay on the ground and screamed; the boatswain spit out his double teeth and two or three mouthfuls of blood, and then threw down his pistol in a rage.

"A pretty business, by God!" sputtered he. "He's put my pipe out. How the devil am I to pipe to dinner when I'm ordered, all my wind 'scaping through the cheeks?"

In the meantime, the others had gone to the assistance of the purser's steward, who continued his vociferations. They examined him, and considered a wound in that part not to be dangerous.

"Hold your confounded bawling," cried the gunner, "or you'll have the guard down here. You're not hurt."

"Hain't hi!" roared the steward. "Oh, let me die! Let me die! Don't move me!"

"Nonsense!" cried the gunner, "you must get up and walk down to the boat; if you don't, we'll leave you. Hold your tongue, confound you! You won't? Then I'll give you something to halloo for."

Whereupon Mr. Tallboys commenced cuffing the poor wretch right and left, who received so many swingeing boxes of the ear that he was soon reduced to merely pitiful plaints of "Oh, dear! such inhumanity! I purtest! Oh, dear! must I get up? I can't, indeed."

"I do not think he can move, Mr. Tallboys," said Gascoigne. "I should think the best plan would be to call up two of the men from the cooperage and let them take him at once to the hospital."

The gunner went down to the cooperage to call the men.

Mr. Biggs, who had bound up his face as if he had a tooth-ache, for the bleeding had been very slight, came up to the purser's steward, exclaiming:

"What the hell are you making such a howling about? Look at me, with two shot-holes through my figurehead, while you have only got one in your stern. I wish I could change with you, by heavens! for I could use my whistle then. Now, if I attempt to pipe, there will be such a wasteful expenditure of his Majesty's stores of wind that I never shall get out a note. A wicked shot of yours, Mr. Easy."

"I really am very sorry," replied Jack, with a polite bow, "and I beg to offer my best apology."

—*"Midshipman Easy."*

Nautical Terms

ALL the sailors were busy at work, and the first lieutenant cried out to the gunner, "Now, Mr. Dispart, if you are ready, we'll breech these guns."

"Now, my lads," said the first lieutenant, "we must slug (the part the breeches cover) more forward." As I never had heard of a gun having breeches, I was very curious to see what was going on, and went up close to the first lieutenant, who said to me, "Youngster, hand me that *monkey's tail.*" I saw nothing like a *monkey's tail,* but I was so frightened that I snatched up the first thing that I saw, which was a short bar of iron, and it so happened that it was the very article which he wanted. When I gave it to him, the first lieutenant looked at me, and said, "So you know what a monkey's tail is already, do you? Now don't you ever sham stupid after that."

Thought I to myself, I'm very lucky, but if that's a monkey's tail, it's a very stiff one!

I resolved to learn the names of everything as fast as I could, that I might be prepared, so I listened attentively to what was said; but I soon became quite confused, and despaired of remembering anything.

"How is this to be finished off, sir?" inquired a sailor of the boatswain.

"Why, I beg leave to hint to you, sir, in the most delicate manner in the world," replied the boatswain, "that it must be with a *double-wall*—and be damned to you—don't you know that yet? Captain of the foretop," said he, "up on your *horses*, and take your *stirrups* up three inches." "Aye, aye, sir." I looked and looked, but I could see no horses.

"Mr. Chucks," said the first lieutenant to the boatswain, "what blocks have we below—not on charge?"

"Let me see, sir. I've one *sister*, tother we split in half the other day, and I think I have a couple of *monkeys* down in the store-room. I say, you Smith, pass that brace through the *bull's eye*, and take the *sheep-shank* out before you come down."

And then he asked the first lieutenant whether something should not be fitted with a *mouse* or only a *Turk's-head*—told him the *goose-neck* must be spread out by the armourer as soon as the forge was up. In short, what with *dead-eyes* and *shrouds*, *cats* and *cat-blocks*, *dolphins* and *dolphin-strikers*, *whips* and *puddings*, I was so puzzled with what I heard, that I was about to leave the deck in absolute despair.

"And, Mr. Chucks, recollect this afternoon that you *bleed* all the *buoys*."

Bleed the boys, thought I; what can that be for? At all events, the surgeon appears to be the proper person to perform that operation.—"*Peter Simple*."

Richard Barham

Not a Sou Had He Got

(*Parody on Wolfe's "Burial of Sir John Moore"*)

Nor a *sou* had he got, not a guinea or note,
And he looked confoundedly flurried,
As he bolted away without paying his shot,
And the landlady after him hurried.

We saw him again at dead of night,
When home from the club returning;
We twigged the doctor beneath the light
Of the gas-lamp brilliantly burning.

All bare, and exposed to the midnight dews,
Reclined in the gutter we found him;
And he looked like a gentleman taking a snooze,
With his *Marshall* cloak around him.

"The doctor's as drunk as the devil," we said,
And we managed a shutter to borrow;
We raised him, and sighed at the thought that his head
Would "consumedly ache" on the morrow.

We bore him home, and we put him to bed,
And we told his wife and his daughter
To give him, next morning, a couple of red
Herrings, with soda-water.

Loudly they talked of his money that's gone,
And his lady began to upbraid him;
But little he recked, so they let him snore on
'Neath the counterpane just as we laid him.

We tucked him in, and had hardly done,
When, beneath the window calling,
We heard the rough voice of a son of a gun
Of a watchman "One o'clock" bawling.

Slowly and sadly we all walked down
From his room in the uppermost story;
A rush light was placed in the cold hearth-stone;
And we left him alone in his glory.

The Jackdaw of Rheims

THE Jackdaw sat on the Cardinal's chair!
Bishop, and Abbot, and Prior were there;
Many a monk, and many a friar,
Many a knight and many a squire,
With a great many more of lesser degree—
In sooth, a goodly company;
And they served the Lord Primate on bended knee.
Never, I ween,
Was a prouder seen,
Read of in books, or dreamt of in dreams,
Than the Cardinal Lord Archbishop of Rheims!

In and out
Through the motley rout,
That little Jackdaw kept hopping about;

Here and there,
Like a dog in a fair,
Over comfits and cates,
And dishes and plates,
Cowl and cope, and rochet and pall,
Mitre and crosier, he hopped upon all!
With saucy air,
He perched on the chair
Where, in state, the great Lord Cardinal sat
In the great Lord Cardinal's great red hat;
And he peered in the face
Of his Lordship's grace,
With a satisfied look, as if he would say,
"We two are the greatest folks here to-day!"
And the priests, with awe,
As such freaks they saw,
Said, "The devil must be in that little Jackdaw!"

The feast was over, the board was cleared,
The flawns and the custards had all disappeared,
And six little singing-boys—dear little souls!
In nice clean faces, and nice white stoles,
Came, in order due,
Two by two,
Marching that grand refectory through!

A nice little boy held a golden ewer,
Embossed and filled with water, as pure
As any that flows between Rheims and Namur,
Which a nice little boy stood ready to catch
In a fine golden hand-basin made to match.

Two nice little boys, rather more grown,
Carried lavender-water and eau-de-Cologne;
And a nice little boy had a nice cake of soap,
Worthy of washing the hands of the Pope.
One little boy more
A napkin bore,
Of the best white diaper, fringed with pink,
And a cardinal's hat marked in "permanent ink."

The great Lord Cardinal turns at the sight
Of these nice little boys dressed all in white:
From his finger he draws
His costly turquoise,
And, not thinking at all about little Jackdaws,
Deposits it straight
By the side of his plate,
While the nice little boys on his Eminence wait;
Till, when nobody's dreaming of any such thing,
That little Jackdaw hops off with the ring!

There's a cry and a shout,
And a deuce of a rout,
And nobody seems to know what they're about,
But the monks have their pockets all turned inside out;
The friars are kneeling,
And hunting and feeling
The carpet, the floor, and the walls, and the ceiling.
The Cardinal drew
Off each plum-coloured shoe,
And left his red stockings exposed to the view;
He peeps and he feels,
In the toes and the heels;

They turn up the dishes, they turn up the plates,
They take up the poker and poke out the grates,
They turn up the rugs,
They examine the mugs—
But no! no such thing;
They can't find THE RING!
And the Abbot declared that "when nobody twigged it,
Some rascal or other had popped in and prigged it."

The Cardinal rose with a dignified look,
He called for his candle, his bell, and his book!
In holy anger and pious grief,
He solemnly cursed that rascally thief!
He cursed him at board, he cursed him in bed;
From the sole of his foot to the crown of his head;
He cursed him in sleeping, that every night
He should dream of the devil, and wake in a fright;
He cursed him in eating, he cursed him in drinking,
He cursed him in coughing, in sneezing, in winking;
He cursed him in sitting, in standing, in lying;
He cursed him in walking, in riding, in flying;
He cursed him in living, he cursed him in dying!—
Never was heard such a terrible curse!
But, what gave rise
To no little surprise,
Nobody seemed one penny the worse!

The day was gone,
The night came on,
The monks and the friars they searched till dawn;
When the Sacristan saw,
On crumpled claw,
Come limping a poor little lame Jackdaw;

No longer gay,
As on yesterday;
His feathers all seemed to be turned the wrong way;
His pinions drooped, he could hardly stand,
His head was as bald as the palm of your hand;
His eye so dim,
So wasted each limb,
That, heedless of grammar, they all cried "THAT'S HIM!
That's the scamp that has done this scandalous thing!
That's the thief that has got my Lord Cardinal's ring!"

The poor little Jackdaw,
When the monks he saw,
Feebly gave vent to the ghost of a caw,
And turned his bald head, as much as to say,
"Pray be so good as to walk this way!"
Slower and slower
He limped on before,
Till they came to the back of the belfry door,
Where the first thing they saw,
Midst the sticks and the straw,
Was the RING in the nest of that little Jackdaw!

Then the great Lord Cardinal called for his book,
And off that terrible curse he took;
The mute expression
Served in lieu of confession,
And, being thus coupled with full restitution,
The Jackdaw got plenary absolution!
When these words were heard,
That poor little bird
Was so changed in a moment, 'twas really absurd;

He grew sleek and fat;
In addition to that,
A fresh crop of feathers came thick as a mat!

His tail waggled more
Even than before;
But no longer it wagged with an impudent air,
No longer he perched on the Cardinal's chair,
He hopped now about
With a gait devout;
At matins, at vespers, he never was out;
And, so far from any more pilfering deeds,
He always seemed telling the Confessor's beads.

If any one lied, or if any one swore,
Or slumbered in prayer-time and happened to snore,
That good Jackdaw
Would give a great "Caw!"
As much as to say, "Don't do so any more!"
While many remarked, as his manners they saw,
That they "never had known such a pious Jackdaw!"
He long lived the pride
Of that country side,
And at last in the odour of sanctity died;
When, as words were too faint
His merits to paint,
The Conclave determined to make him a Saint;
And on newly-made Saints and Popes, as you know,
It's the custom, at Rome, new names to bestow,
So they canonised him by the name of Jim Crow!

—*"The Ingoldsby Legends."*

Theodore Hook

On Puns

PUNS may be divided into different classes; they may be made in different ways, introduced by passing circumstances, or by references to bygone events; they may be thrown in *anecdotically,* or conundrumwise. It is to be observed that feeling, or pity, or commiseration, or grief, is not to stand in the way of a pun; that personal defects are to be made available; and that sense, so as the sound answers, has nothing to do with the business.

If a man is pathetically describing the funeral of his mother, or sister, or wife, it is quite allowable to call it a black-*burying* party, or to talk of a fit of *coffin;* a weeping relative struggling to conceal his grief may be likened to a commander of *private tears;* throw in a joke about the phrase of "funerals *performed,*" and a re-*hearsal;* and wind up with the anagram *real-fun,* funeral.

I give this instance first in order to explain that nothing, however solemn the subject, is to stand in the way of a pun.

It is allowable, when you have run a subject dry in English, to hitch in a bit of any other language which may sound to your liking. For instance, on a fishing party: you say fishing is out of your *line;* yet, if you do not keep *a float,* you would deserve a *rod;* and if anybody affects to find fault with your joke, exclaim, "Oh, vous *bête!*" There you have *line, rod, float,* and *bait* ready to your hand. Call two noodles from the City in a punt, endeavouring to catch small fry, *East Angles;* or, if you please, observe that "the *punt-*

ers are losing the fish," "catching nothing but a cold," or that "the fish are too deep for them." Call the Thames a *tidy* river; but say you prefer the *Isis* in hot weather.

Personal deformities or constitutional calamities are always to be laid hold of. If anybody tells you that a dear friend has lost his sight, observe that it will make him more hospitable than ever, since now he would be glad *to see anybody*. If a clergyman breaks his leg, remark that he is no longer a clergyman, but a *lame man*. If a poet is seized with apoplexy, affect to disbelieve it, though you know it to be true, in order to say, "Poeta nascitur, non *fit;*" and then, to carry the joke one step farther, add that "it is not a *fit* subject for a jest." A man falling into a tan-pit you may call "sinking in the *sub-lime*"; a climbing boy suffocated in a chimney meets with a *sootable* death; and a pretty girl having caught the small-pox is to be much *pitted*. On the subject of the ear and its defects, talk first of something in which *a cow sticks*, and end by telling the story of the man who, having taken great pains to explain something to his companion, at last got into a rage at his apparent stupidity, and exclaimed, "Why, my dear sir, don't you comprehend? The thing is as plain as A B C." "I dare say it is," said the other, "but I am D E F."

It may be as well to give the beginner something of a notion of the use he may make of the most ordinary words, for the purposes of quibbleism.

The loss of a hat is always *felt;* if you don't like sugar you may *lump* it; a glazier is a *panes*-taking man; candles are burnt because *wick-ed* things always come to *light;* a lady who takes you home from a party is kind in her *carriage*, and you say "nunc est *ridendum*" when you step into it; if it happens to be a chariot, she is a *charitable*

person; birds'-nests and king-killing are synonymous, because they are *high trees on;* a Bill for building a bridge should be sanctioned by the Court of *Arches,* as well as the House of *Piers;* when a man is dull, he goes to the sea-side to *Brighton;* a Cockney lover, when sentimental, should live in *Heigh Hoburn;* the greatest fibber is the man most to *re-lie* upon; a dean expecting a bishopric looks *for lawn;* a *sui*cide kills pigs, and not himself; a butcher is a gross man, but a fig-seller is a *grocer;* Joshua never had a father or mother, because he was the son of *Nun;* your grandmother and your great-grandmother were your *aunt's sisters;* a leg of mutton is better than heaven, because nothing is better than heaven, and a leg of mutton is better than nothing; races are matters of *course;* an ass can never be a horse, although he may be a *mayor;* the Venerable Bede was the mother of Pearl; a baker makes bread when he *kneads* it; a doctor cannot be a doctor all at once, because he comes to it by *degrees;* a man hanged at Newgate has taken a *drop* too much; the *bridle* day is that on which a man leads a woman to the halter. Never mind the aspirate; punning's all fair, as the archbishop said in the dream.

Puns interrogatory are at times serviceable. You meet a man carrying a hare; ask him if it is his own *hare,* or a wig—there you stump him. Why is Parliament Street like a compendium? Because it goes to *a bridge.* Why is a man murdering his mother in a garret a worthy person? Because he is *above* committing a crime. Instances of this kind are innumerable. If you want to render your question particularly pointed, you are, after asking it once or twice, to say "D'ye give it up?" Then favour your friends with the solution.

Mrs. Ramsbottom's Sight-Seeing in Paris

To Mr. Bull

PARIS, *January* 28, 1824.

SIR: As my daughter Sairy, who acts as my Amaranthus, is ill-disposed with cold and guittar, contracted by visiting the Hecatombs last week, I send this without her little *billy* that she usually sends. My second daughter has sprained one of her tender muscles in crossing one of the rooms, and my third daughter has got a military fever, which, however, I hope, by putting her through a regiment, and giving her a few subterfuges, will soon abate. I am, however, a good deal *embracés*, as the French say, with so many invalids.

Since I wrote last, I have visited the Hullaballoo, or corn-market, so called from the noise made in it. Mr. Fulmer told me I should see the flower of the French nation there, but I only saw a crowd of old men and old women; here is a pillow made for judicious astronomy, but it looks like a sun-dial.

We went, on Tuesday, to the symmetery of Chaise-and-Pair, as they call it, where the French and English are miscellaneously interred, and I amused myself by copying the epigrams on the tombstones. One of them, which looked like a large bath, Mr. Fulmer told me was a sark of a goose, which I had previously heard my friend, Mr. Rogers, call Mr. Hume's shirt.

In the afternoon we went to dine at Beau Villiers's—not the Mr. Villiers who owes our government so much money—but the smell of the postillions which were burning in the

room quite overpowered me. I got better in the evening, and, as the girls were not with us, Mr. Fulmer took me round the Palais Royal, which is a curious place indeed. We saw several Prussian war horses, and went into the "Coffee of Milk Alone," so called because when Bonyparte confisticated the cargoes from the West Indies, and propagated the use of coffee, the lady who kept this place made a mixture of milk alone, which answered all the purpose of coffee. The room is surrounded by looking-glasses, so that the people are always multiplying who go there. The lady herself was very beautiful, but Mr. Fulmer told me she was constantly reflected upon. Mr. F. took some melted glass, upon which I did not like to venture, but contented myself with a tumbler of catterpillar and water.

Wednesday we went to the Shampdemars (which is opposite to the Père Elisée) and saw a review of the Queerasses of the Royal Guard. The sister of the late Dolphin was present—the Dolphin of France is the same as the Prince of Wales in England. The Duke Anglehome came by, from hunting, just at this time. I am told he is quite a Ramrod in the chace. The troops performed their revolutions with decision, and, having manured all over the ground, fired a *fille-de-joy*, and returned to their quarters.

We went yesterday to what is their Parliament House, and while we were a-waiting in the antic room, I saw a picture of Lewis de Sweet himself, in a large purple robe, lined with vermin and covered with *fleur-de-lice*. Being a stranger, I was allowed to look into the chamber; it is not quite what I expected. There seemed to be a man in a box with a bill before him, and the men who were speaking spoke all in French, and looked very shabby and mean; to be sure,

they were only the deputies. It would have been more lucky if we had seen the members themselves.

Sairy, I think, has got a *puncheon* for Mr. Fulmer, and I am afraid is fretting about it, but that is quite *cet à dire* between us. Mr. B. he says her figure is like the Venus de Medicine, which is owing, no doubt, to the pulling down she has had of late. We are going next week to Sunclew again, but we travel in such an odd carriage, that I cannot prevail upon myself to mention its name.

You must excuse a short letter to-day. I was determined to write, else I thought our friends in Westminster might be disappointed. You shall hear more at large by the next opportunity. Always yours,

D. J. RAMSBOTTOM.

P. S.—If you see Mr. R., tell him Mr. Fulmer has bought him two pictures: one of Ten Years, the other of Old Beaus. I am no judge, but they are very black, and shine beautifully. They are considered shift-doovers in these parts.

—*"Ramsbottom Papers."*

Mrs. Ramsbottom's Opinions on Popery

To Mr. Bull

GRAVESEND, *April 2*, 1829.

MY DEAR MR. B.: I have taken a trumpery residence hear for the seeson for the health of my third gull, which is frequently effected with a goose. I send you up a copy of the *Gravesend Guide*, which will explain all the booty of the place, and all its convenences.

Oh, B. B., I have got a krow to pluck with you. I cannot make out what makes you such a stench Protestant. Poor dear Mr. Ram never could bear Poppery, but I am afraid he was a big goat at bottom, for the *mounsheer* which massed my second, tells me that it is a sweat religion, and that you can always get ablution for paying for it, which is very pleasant.

I remember the riots of Hayti, when they burnt old Newgate and got to all the goals. They raised several houses to the ground, and burnt Lord Mansfield's house in Bloomsbury Square, which was of brick and stone; what would they have done with his Willy up at Highgate, which is all made of wood; yet, after all, he goes on in the House of Pears a-speaking agin the Roaming Catlicks, just as if nothing had happened to him. He must be very antickated, now, I should think.

You have heard, in course, that the new Pop is erected. *Mounsheer* tells me that Ginger was a very good Pop as ever was. He died, notwithstanding his infallowbility. All Pops go off, and that is as it should be, for as they lives infallowbile, so they infallowbilly dies. *Mounsheer* told me that it was thought that either Carnal Fetch or Carnal Comealonzo would have been erected Pop, but that Charles Deece would have put his feeto upon Fetch. So they have erected Catllineye. They put poor Ginger after his death into a cistern, with his holy toes a-protruding out of a grating for the people for to kiss.

I should have liked to be in Room when the conclave was held. Oh, Mr. B., you very much mistake the Catlick priesthood. All the stories you hear of the Carnals keeping columbines is entirely calomel. They nose better than to do such things as those. For myself, I hop to see the day when all

extinction in religion is forgot, and we shall see all our halters occupied by Poppish priests.

What does Mr. More, the almyknack maker, say on this toe-pick?

> "Shall I ask the brave sojer that fites by my side,
> In the kawes of mankind, If our creeds agree?
> Shall I give up the friend I have bullied and tride,
> If he kneel not afore the same halter with me?"

I says ditto, ditto, to Mr. More. Why should we hairyticks stick up for our authordoxies, or any other sich, or despise the Roaming Catlicks? We are decanters from the holy church ourselves, just as much as the Hairyons, or the Whistlings, or any others are from hours. Can't we worship, every one after his own fashion? Why, do you know, Mr. B., the Quacker ladies goes down to Grinnage, and Woolidge, and Popalar, and the Isle of Docks, and all them parts, to phissit the poor female convix, which is about to be transpirted to Von Demons Land and Bottomy Bay, where the illustras Cook first found out the Cangerews. Poor gulls, I think it a pitty to send them out. They are some on 'em so juvenal. Oh, Mr. B., what must their rum and essences be when they reclect time past. Some on 'em, if they are hard-working meretricious gulls, gets married as soon as they gets to the Coloony, and when they does, Mr. Fulmer tells me, they play the very dooce with the malthouse system, which I spose means that they drink too much hail and bear in proporshun.

A navel sergeant goes to take care on 'em, and sees that they want for nothing. He locks them up every night, and never suffers in *foxes paws,* but keeps them quite crekt, and

they are in such order that he has just only to talk of the lock and the key to subdoo 'em in a minuet.

Yours truly,

LAVINIA RAMSBOTTOM.

—*"Ramsbottom Papers."*

William Maginn

The Irishman

THERE was a lady lived at Leith,
A lady very stylish, man,
And yet, in spite of all her teeth,
She fell in love with an Irishman,
A nasty, ugly Irishman,
A wild, tremendous Irishman,
A tearing, swearing, thumping, bumping, ranting, roaring Irishman.

His face was no ways beautiful,
For with small-pox 'twas scarred across,
And the shoulders of the ugly dog
Were almost double a yard across.
Oh, the lump of an Irishman,
The whisky-devouring Irishman,
The great he-rogue, with his wonderful brogue, the fighting, rioting Irishman!

One of his eyes was bottle-green,
And the other eye was out, my dear,
And the calves of his wicked-looking legs
Were more than two feet about, my dear.
Oh, the great big Irishman,
The rattling, battling Irishman,
The stamping, ramping, swaggering, staggering, leathering swash of an Irishman!

He took so much of Lundy-foot
That he used to snort and snuffle, oh,
And in shape and size the fellow's neck
Was as bad as the neck of a buffalo.
Oh, the horrible Irishman,
The thundering, blundering Irishman,
The slashing, dashing, smashing, lashing, thrashing, hashing Irishman!

His name was a terrible name indeed,
Being Timothy Thady Mulligan;
And whenever he emptied his tumbler of punch,
He'd not rest till he'd filled it full again.
The boozing, bruising Irishman,
The 'toxicated Irishman,
The whisky, frisky, rummy, gummy, brandy, no-dandy Irishman.

This was the lad the lady loved,
Like all the girls of quality;
And he broke the skulls of the men of Leith,
Just by the way of jollity.
Oh, the leathering Irishman,
The barbarous, savage Irishman!
The hearts of the maids and the gentlemen's heads were bothered, I'm sure, by this Irishman.

W. M. Praed

Rhyme and Reason

JONATHAN sees with the eye of a merchant, and Charles with that of an enthusiast; Jonathan is a man of business, and Charles is a poet. The contrast between their tempers is frequently the theme of conversation at the social meetings of the neighbourhood; and it is always found that the old and the grave shake their heads at the almost boyish enthusiasm of Charles, while the young and the imprudent indulge in severe sarcasms at the mercenary and uninspired moderation of his brother. All parties, however, concur in admiring the uninterrupted cordiality which subsists between them, and in laughing good-humouredly at the various whims and foibles of these opposite characters, who are known throughout the country by the titles of Rhyme and Reason.

We arrived at the farm as Jonathan was sitting down to his substantial breakfast. We were delighted to see our old friend, now in the decline of life, answering so exactly the description of Cowper:

> "An honest man close-buttoned to the chin,
> Broadcloth without, and a warm heart within."

We felt an inward satisfaction in contemplating his frieze coat, whose *début* we remember to have witnessed five years ago, and in speculating upon the snows which five additional winters had left upon his head since our last inter-

view. It was some time before we recovered sufficiently from our reverie to inquire after the well-being of our younger companion, who had not yet made his appearance at the board. "Oh!" said Jonathan, "Charles is in his heyday years; we must indulge him for the present; we can't expect such regularity from five-and-twenty as from six-and-fifty." He had hardly done speaking when a loud halloo sounded as an *avant-courier* of Charles's approach, and in less than a minute he presented himself before us. "Ten thousand pardons!" he cried. "One's enough," said his brother. "I've seen the finest sunrise," said Charles. "You're wet through," said Jonathan. "I'm all over rapture," said Rhyme. "You're all over dirt," said Reason.

With some difficulty Charles was persuaded to retire for the readjustment of his dress, while the old man continued his meal with a composure which proved he was not unused to the morning excursions of his volatile yoke-fellow. By the time he had got through his beef-steak, and three columns of the *Courier,* Charles re-entered, and despatched the business of eating with a rapidity in which many a modern half-starved rhymer would be glad to emulate him. A walk was immediately proposed; but the one had scarcely reached an umbrella, and the other prepared his manuscript book, when a slight shower of rain prevented our design. "Provoking," said Rhyme. "Good for the crop," said Reason.

The shower, however, soon ceased, and a fine clear sun encouraged us to resume our intentions, without fear of a second disappointment. As we walked over the estate, we were struck with the improvements made by our friend, both as regarded the comfort and the value of the property; while now and then we could not suppress a smile on ob-

serving the rustic arbour which Charles had designed, or the verses which he had inscribed on our favourite old oak.

It was determined that we should ascend a neighbouring hill, which was dear to us from its having been the principal scene of our boyhood's amusements. "We must make haste," said Charles, "or we shall miss the view." "We must make haste," said Jonathan, "or we shall catch cold on our return." Their actions seemed always to amalgamate, though their motives were always different. We observed a tenant of our friend ploughing a small field, and stopped a short time to regard the contented appearance of the man, and the cheerful whistle with which he called to his cattle. "Happy the man who far from city marts—" quoted the poet. "A poor team, though," said his brother.

Our attention was next excited by a level meadow, whose green hue, set off by the mixture of the white fleeces of a beautiful flock of sheep, was, to the observer of nature, a more enviable sight than the most studied landscape of Gainsborough's pencil. "Lovely colours!" ejaculated Charles. "Fine mutton," observed Jonathan. "Delightful scene for a rustic hop!" cried the enthusiast. "I am thinking of planting hops," said the farmer.

We reached the summit of the hill, and remained for some moments in silent admiration of one of the most variegated prospects that ever the country presented to the contemplation of its most ardent admirer. The mellow verdure of the meadows, intermingled here and there with the sombre appearance of ploughed land, the cattle reclining in the shade, the cottage of the rustic peeping from behind the screen of a luxuriant hedge, formed a *tout-ensemble* which every eye must admire, but which few pens can describe. "A delightful landscape!" said Charles. "A rich soil," said Jona-

than. "What scope for description!" cried the first. "What scope for improvement!" returned the second.

As we returned we passed the cottage of the peasant whom we had seen at his plough in the morning. The family were busily engaged in their several domestic occupations. One little chubby-faced rogue was conducting Dobbin to his stable, another was helping his sister to coop up the poultry, and a third was incarcerating the swine, who made a vigorous resistance against their youthful antagonist. "Tender!" cried Rhyme; he was listening to the nightingale. "Very tender!" replied Reason; he was looking at the pigs.

As we drew near home, we met an old gentleman walking with his daughter, between whom and Charles a reciprocal attachment was said to exist. The lateness of the evening prevented much conversation, but the few words which were spoken again brought into contrast the opposite tempers of my friends. "A fine evening, madam," said the man of sense, and bowed. "I shall see you to-morrow, Mary!" said the lover, and pressed her hand. We looked back upon her as she left us. After a pause—"She is an angel!" sighed Charles. "She is an heiress," observed Jonathan. "She has ten thousand perfections!" cried Rhyme. "She has ten thousand pounds," said Reason.

We left them the next morning, and spent some days in speculations on the causes which enabled such union of affections to exist with such diversities of taste. For ourselves, we must confess that, while Reason has secured our esteem, Rhyme has run away with our hearts; we have sometimes thought with Jonathan, but we have always felt with Charles.

—*"Essays."*

My Partner

At Cheltenham, where one drinks one's fill
Of folly and cold water,
I danced, last year, my first quadrille
With old Sir Geoffrey's daughter.
Her cheek with summer's rose might vie,
When summer's rose is newest;
Her eyes were blue as autumn's sky,
When autumn's sky is bluest;
And well my heart might deem her one
Of life's most precious flowers,
For half her thoughts were of its sun,
And half were of its showers.

I spoke of novels: "Vivian Gray"
Was positively charming,
And "Almack's" infinitely gay,
And "Frankenstein" alarming;
I said "De Vere" was chastely told,
Thought well of "Herbert Lacy,"
Called Mr. Banim's sketches "bold,"
And Lady Morgan's "racy";
I vowed the last new thing of Hook's
Was vastly entertaining;
And Laura said, "I dote on books,
Because it's always raining!"

I talked of music's gorgeous fane,
I raved about Rossini,

Hoped Ronzo would come back again,
And criticised Paccini;
I wished the chorus singers dumb,
The trumpets more pacific,
And eulogised Brocard's *aplomb*
And voted Paul "terrific."
What cared she for Medea's pride
Or Desdemona's sorrow?
"Alas!" my beauteous listener sighed,
"We *must* have storms to-morrow!"

I told her tales of other lands;
Of ever-boiling fountains,
Of poisonous lakes, and barren sands,
Vast forests, trackless mountains;
I painted bright Italian skies,
I lauded Persian roses,
Coined similes for Spanish eyes,
And jests for Indian noses;
I laughed at Lisbon's love of mass,
And Vienna's dread of treason;
And Laura asked me where the glass
Stood at Madrid last season.

I broached whate'er had gone its rounds,
The week before, of scandal;
What made Sir Luke lay down his hounds
And Jane take up her Handel;
Why Julia walked upon the heath,
With the pale moon above her;
Where Flora lost her false front teeth,
And Anna her false lover;

How Lord de B. and Mrs. L.
  Had crossed the sea together;
My shuddering partner cried, "Oh, Lord!
  How *could* they, in such weather?"

Was she a blue? I put my trust
  In strata, petals, gases;
A boudoir pedant? I discussed
  The *toga* and the *fasces;*
A Cockney muse? I mouthed a deal
  Of folly from Endymion;
A saint? I praised the pious zeal
  Of Messrs. Way and Simeon;
A politician? It was vain
  To quote the morning paper.
The horrid phantoms come again:
  Rain, hail, and snow, and vapour.

Flat flattery was my only chance,
  I acted deep devotion,
Found magic in her every glance,
  Grace in her every motion;
I wasted all a stripling's lore,
  Prayer, passion, folly, feeling;
And wildly looked upon the floor,
  And wildly on the ceiling;
I envied gloves upon her arm,
  And shawls upon her shoulder;
And when my worship was most warm,
  She "never found it colder."

I don't object to wealth or land;
  And she will have the giving
Of an extremely pretty hand,
  Some thousands, and a living.
She makes silk purses, broiders stools,
  Sings sweetly, dances finely,
Paints screens, subscribes to Sunday-schools,
  And sits a horse divinely.
But to be linked for life to her!
  The desperate man who tried it,
Might marry a barometer,
  And hang himself beside it!

The Vicar

His talk was like a stream which runs
  With rapid change from rocks to roses;
It slipped from politics to puns;
  It passed from Mohammed to Moses;
Beginning with the laws which keep
  The planets in their radiant courses,
And ending with some precept deep
  For dressing eels or shoeing horses.

He was a shrewd and sound divine,
  Of loud dissent the mortal terror;
And when, by dint of page and line,
  He 'stablished truth, or started error,
The Baptist found him far too deep;
  The Deist sighed with saving sorrow;

And the lean Levite went to sleep,
  And dreamed of tasting pork to-morrow.

His sermons never said or showed
  That earth is foul, that Heaven is gracious,
Without refreshment on the road
  From Jerome, or from Athanasius;
And sure a righteous zeal inspired
  The hand and head that penned and planned them,
For all who understood, admired,
  And some who did not understand them.

He wrote, too, in a quiet way,
  Small treatises and smaller verses;
And sage remarks on chalk and clay,
  And hints to noble lords and nurses;
True histories of last year's ghost,
  Lines to a ringlet or a turban;
And trifles for the *Morning Post*,
  And nothing for Sylvanus Urban.

He did not think all mischief fair,
  Although he had a knack of joking;
He did not make himself a bear,
  Although he had a taste for smoking.
And when religious sects ran mad,
  He held, in spite of all his learning,
That if a man's belief is bad,
  It will not be improved by burning.

John Wilson—"Christopher North"

Naked Bullmanship

Tickler. Now for your adventure, my dear Shepherd.

Shepherd. Wisht—and you's hear't. I gaed out, ae day, ayont the knowe—the same, Mr. North, that shows aboon the bit field, you kent, where I tried to raise a conterbant crap o' tobacco—and sat doun on a brae amang the brackens, then a red as the heavens in sunsit, tootin awa on the horn, ettlin first at B flat, and then at A sharp, when I hears at the close o' the lesson, what I thocht the grandest echo that ever cam frae a mountain tap—an echo like the rair o' the ghost o' one o' the Bulls o' Bashan, gane mad amang other horned spectres like himself in the hollow o' the cloudy sky.

English Opium-Eater. Mr. North, allow me to direct your attention to that image, which seems to me perfectly original, and, at the same time, perfectly true to nature. Original I am entitled to call it, since I remember nothing resembling it, either essentially or accidentally, either in prose or verse, in the literature of antiquity, in that of the middle—ordinarily, but ignorantly, called the dark ages—in that which arose after the revival of letters—though assuredly letters had not sunk into a state from which it could be said with any precision that they did revive—or in that of our own times, which seems to me to want that totality and unity which alone constitute an age, otherwise but a series of unconnected successions, destitute of any causative principle of cohesion or evolvement. True to

nature no less am I entitled to call the image, inasmuch as it giveth, not indeed, "to airy nothing a local habitation and a name," but to an airy *something*, namely, the earthly bellowing of an animal, whose bellow is universally felt to be terrific, nay, moreover, and therefore, sublime. (For that terror lieth at the root—if not always, yet, of verity, in by far the greater number of instances—of the true sublime, from early boyhood my intellect saw, and my imagination felt, to be among the great primal intuitive truths of our spiritual frame.) It giveth, I repeat, to the earthly bellowing of such an animal an aerial character, which, for the moment, deludes the mind into a belief of the existence of a cloudy kine, spectral in the sky-region, else thought to be the dwelling-place of silence and vacuity, and has an affecting, impressive, nay, most solemn and almost sacred feeling, that visits us at those times only when our being, disentangling her wings from all clay encumbrances, is strong in the consciousness of her *Deathless Me*—so Fichte and Schelling speak.

Shepherd. Weel, sir, you see, doun cam on my *Deathless Me* the Bonassus, head cavin, tailtuft on high, hinderlegs visible ower his neck and shouthers and his hump clothed in thunder, louder in his ae single sell than a wheelin' charge o' a haill regiment o' dragoon cavalry on the Portobello sands. Doun cam the Bonassus, I say, like the Horse Life Guards takin a park af French artillery at Waterloo, richt doun, Heaven hae mercy! Upon me, his ain kind maister, wha had fed him on turnips, hay, and straw ever since Lammas, till the monster was as fat's he could lie in the hide o' him, and naething had I to defend myself wi' but that silly coo's-horn. A' the collies were at hame. Yet in my fricht, deadly as it was, I was thankfu' wee Jamie

wasna there lookin for primroses, for he micht hae lost his judgment. You understand, my Bonassus had mista'en my B sharp for anither Bonassus challengin him to single combat.

English Opium-Eater. A very plausible theory.

Shepherd. Thank you, sir, for that commentary on my text, for it has gien me time to plouter amang the jaws o' the cod. Faithit was nae theory, sir, it was practice—and afore I could fin my feet, he was sae close upon me that I could see up his nostrils. Just at that moment I remembered that I had on an auld red jacket (the ane that was ance sky-blue, you ken, Mr. North, that I had gotten it dyed) and that made the Bonassus just an even doun Bedlamite. For amaist all horned hate and abhor red coats.

North. So I have heard the army say—alike in town and country.

Shepherd. What was to be done? I thocht o' tootin the horn, as the trompeter did when run aff wi' in the mouth o' a tiger; but then I recollected that it was all the horn's blame that the Bonassus was there. So I lost no time in that speculation, but slipping aff my breeks, jacket, waistcoat, shirt, and a' just as you've seen an actor on the stage, I appeared before him suddenly, as naked as the day I was born, and sic is the awe, sir, wi' which a human being *in puris naturalibus,* inspires the maddest o' the brute creation—I had tried it ance before on a mastiff—that he was a' at ance, in a single moment, stricken o' a heap, just the very same as if the butcher had sank the head o' an aix intil his horn pan. His knees trummled like a new-drapped lamb's; his tail, tuft and a' had nae mair power in't than a broken thristle-stalk; his een goggled instead o' glowered, a heartfelt difference. I assure you.

English Opium-Eater. It seems to be, Mr. Hogg—but you will pardon me if I am mistaken—a distinction without a difference, as the logicians say.

Shepherd. Aye, De Quinshy, ma man, logician as you are, had you stood in my shoon, you had gotten yourselves on both horns o' the dilemma.

North. Did you cut off his retreat to the Loch, James, and take him prisoner?

Shepherd. I did. Poor silly sumph! I canna help thinkin that he swarfed; though perhaps he was only pretendin. So I mounted him, and, putting my worsted garters through his nose (it had been bored when he was a wild beast in a caravan), I keepit peggin his ribs wi' my heels, till after grontin and grownin, and raisen his great, big, unwieldy red bulk half up frae the earth, and then swelterin doun again, if ance, at least a dizzen times, till I began absolutely to weary o' my situation in life, he finally recovered his feet, and, as if inspired with a new speerit, aff like lichtain to the mountains.

North. What! without a saddle, James? You must have felt the loss—I mean the want of leather.

Shepherd. We ride a' manner o' animals barebacked in the forest, sir. I hae seen a bairn, no aboun fowre year auld, ridin hame the bull at the gloamin, a' the kye at his tail, like a squadron o' cavalry about Joachim Murat, King o' Naples. But, as I was sayin, awa went the Bonassus due west. Though you could hardly call it e'en a snaffle, yet I soon found that I had a strong purchase, and bore him down frae the hights to the turnpike road that cuts the country frae Silkirk to Moffat. There does I encounter three gig-fu's o' gentlemen and leddies, wha shrieked as if at the visible superstition o' the waterkelpie on the waterhorse,

mistakin day for nicht in the delirium o' fever, and thinkin that it had been the moonshinin down on his green pastures aneath the Loch, when it was but the shadow of a lurid cloud. But I soon vanished into distance.

Tickler. Where the deuce were your clothes all this time, my dear, matter-of-fact Shepherd?

Shepherd. Aye, there was the rub. In the enthusiasm of the moment I had forgotten them—nay, such was the state of excitement to which I had worked myself up, that, till I met the three gigfu's af ladies and gentlemen—a marriage party—full in the face, I was not, Mr. De Quinshy, aware af being so like the truth. Then I felt, all in a moment, that I was a Mazeppa. But had I turned back, they would have supposed that I had intended to accompany them to Silkirk, and therefore, to allay all such fears, I made a show o' fleein far awa' into the interior—into the cloud-land of Loch Skene and the Grey Mare's Tail.

—*"Noctes Ambrosianæ."*

Thomas De Quincey

Murder as One of the Fine Arts

THE first murder is familiar to you all. As the inventor of murder, and the father of the art, Cain must have been a man of first-rate genius. All the Cains were men of genius. Tubal Cain invented tubes, I think, or some such thing. But, whatever might be the originality and genius of the artist, every art was then in its infancy, and the works must be criticised with the recollection of that fact. Even Tubal's work would probably be little approved at this day in Sheffield; and therefore of Cain (Cain senior, I mean) it is no disparagement to say, that his performance was but so-so. Milton, however, is supposed to have thought differently. By his way of relating the case, it should seem to have been rather a pet murder with him, for he retouches it with an apparent anxiety for its picturesque effect:

> "Whereat he inly raged; and, as they talk'd,
> Smote him into the midriff with a stone
> That beat out life. He fell; and, deadly pale,
> Groan'd out his soul *with gushing blood effused.*"

Upon this, Richardson the painter, who had an eye for effect, remarks as follows, in his "Notes on Paradise Lost," p. 497: "It has been thought," says he, "that Cain beat—as the common saying is—the breath out of his brother's body with a great stone; Milton gives in to this, with the addition, however, of a large wound." In this place it was a

judicious addition; for the rudeness of the weapon, unless raised and enriched by a warm, sanguinary colouring, has too much of the naked air of the savage school; as if the deed were perpetrated by a Polypheme without science, premeditation, or anything but a mutton bone. However, I am chiefly pleased with the improvement, as it implies that Milton was an amateur. As to Shakespeare, there never was a better; witness his description of the murdered Duncan, Banquo, etc.; and, above all, witness his incomparable miniature, in "Henry VI," of the murdered Gloucester.

The foundation of the art having been once laid, it is pitiable to see how it slumbered without improvement for ages. In fact, I shall now be obliged to leap over all murders, sacred and profane, as utterly unworthy of notice, until long after the Christian era. Greece, even in the age of Pericles, produced no murder, or at least none is recorded, of the slightest merit; and Rome had too little originality of genius in any of the arts to succeed where her model failed her. In fact, the Latin language sinks under the very idea of murder. "The man was murdered"—how will this sound in Latin? *Interfectus est, interemptus est*—which simply expresses a homicide; and hence the Christian Latinity of the middle ages was obliged to introduce a new word, such as the feebleness of classic conceptions never ascended to. *Murdratus est,* says the sublimer dialect of the Gothic ages. . . .

To come now to the dark ages (by which we that speak with precision mean, *par excellence,* the tenth century as a meridian line, and the two centuries immediately before and after, full midnight being from A.D. 888 to A.D. IIII)—these ages ought naturally to be favourable to the art of murder, as they were to church architecture, to stained glass, etc.;

and, accordingly, about the latter end of this period, there arose a great character in our art, I mean the Old Man of the Mountains. He was a shining light, indeed, and I need not tell you, that the very word "assassin" is deduced from him. So keen an amateur was he, that on one occasion, when his own life was attempted by a favourite assassin, he was so much pleased with the talent shown, that, notwithstanding the failure of the artist, he created him a duke upon the spot, with remainder to the female line, and settled a pension on him for three lives. Assassination is a branch of the art which demands a separate notice; and it is possible that I may devote an entire lecture to it. Meantime, I shall only observe how odd it is, that this branch of the art has flourished by intermitting fits. It never rains but it pours. Our own age can boast of some fine specimens, such, for instance, as the Bellingham affair with the prime minister Percival, the Duc de Berri's case at the Parisian Opera House, the Maréchal Bessières's case at Avignon; and about two and a half centuries ago, there was a most brilliant constellation of murders in this class. I need hardly say, that I allude especially to those seven splendid works:

The assassinations of William I, of Orange; of the three French Henrys, *viz.:* Henri, Duke of Guise (that had a fancy for the throne of France), of Henry III (last prince in the line of Valois, who then occupied that throne), and finally of Henri IV (his brother-in-law, who succeeded to that throne as first prince in the line of Bourbon); not eighteen years later came the fifth on that roll, *viz.*, that of our Duke of Buckingham (which you will find excellently described in the letters published by Sir Henry Ellis, of the British Museum); sixthly, of Gustavus Adolphus; seventhly, of Wallenstein. What a glorious Pleiad of murders! And

it increases one's admiration that this bright constellation of artistic displays, comprehending three majesties, three serene highnesses, and one excellency, all lay within so narrow a field of time as between A.D. 1588 and 1635. The King of Sweden's assassination, by-the-bye, is doubted by many writers, Harte amongst others; but they are wrong. He was murdered; and I consider his murder unique in its excellence; for he was murdered at noon-day, and on the field of battle—a feature of original conception, which occurs in no other work of art that I remember. To conceive the idea of a secret murder on private account, as inclosed within a little parenthesis on a vast stage of public battle-carnage, is like Hamlet's subtle device of a tragedy within a tragedy. Indeed, all of these assassinations may be studied with profit by the advanced connoisseur. They are all of them *exemplaria* model murders, pattern murders.

In these assassinations of princes and statesmen, there is nothing to excite our wonder; important changes often depend on their deaths; and, from the eminence on which they stand, they are peculiarly exposed to the aim of every artist who happens to be possessed by the craving for scenical effect. But there is another class of assassinations, which has prevailed from an early period of the seventeenth century, that really *does* surprise me: I mean the assassination of philosophers. For, gentlemen, it is a fact, that every philosopher of eminence for the last two centuries has either been murdered, or, at the least, been very near it; insomuch, that if a man calls himself a philosopher, and never had his life attempted, rest assured there is nothing in him; and against Locke's philosophy in particular, I think it an unanswerable objection (if we needed any) that, although he carried his throat about with him in this world

for seventy-two years, no man ever condescended to cut it. . . .

But it is time that I should say a few words about the principles of murder, not with a view to regulate your practice, but your judgment. As to old women, and the mob of newspaper readers, they are pleased with anything, provided it is bloody enough; but the mind of sensibility requires something more. *First*, then, let us speak of the kind of person who is adapted to the purpose of the murderer; *secondly*, of the place where; *thirdly*, of the time when, and other little circumstances.

As to the person, I suppose that it is evident that he ought to be a good man; because, if he were not, he might himself, by possibility, be contemplating murder at the very time; and such "diamond-cut-diamond" tussles, though pleasant enough when nothing better is stirring, are really not what a critic can allow himself to call murders. I could mention some people (I name no names) who have been murdered by other people in a dark lane; and so far all seemed correct enough; but, on looking farther into the matter, the public have become aware that the murdered party was himself, at the moment, planning to rob his murderer, at the least, and possibly to murder him, if he had been strong enough. Whenever that is the case, or may be thought to be the case, farewell to all the genuine effects of the art. For the final purpose of murder, considered as a fine art, is precisely the same as that of tragedy, in Aristotle's account of it, *viz.*, "to cleanse the heart by means of pity and terror." Now, terror there may be, but how can there be any pity for one tiger destroyed by another tiger?

It is also evident that the person selected ought not to be a public character. For instance, no judicious artist

would have attempted to murder Abraham Newland. For the case was this: everybody read so much about Abraham Newland, and so few people ever saw him, that to the general belief he was a mere abstract idea. And I remember, that once, when I happened to mention that I had dined at a coffee-house in company with Abraham Newland, everybody looked scornfully at me, as though I had pretended to have played at billiards with Prester John, or to have had an affair of honour with the pope. And, by the way, the pope would be a very improper person to murder; for he has such a virtual ubiquity as the father of Christendom, and, like the cuckoo, is so often heard but never seen, that I suspect most people regard *him* also as an abstract idea. Where, indeed, a public man is in the habit of giving dinners, "with every delicacy of the season," the case is very different: every person is satisfied that *he* is no abstract idea; and, therefore, there can be no impropriety in murdering him, only that his murder will fall into the class of assassinations which I have not yet treated.

The subject chosen ought to be in good health: for it is absolutely barbarous to murder a sick person, who is usually quite unable to bear it. On this principle, no tailor ought to be chosen who is above twenty-five, for after that age he is sure to be dyspeptic. Or at least, if a man will hunt in that warren, he will of course think it his duty, on the old established equation, to murder some multiple of 9—say 18, 27, or 36. And here, in this benign attention to the comfort of sick people, you will observe the usual effect of a fine art to soften and refine the feelings. The world in general, gentlemen, are very bloody-minded; and all they want in a murder is a copious effusion of blood; gaudy display in this point is enough for *them*. But the enlightened connoisseur

is more refined in his taste; and from our art, as from all the other liberal arts when thoroughly mastered, the result is, to humanise the heart.

A philosophic friend, well known for his philanthropy and general benignity, suggests that the subject chosen ought also to have a family of young children wholly dependent upon his exertions, by way of deepening the pathos. And, undoubtedly, this is a judicious caution. Yet I would not insist too keenly on such a condition. Severe good taste unquestionably suggests it; but still, where the man was otherwise unobjectionable in point of morals and health, I would not look with too curious a jealousy to a restriction which might have the effect of narrowing the artist's sphere.

So much for the person. As to the time, the place, and the tools, I have many things to say, which at present I have no room for. The good sense of the practitioner has usually directed him to night and privacy. Yet there have not been wanting cases where this rule was departed from with excellent effect.

Frances Trollope

Republican Equality and Freedom

My general appellation amongst my neighbours was "the English old woman," but in mentioning each other they constantly employed the term "lady"; and they evidently had a pleasure in using it, for I repeatedly observed, that in speaking of a neighbour, instead of saying Mrs. Such-a-one, they described her as "the lady over the way what takes in washing," or as "that there lady, out by the gully, what is making dip-candles." Mr. Trollope was as constantly called "the old man," while draymen, butchers' boys, and the labourers on the canal were invariably denominated "them gentlemen." Nay, we once saw one of the most gentleman-like men in Cincinnati introduce a fellow in dirty shirt-sleeves, and all sorts of detestable *et cetera,* to one of his friends, with this formula, "D——, let me introduce this gentleman to you."

Our respective titles certainly were not very important; but the eternal shaking hands with these ladies and gentlemen was really an annoyance, and the more so, as the near approach of the gentlemen was always redolent of whisky and tobacco.

But the point where this republican equality was the most distressing was in the long and frequent visitations that it produced. No one dreams of fastening a door in western America; I was told that it would be considered as an affront by the whole neighbourhood. I was thus ex-

posed to perpetual and most vexatious interruptions from people whom I had often never seen, and whose names still oftener were unknown to me.

Those who are native there, and to the manner born, seem to pass over these annoyances with more skill than I could ever acquire. More than once I have seen some of my acquaintance beset in the same way, without appearing at all distressed by it; they continued their employment or conversation with me, much as if no such interruption had taken place; when the visitor entered, they would say, "How do you do?" and shake hands.

"Tolerable, I thank ye, how be you?" was the reply.

If it was a female, she took off her hat; if a male, he kept it on, and then taking possession of the first chair in their way, they would retain it for an hour together, without uttering another word. At length, rising abruptly, they would again shake hands, with, "Well, now I must be going, I guess," and so take themselves off, apparently well contented with their reception.

I could never attain this philosophical composure; I could neither write nor read, and I always fancied I must talk to them. I will give the minutes of a conversation which I once set down after one of their visits, as a specimen of their tone and manner of speaking and thinking. My visitor was a milkman.

"Well now, so you be from the old country? Aye, you'll see sights here, I guess."

"I hope I shall see many."

"That's a fact. I expect your little place of an island don't grow such dreadful fine corn as you sees here?"

"It grows no corn at all, sir."

"Possible! No wonder, then, that we reads such awful

stories in the paper of your poor people being starved to death."

"We have wheat, however."

"Aye, for your rich folks, but I calculate the poor seldom gets a belly full."

"You have certainly much greater abundance here."

"I expect so. Why, they do say, that if a poor body contrives to be smart enough to scrape together a few dollars, that your King George always comes down upon 'em, and takes it all away. Don't he?"

"I do not remember hearing of such a transaction."

"I guess they be pretty close about it. Your papers ben't like ourn, I reckon? Now we says and prints just what we likes."

"You spend a good deal of time in reading the newspapers."

"And I'd like you to tell me how we can spend it better. How should freemen spend their time, but looking after their government, and watching that them fellers as we gives office to doos their duty, and gives themselves no airs?"

"But I sometimes think, sir, that your fences might be in more thorough repair, and your roads in better order, if less time was spent in politics."

"The Lord! to see how little you knows of a free country! Why, what's the smoothness of a road, put against the freedom of a free-born American? And what does a broken zigzag signify, comparable to knowing that the men what we have been pleased to send up to Congress speaks handsome and straight, as we chooses they should?"

"It is from a sense of duty, then, that you all go to the liquor store to read the papers?"

"To be sure it is, and he'd be no true-born American as

didn't. I don't say that the father of a family should always be after liquor, but I do say that I'd rather have my son drunk three times in a week, than not look after the affairs of his country."

—*"Domestic Manners of the Americans."*

Patriotism and Bugs

We received much personal kindness; but this by no means interfered with the national feeling of, I believe, unconquerable dislike, which evidently lives at the bottom of every truly American heart against the English. This shows itself in a thousand little ways, even in the midst of the most kind and friendly intercourse, but often in a manner more comic than offensive.

Sometimes it was thus: "Well, now, I think your government must just be fit to hang themselves for that last war they cooked up; it has been the ruin of you I expect, for it has just been the making of us."

Then: "Well, I do begin to understand your broken English better than I did; but no wonder I could not make it out very well at first, as you come from London. For everybody knows that London slang is the most dreadful in the world. How queer it is now, that all the people that live in London should put the *h* where it is not, and never will put it where it is."

I was egotistical enough to ask the lady who said this, if she found that I did so.

"No, you do not," was the reply. But she added, with a complacent smile, "It is easy enough to see the pains you

take about it; I expect you have heard how we Americans laugh at you all for it, and so you are trying to learn our way of pronouncing."

One lady asked me very gravely, if we had left home in order to get rid of the vermin with which the English of all ranks were afflicted? "I have heard from unquestionable authority," she added, "that it is quite impossible to walk through the streets of London without having the head filled."

I laughed a little, but spoke not a word. She coloured highly, and said, "There is nothing so easy as to laugh, but truth is truth, laughed at or not."

I must preface the following anecdote by observing, that in America nearly the whole of the insect tribe are classed under the general name of bug; the unfortunate cosmopolite known by that name amongst us is almost the only one not included in this term. A lady abruptly addressed me with, "Don't you hate chintzes, Mrs. Trollope?"

"No, indeed," I replied, "I think them very pretty."

"There now! if that is not being English! I reckon you call that loving your country. Well, thank God! we Americans have something better to love our country for than that comes to; we are not obliged to say that we like nasty filthy chintzes to show that we are good patriots."

"Chintzes! What are chintzes?"

"Possible? Do you pretend you don't know what chintzes are? Why the nasty little stinking bloodsuckers that all the beds in London are full of."

I have since been informed that *chinche* is Spanish for bug; but at the time the word suggested only the material of a curtain.—"*Domestic Manners of the Americans.*"

Culture in the West

I HEARD an anecdote that will help to show the state of art at this time in the West. Mr. Bullock was showing to some gentlemen of the first standing, the very *élite* of Cincinnati, his beautiful collection of engravings, when one among them exclaimed, "Have you really done all these since you came here? How hard you must have worked!"

I was also told of a gentleman of high Cincinnati *ton*, and critical in his taste for the fine arts, who, having a drawing put into his hands, representing Hebe and the bird once sacred to Jupiter, demanded in a satirical tone, "What is this?" "Hebe," replied the alarmed collector. "Hebe?" sneered the man of taste—"What the devil has Hebe to do with the American eagle?"

We had not been long at Cincinnati when Dr. Caldwell, the Spurzheim of America, arrived there, for the purpose of delivering lectures on phrenology. I attended his lectures, and was introduced to him. He has studied Spurzheim and Combe diligently, and seems to understand the science to which he has devoted himself; but neither his lectures nor his conversation had that delightful truth of genuine enthusiasm which makes listening to Dr. Spurzheim so great a treat. His lectures, however, produced considerable effect. Between twenty and thirty of the most erudite citizens decided upon forming a phrenological society. A meeting was called, and fully attended; a respectable number of subscribers' names was registered, the payment of subscriptions being arranged for a future day. President, vice-president, treasurer, and secretary were

chosen, and the first meeting dissolved with every appearance of energetic perseverance in scientific research.

The second meeting brought together one-half of this learned body, and they enacted rules and laws, and passed resolutions, sufficient, it was said, to have filled three folios.

A third day of meeting arrived, which was an important one, as on this occasion the subscriptions were to be paid. The treasurer came punctually, but found himself alone. With patient hope he waited two hours for the wise men of the West, but he waited in vain. And so expired the Phrenological Society of Cincinnati.

—*"Domestic Manners of the Americans."*

Thomas Moore

Miss Biddy Fudge in Paris

WHAT a time since I wrote! I'm a sad naughty girl—
Though, like a teetotum, I'm all in a twirl,
Yet even (as you wittily say) a teetotum
Between all its twirls gives a *letter* to note 'em.
But, Lord, such a place! And then, Dolly, my dresses,
My gowns, so divine! There's no language expresses,
Except just the *two* words *superbe, magnifique,*
The trimmings of that which I had home last week!
It is call'd—I forget—*à la*—something which sounded
Like *alicampane*—but, in truth, I'm confounded
And bother'd, my dear, 'twixt that troublesome boy's
(Bob's) cookery language, and Madame Le Roi's.
What with fillets of roses, and fillets of veal,
Things *garni* with lace, and things *garni* with eel,
One's hair, and one's cutlets both *en papillote,*
And a thousand more things I shall ne'er have by rote,
I can scarce tell the difference, at least as to phrase,
Between beef *à la Psyché* and curls *à la braise.*
But, in short, dear, I'm trick'd out quite *à la française,*
With my bonnet—so beautiful!—high up and poking,
Like things that are put to keep chimneys from smoking.

Where *shall* I begin with the endless delights
Of this Eden of milliners, monkeys, and sights—
This dear busy place, where there's nothing transacting,
But dressing and dinnering, dancing and acting?

Imprimis, the Opera—mercy, my ears!
Brother Bobby's remark t'other night was a true one.
"This *must* be the music," said he, "of the *spears*,
For I'm curst if each note of it doesn't run through one!"
Pa says (and you know, love, his book's to make out),
'Twas the Jacobins brought every mischief about;
That this passion for roaring has come in of late,
Since the rabble all tried for a *voice* in the state.
What a frightful idea, one's mind to o'erwhelm!
What a chorus, dear Dolly, would soon be let loose of it
If, when of age, every man in the realm
Had a voice like old Laïs, and chose to make use of it!
No—never was known in this riotous sphere
Such a breach of the peace as their singing, my dear;
So bad, too, you'd swear that the god of both arts,
Of Music and Physic, had taken a frolic
For setting a loud fit of asthma in parts,
And composing a fine rumbling base to a cholic!

But, the dancing—*ah parlez moi*, Dolly, *da ça*—
There, indeed, is a treat that charms all but Papa.
Such beauty—such grace—oh ye sylphs of romance!
Fly, fly to Titania, and ask her if *she* has
One light-footed nymph in her train, that can dance
Like divine Bigottini and sweet Fanny Bias!
Fanny Bias in Flora—dear creature!—you'd swear,
When her delicate feet in the dance twinkle round,
That her steps are of light, that her home is the air,
And she only *par complaisance* touches the ground.
And when Bigottini in Psyche dishevels
Her black flowing hair, and by demons is driven,

Oh! who does not envy those rude little devils,
That hold her, and hug her, and keep her from heaven?
Then, the music—so softly its cadences die,
So divinely—oh, Dolly! between you and I,
It's as well for my peace that there's nobody nigh
To make love to me then—*you've* a soul, and can judge
What a crisis 'twould be for your friend Biddy Fudge!

The next place (which Bobby has near lost his heart in),
They call it the Playhouse—I think—of Saint Martin:
Quite charming—and *very* religious. What folly
To say that the French are not pious, dear Dolly,
When here one beholds, so correctly and rightly,
The Testament turn'd into melodrames nightly;
And, doubtless, so fond they're of scriptural facts,
They will soon get the Pentateuch up in five acts.
Here Daniel, in pantomime, bids bold defiance
To Nebuchadnezzar and all his stuff'd lions,
While pretty young Israelites dance round the Prophet,
In very thin clothing, and *but* little of it.
Here Bégrand, who shines in this scriptural path,
As the lovely Susanna, without even a relic
Of drapery round her, comes out of the Bath
In a manner, that, Bob says, is quite *Eve-angelic!*

But, in short, dear, 'twould take me a month to recite
All the exquisite places we're at, day and night;
And, besides, ere I finish, I think you'll be glad
Just to hear one delightful adventure I've had.

Last night, at the Beaujon, a place where—I doubt
If I well can describe—there are cars that set out
From a lighted pavilion, high up in the air,

And rattle you down, Doll, you hardly know where.
These vehicles, mind me, in which you go through
This delightfully dangerous journey, hold *two*.
Some cavalier asks, with humility, whether
You'll venture down with him—you smile—'tis a match;
In an instant you're seated, and down both together
Go thundering, as if you went post to old Scratch.
Well, it was but last night, as I stood and remark'd
On the looks and odd ways of the girls who embark'd,
The impatience of some for the perilous flight,
The forc'd giggle of others, 'twixt pleasure and fright,
That there came up—imagine, dear Doll, if you can—
A fine sallow, sublime, sort of Werter-fac'd man,
With mustaches that gave (what we read of so oft),
The dear Corsair expression, half savage, half soft
As hyenas in love may be fancied to look, or
A something between Abelard and old Blucher!
Up he came, Doll, to me, and uncovering his head
(Rather bald, but so warlike!) in bad English said,
"Ah! my dear—if Ma'mselle vil be so very good—
Just for von little course"—though I scarce understood
What he wish'd me to do, I said, "Thank you," I would.
Off we set—and, though faith, dear, I hardly knew whether
My head or my heels were the uppermost then,
For 'twas like heaven and earth, Dolly, coming together—
Yet, spite of the danger, we dared it again.
And oh! as I gazed on the features and air
Of the man, who for me all this peril defied,
I could fancy almost he and I were a pair
Of unhappy young lovers, who thus, side by side,
Were taking, instead of rope, pistol, or dagger, a
Desperate dash down the falls of Niagara!

This achiev'd, through the gardens we saunter'd about,
  Saw the fireworks, exclaim'd *magnifique!* at each cracker,
And, when 'twas all o'er, the dear man saw us out
  With the air, I *will* say, of a prince, to our *fiacre.*
Now, hear me—this stranger—it may be mere folly—
But *who* do you think we all think it is, Dolly?
Why, bless you, no less than the great King of Prussia,
Who's here now incog., he, who made such a fuss, you
Remember, in London, with Blucher and Platoff,
When Sal was near kissing old Blucher's cravat off!
Pa says he's come here to look after his money
(Not taking things now as he used under Boney),
Which suits with our friend, for Bob saw him, he swore,
Looking sharp to the silver received at the door.
Besides, too, they say that his grief for his queen
(Which was plain in this sweet fellow's face to be seen)
Requires such a stimulant dose as this car is,
Used three times a day with young ladies in Paris.
Some Doctor, indeed, has declared that such grief
  Should—unless 'twould to utter despairing its folly push—
Fly to the Beaujon, and there seek relief
  By rattling, as Bob says, "like shot through a holly-bush."

I must now bid adieu—only think, Dolly, think
If this *should* be the King—I have scarce slept a wink
With imagining how it will sound in the papers,
  And how all the Misses my good luck will grudge,
When they read that Count Buppin, to drive away vapours,
  Has gone down the Beaujon with Miss Biddy Fudge.
—*"Fudge Letters."*

The Rabbinical Origin of Women

THEY tell us that Woman was made of a rib,
Just picked from a corner, so snug, in the side;
But the Rabbins swear to you that this is a fib,
And 'twas not so at all that the sex was supplied.

For old Adam was fashion'd, the first of his kind,
With a tail like a monkey, full a yard and a span;
And when Nature cut off this appendage behind,
Why then woman was made of the tail of the man.

If such is the tie between women and men,
The ninny who weds is a pitiful elf;
For he takes to his tail, like an idiot, again,
And makes a most horrible ape of himself.

Yet, if we may judge, as the fashions prevail,
Every husband remembers th' original plan;
And, knowing his wife is no more than his tail,
Why—he leaves her behind him as much as he can.

On Restoring a Lock of Hair

ON one sole condition, love, I might be led
With this beautiful ringlet to part;
I would gladly relinquish the *lock* of your head
Could I gain but the *key* to your heart.

Thomas L. Peacock

The Sleeping Venus

THE library of Crotchet Castle was a large and well-furnished apartment, opening on one side into an ante-room, on the other into a music-room. It had several tables stationed at convenient distances; one consecrated to the novelties of literature, another to the novelties of embellishment; others unoccupied, and at the disposal of the company. The walls were covered with a copious collection of ancient and modern books; the ancient having been selected and arranged by the Reverend Doctor Folliott. In the ante-room were card-tables; in the music-room were various instruments, all popular operas, and all fashionable music. In this suite of apartments, and not in the drawing-room, were the evenings of Crotchet Castle usually passed.

The young ladies were in the music-room; Miss Crotchet at the piano, Lady Clarinda at the harp, playing and occasionally singing, at the suggestion of Mr. Trillo, portions of "Matilde di Shabran." Lord Bossnowl was turning over the leaves for Miss Crotchet; the captain was performing the same office for Lady Clarinda, but with so much more attention to the lady than the book, that he often made sad work with the harmony, by turning over two leaves together. On these occasions Miss Crotchet paused, Lady Clarinda laughed, Mr. Trillo scolded, Lord Bossnowl yawned, the captain apologised, and the performance proceeded.

In the library Mr. Mac Quedy was expounding political economy to the Reverend Doctor Folliott, who was *pro more* demolishing its doctrines *seriatim*.

Mr. Chainmail was in hot dispute with Mr. Skionar, touching the physical and moral well-being of man. Mr. Skionar was enforcing his friend Mr. Shantsee's views of moral discipline; maintaining that the sole thing needful for man in this world was loyal and pious education; the giving men good books to read, and enough of the hornbook to read them; with a judicious interspersion of the lessons of Old Restraint, which was his poetic name for the parish stocks. Mr. Chainmail, on the other hand, stood up for the exclusive necessity of beef and ale, lodging and raiment, wife and children, courage to fight for them all, and armour wherewith to do so.

Mr. Henbane had got his face scratched, and his finger bitten, by the cat, in trying to catch her for a second experiment in killing and bringing to life; and Doctor Morbific was comforting him with a disquisition, to prove that there were only four animals having the power to communicate hydrophobia, of which the cat was one; and that it was not necessary that the animal should be in a rabid state, the nature of the wound being everything, and the idea of contagion a delusion. Mr. Henbane was listening very lugubriously to this dissertation.

Mr. Philpot had seized on Mr. Firedamp, and pinned him down to a map of Africa, on which he was tracing imaginary courses of mighty inland rivers, terminating in lakes and marshes, where they were finally evaporated by the heat of the sun; and Mr. Firedamp's hair was standing on end at the bare imagination of the mass of *malaria* that must be engendered by the operation. Mr. Toogood had begun explaining his diagrams to Sir Simon Steeltrap; but Sir Simon grew testy, and told Mr. Toogood that the promulgators of such doctrines ought to be consigned to the tread-mill. The

philanthropist walked off from the country gentleman, and proceeded to hold forth to young Crotchet, who stood silent, as one who listens, but in reality without hearing a syllable. Mr. Crotchet, senior, as the master of the house, was left to entertain himself with his own meditations, till the Reverend Doctor Folliott tore himself from Mr. Mac Quedy, and proceeded to expostulate with Mr. Crotchet on a delicate topic.

There was an Italian painter, who obtained the name of *Il Bragatore,* by the superinduction of inexpressibles on the naked Apollos and Bacchuses of his betters. The fame of this worthy remained one and indivisible, till a set of heads, which had been, by a too common mistake of nature's journeymen, stuck upon magisterial shoulders, as the Corinthian capitals of "fair round bellies with fat capon lined," but which nature herself had intended for the noddles of porcelain mandarins, promulgated simultaneously from the east and the west of London, an order that no plaster-of-Paris Venus should appear in the streets without petticoats. Mr. Crotchet, on reading this order in the evening paper, which, by the postman's early arrival, was always laid on his breakfast-table, determined to fill his house with Venuses of all sizes and kinds. In pursuance of this resolution, came packages by water-carriage, containing an infinite variety of Venuses. There were the Medicean Venus, and the Bathing Venus; the Uranian Venus, and the Pandemian Venus; the Crouching Venus, and the Sleeping Venus; the Venus rising from the sea, the Venus with the apple of Paris, and the Venus with the armour of Mars.

The Reverend Doctor Folliott had been very much astonished at this unexpected display. Disposed, as he was, to hold, that whatever had been in Greece was right; he was

more than doubtful of the propriety of throwing open the classical *adytum* to the illiterate profane. Whether, in his interior mind, he was at all influenced, either by the consideration that it would be for the credit of his cloth, with some of his vice-suppressing neighbours, to be able to say that he had expostulated; or by curiosity, to try what sort of defence his city-bred friend, who knew the classics only by translations, and whose reason was always a little ahead of his knowledge, would make for his somewhat ostentatious display of liberality in matters of taste; is a question on which the learned may differ. But, after having duly deliberated on two full-sized casts of the Uranian and Pandemian Venus, in niches on each side of the chimney, and on three alabaster figures, in glass cases, on the mantelpiece, he proceeded, peirastically, to open his fire.

The Rev. Dr. Folliott. These little alabaster figures on the mantelpiece, Mr. Crotchet, and those large figures in the niches—may I take the liberty to ask you what they are intended to represent?

Mr. Crotchet. Venus, sir; nothing more, sir; just Venus.

The Rev. Dr. Folliott. May I ask you, sir, why they are there?

Mr. Crotchet. To be looked at, sir; just to be looked at: the reasons for most things in a gentleman's house being in it at all; from the paper on the walls, and the drapery of the curtains, even to the books in the library, of which the most essential part is the appearance of the back.

The Rev. Dr. Folliott. Very true, sir. As great philosophers hold that the *esse* of things is *percipi,* so a gentleman's furniture exists to be looked at. Nevertheless, sir, there are some things more fit to be looked at than others; for instance, there is nothing more fit to be looked at than the outside of

a book. It is, as I may say, from repeated experience, a pure and unmixed pleasure to have a goodly volume lying before you, and to know that you may open it if you please, and need not open it unless you please. It is a resource against *ennui*, if *ennui* should come upon you. To have the resource and not to feel the *ennui*, to enjoy your bottle in the present, and your book in the indefinite future, is a delightful condition of human existence. There is no place, in which a man can move or sit, in which the outside of a book can be otherwise than an innocent and becoming spectacle. Touching this matter, there cannot, I think, be two opinions. But with respect to your Venuses there can be, and indeed there are, two very distinct opinions. Now, sir, that little figure in the centre of the mantelpiece—as a grave *paterfamilias*, Mr. Crotchet, with a fair nubile daughter, whose eyes are like the fish-pools of Heshbon—I would ask you if you hold that figure to be altogether delicate?

Mr. Crotchet. The Sleeping Venus, sir? Nothing can be more delicate than the entire contour of the figure, the flow of the hair on the shoulders and neck, the form of the feet and fingers. It is altogether a most delicate morsel.

The Rev. Dr. Folliott. Why, in that sense, perhaps, it is as delicate as whitebait in July. But the attitude, sir, the attitude.

Mr. Crotchet. Nothing can be more natural, sir.

The Rev. Dr. Folliott. That is the very thing, sir. It is too natural, too natural, sir; it lies for all the world like —— I make no doubt, the pious cheesemonger, who recently broke its plaster fac-simile over the head of the itinerant vendor, was struck by a certain similitude to the position of his own sleeping beauty, and felt his noble wrath thereby justly aroused.

Mr. Crotchet. Very likely, sir. In my opinion, the cheesemonger was a fool, and the justice who sided with him was a greater.

The Rev. Dr. Folliott. Fool, sir, is a harsh term: call not thy brother a fool.

Mr. Crotchet. Sir, neither the cheesemonger nor the justice is a brother of mine.

The Rev. Dr. Folliott. Sir, we are all brethren.

Mr. Crotchet. Yes, sir, as the hangman is of the thief; the squire of the poacher; the judge of the libeller; the lawyer of his client; the statesman of his colleague; the bubble-blower of the bubble-buyer; the slave-driver of the negro; as these are brethren, so am I and the worthies in question.

The Rev. Dr. Folliott. To be sure, sir, in these instances, and in many others, the term brother must be taken in its utmost latitude of interpretation: we are all brothers, nevertheless. But to return to the point. Now these two large figures, one with drapery on the lower half of the body, and the other with no drapery at all—upon my word, sir, it matters not what godfathers and godmothers may have promised and vowed for the children of this world, touching the devil and other things to be renounced, if such figures as those are to be put before their eyes.

Mr. Crotchet. Sir, the naked figure is the Pandemian Venus, and the half-draped figure is the Uranian Venus; and I say, sir, that figure realises the finest imaginings of Plato, and is the personification of the most refined and exalted feeling of which the human mind is susceptible: the love of pure, ideal, intellectual beauty.

The Rev. Dr. Folliott. I am aware, sir, that Plato, in his Symposium, discourseth very eloquently touching the Ura-

nian and Pandemian Venus. But you must remember that, in our universities, Plato is held to be little better than a misleader of youth; and they have shown their contempt for him, not only by never reading him—a mode of contempt in which they deal very largely—but even by never printing a complete edition of him, although they have printed many ancient books, which nobody suspects to have been ever read on the spot, except by a person attached to the press, who is, therefore, emphatically called "the reader."

Mr. Crotchet. Well, sir?

The Rev. Dr. Folliott. Why, sir, to "the reader" aforesaid—supposing either of our universities to have printed an edition of Plato—or to any one else who can be supposed to have read Plato, or, indeed, to be ever likely to do so, I would very willingly show these figures; because to such they would, I grant you, be the outward and visible signs of poetical and philosophical ideas. But to the multitude, the gross, carnal multitude, they are but two beautiful women, one half undressed, and the other quite so.

Mr. Crotchet. Then, sir, let the multitude look upon them and learn modesty.

The Rev. Dr. Folliott. I must say that, if I wished my footman to learn modesty, I should not dream of sending him to school to a naked Venus.

Mr. Crotchet. Sir, ancient sculpture is the true school of modesty. But where the Greeks had modesty, we have cant; where they had poetry, we have cant; where they had patriotism, we have cant; where they had anything that exalts, delights, or adorns humanity, we have nothing but cant, cant, cant. And, sir, to show my contempt for cant in all its shapes, I have adorned my house with the Greek Venus, in all her shapes, and am ready to fight her battle against all

the societies that ever were instituted for the suppression of truth and beauty.

The Rev. Dr. Folliott. My dear sir, I am afraid you are growing warm. Pray be cool. Nothing contributes so much to good digestion as to be perfectly cool after dinner.

Mr. Crotchet. Sir, the Lacedemonian virgins wrestled naked with young men; and they grew up, as the wise Lycurgus had foreseen, into the most modest of women, and the most exemplary of wives and mothers.

The Rev. Dr. Folliott. Very likely, sir; but the Athenian virgins did no such thing, and they grew up into wives who stayed at home—stayed at home, sir; and looked after their husbands' dinner—dinner, sir, you will please to observe.

Mr. Crotchet. And what was the consequence of that, sir? That they were such very insipid persons that the husband would not go home to eat his dinner, but preferred the company of some Aspasia, or Laïs.

The Rev. Dr. Folliott. Two very different persons, sir, give me leave to remark.

Mr. Crotchet. Very likely, sir, but both too good to be married in Athens.

The Rev. Dr. Folliott. Sir, Laïs was a Corinthian.

Mr. Crotchet. Od's vengeance, sir, some Aspasia and any other Athenian name of the same sort of person you like——

The Rev. Dr. Folliott. I do not like the sort of person at all. The sort of person I like, as I have already implied, is a modest woman, who stays at home and looks after her husband's dinner.

Mr. Crotchet. Well, sir, that was not the taste of the Athenians. They preferred the society of women who would not have made any scruple about sitting as models to Praxi-

teles, as you know, sir, very modest women in Italy did to Canova. One of them, an Italian countess, being asked by an English lady, "How she could bear it?" answered, "Very well; there was a good fire in the room."

The Rev. Dr. Folliott. Sir, the English lady should have asked how the Italian lady's husband could bear it. The phials of my wrath would overflow if poor dear Mrs. Folliott— Sir, in return for your story, I will tell you a story of my ancestor, Gilbert Folliott. The devil haunted him, as he did Saint Francis, in the likeness of a beautiful damsel; but all he could get from the exemplary Gilbert was an admonition to wear a stomacher and longer petticoats.

Mr. Crotchet. Sir, your story makes for my side of the question. It proves that the devil, in the likeness of a fair damsel, with short petticoats and no stomacher, was almost too much for Gilbert Folliott. The force of the spell was in the drapery.

The Rev. Dr. Folliott. Bless my soul, sir!

Mr. Crotchet. Give me leave, sir. Diderot——

The Rev. Dr. Folliott. Who was he, sir?

Mr. Crotchet. Who was he, sir? The sublime philosopher, the father of the Encyclopedia, of all the encyclopedias that have ever been printed.

The Rev. Dr. Folliott. Bless me, sir, a terrible progeny: they belong to the tribe of *Incubi.*

Mr. Crotchet. The great philosopher, Diderot——

The Rev. Dr. Folliott. Sir, Diderot is not a man after my heart. Keep to the Greeks, if you please; albeit this Sleeping Venus is not an antique.

Mr. Crotchet. Well, sir, the Greeks: why do we call the Elgin marbles inestimable? Simply because they are true to nature. And why are they so superior in that point to all

modern works, with all our greater knowledge of anatomy? Why, sir, but because the Greeks, having no cant, had better opportunities of studying models?

The Rev. Dr. Folliott. Sir, I deny our greater knowledge of anatomy. But I shall take the liberty to employ, on this occasion, the *argumentum ad hominem.* Would you have allowed Miss Crotchet to sit for a model to Canova?

Mr. Crotchet. Yes, sir.

"God bless my soul, sir!" exclaimed the Reverend Doctor Folliott, throwing himself back into a chair, and flinging up his heels, with the premeditated design of giving emphasis to his exclamation. But by miscalculating his *impetus,* he overbalanced his chair, and laid himself on the carpet in a right angle, of which his back was the base.

—*"Crotchet Castle."*

John G. Lockhart

Captain Paton's Lament

'TOUCH once more a sober measure, and let punch and tears
be shed,
For a prince of good old fellows, that alack-a-day is dead;
For a prince of worthy fellows and a pretty man also,
That has left the salt market in sorrow, grief, and woe.
Oh, we ne'er shall see the like o' Captain Paton no mo!

His waistcoat, coat, and breeches were all cut off the same
web,
Of a beautiful snuff-colour or a modest genty drab;
The blue stripe in his stocking round his neat slim leg did go,
And his ruffles of the cambric fine, they were whiter than the
snow.
Oh, we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo!

His hair was curled in order as the rising of the sun,
In comely rows and buckles that about his ears did run;
And before there was a toupee that some inches up did grow,
And behind there was a long queue that did o'er his shoulders
flow.
Oh, we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo!

And whenever we foregathered he took off his wee three-
cockit;
And he proffered you his snuff-box, which he drew from his
side-pocket;

And on Burdette or Bonaparte he would make a remark or so,
And then along the plainstones like a provost he would go.
Oh, we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo!

In dirty days he picked well his footsteps with his rattan;
Oh, you ne'er could see the least speck on the shoes of Captain Paton.
And on entering the coffee-room about two, all men did know,
They would see him with his courier in the middle of the row.
Oh, we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo!

Now and then upon a Sunday he invited me to dine,
On a herring and a mutton-chop which his maid dressed very fine;
There was also a little Malmsey and a bottle of Bordeaux,
Which between me and the captain passed nimbly to and fro.
Oh, I shall ne'er take the pot-luck with Captain Paton no mo!

Or if a bowl was mentioned the Captain he would ring,
And bid Nelly run to the West Port and a stoup of water bring;
Then he would mix the genuine stuff as they made it long ago,
With limes that on his property in Trinidad did grow.
Oh, we ne'er shall taste the like of Captain Paton's Punch no mo!

And then all the time he would discourse so sensible and courteous,
Perhaps talking of last sermon he had heard from Dr. Porteous,
Or some little bit of scandal about Mrs. So-and-So,
Which he scarce could credit, having heard the con, but not the pro.
Oh, we ne'er shall hear the like of Captain Paton no mo!

Or when the candles were brought forth and the night was setting in,
He would tell some fine old stories, about Mindenfield and Dettingen.
How he fought with a French major and despatched him at a blow,
While his blood ran out like water, on the soft grass below.
Oh, we ne'er shall hear the like of Captain Paton no mo!

But at last the Captain sickened and grew worse from day to day,
And all missed him in the coffee-room from which now he stayed away.
On Sabbaths, too, the Wee Kirk made a melancholy show,
All for wanting of the presence of our venerable beau.
Oh, we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo!

And in spite of all that Cleghorne and Cokingdale could do,
It was plain from twenty symptoms, that death was in his view.

So the Captain made his test'ment and submitted to the foe,
And we laid him by the Ramshorn kirk, 'tis the way we all must go.
Oh, we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo!

Join all in chorus, jolly boys, and let punch and tears be shed,
For the prince of good old fellows, that, alack-a-day is dead;
For this prince of worthy fellows, and a pretty man also,
That has left the salt market in sorrow, grief, and woe.
For it ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo!

—Andrew Lang's "Life of Lockhart."

Douglas Jerrold

Mr. Caudle's Shirt-Buttons

"Well, Mr. Caudle, I hope you're in a little better temper than you were in this morning? There—you needn't begin to whistle; people don't come to bed to whistle. But it's like you. I can't speak, that you don't try to insult me. Once, I used to say that you were the best creature living; now, you get quite a fiend. *Do let you rest?* No, I won't let you rest. It's the only time I have to talk to you, and you *shall* hear me. I'm put upon all day long; it's very hard if I can't speak a word at night; besides, it isn't often I open my mouth, goodness knows!

"Because *once* in your lifetime your shirt wanted a button you must almost swear the roof off the house! *You didn't swear?* Ha, Mr. Caudle! you don't know what you do when you're in a passion. *You were not in a passion?* Wer'n't you? Well, then, I don't know what a passion is—and I think I ought by this time. I've lived long enough with you, Mr. Caudle, to know that.

"It's a pity that you haven't something worse to complain of than a button off your shirt. If you'd *some* wives, I know you would. I'm sure I'm never without a needle and thread in my hand. What with you and the children, I'm made a perfect slave of. And what's my thanks? Why, if once in your life a button's off your shirt—what do you cry *'oh'* at?—I say once, Mr. Caudle; or twice, or three times, at most. I'm sure, Mr. Caudle, no man's buttons in the world are better looked after than yours. I only wish I had kept

the shirts you had when you were first married! I should like to know where were your buttons then?

"Yes, it *is* worth talking of! But that's how you always try to put me down. You fly into a rage, and then if I only try to speak you won't hear me. That's how you men always will have all the talk to yourselves; a poor woman isn't allowed to get a word in.

"A nice notion you have of a wife to suppose she's nothing to think of but her husband's buttons. A pretty notion, indeed, you have of marriage. Ha! if poor women only knew what they had to go through! What with buttons, and one thing and another! They'd never tie themselves up—no, not to the best man in the world, I'm sure. *What would they do, Mr. Caudle?* Why, do much better without you, I'm certain.

"And it's my belief, after all, that the button wasn't off the shirt; it's my belief that you pulled it off, that you might have something to talk about. Oh, you're aggravating enough, when you like, for anything! All I know is, it's very odd that the button should be off the shirt! for I'm sure no woman's a greater slave to her husband's buttons than I am. I only say, it's very odd.

"However, there's one comfort: it can't last long. I'm worn to death with your temper, and sha'n't trouble you a great while. Ha, you may laugh! And I dare say you would laugh! I've no doubt of it! That's your love—that's your feeling! I know that I'm sinking every day, though I say nothing about it. And when I'm gone, we shall see how your second wife will look after your buttons. You'll find out the difference, then. Yes, Caudle, you'll think of me then; for then, I hope, you'll never have a blessed button to your back.

"No, I'm not a vindictive woman, Mr. Caudle; nobody

ever called me that but you. What do you say? *Nobody ever knew so much of me?* That's nothing at all to do with it. Ha! I wouldn't have your aggravating temper, Mr. Caudle, for mines of gold. It's a good thing I'm not as worrying as you are—or a nice house there'd be between us. I only wish you'd had a wife that *would* have talked to you! Then you'd have known the difference. But you impose upon me, because, like a poor fool, I say nothing. I should be ashamed of myself, Caudle.

"And a pretty example you set as a father! You'll make your boys as bad as yourself. Talking as you did all breakfast-time about your buttons! And of a Sunday morning too! And you call yourself a Christian! I should like to know what your boys will say when they grow up? All about a paltry button off one of your wrist-bands! A decent man wouldn't have mentioned it. *Why won't I hold my tongue?* Because I *won't* hold my tongue. I'm to have my peace of mind destroyed—I'm to be worried into my grave for a miserable shirt-button, and I'm to hold my tongue! Oh! but that's just like you men!

"But I know what I'll do for the future. Every button you have may drop off, and I won't so much as put a thread to 'em. And I should like to know what you'll do then? Oh, you must get somebody else to sew 'em, must you? That's a pretty threat for a husband to hold out to a wife! And to such a wife as I've been too; such a negro slave to your buttons, as I may say! Somebody else to sew 'em, eh? No, Caudle, no; not while I'm alive! When I'm dead —and with what I have to bear there's no knowing how soon that may be—when I'm dead, I say—oh! what a brute you must be to snore so!

"*You're not snoring?* Ha! that's what you always say;

but that's nothing to do with it. You must get somebody else to sew 'em, must you? Ha! I shouldn't wonder. Oh, no! I should be surprised at nothing, now! Nothing at all! It's what people have always told me it would come to—and now the buttons have opened my eyes! But the whole world shall know of your cruelty, Mr. Caudle. After the wife I've been to you. Somebody else, indeed, to sew your buttons!"

—*"Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures."*

Cold Mutton, Pudding, Pancakes

"WHAT am I grumbling about, now? It's very well for you to ask that! I'm sure I'd better be out of the world than—there now, Mr. Caudle; there you are again! I *shall* speak, sir. It isn't often I open my mouth, Heaven knows! But you like to hear nobody talk but yourself. You ought to have married a negro slave, and not any respectable woman.

"You're to go about the house looking like thunder all the day, and I'm not to say a word. Where do you think pudding's to come from every day? You show a nice example to your children, you do; complaining, and turning your nose up at a sweet piece of cold mutton, because there's no pudding! You go a nice way to make 'em extravagant—teach 'em nice lessons to begin the world with. Do you know what puddings cost; or do you think they fly in at the window?

"You hate cold mutton. The more shame for you, Mr. Caudle. I'm sure you've the stomach of a lord, you have. No, sir; I didn't choose to hash the mutton. It's very easy

for you to say hash it; but *I* know what a joint loses in hashing: it's a day's dinner the less, if it's a bit. Yes, I dare say; other people may have puddings with cold mutton. No doubt of it; and other people become bankrupts. But if ever you get into the *Gazette,* it sha'n't be *my* fault—no; I'll do my duty as a wife to you, Mr. Caudle; you shall never have it to say that it was *my* housekeeping that brought you to beggary. No; you may sulk at the cold meat—ha! I hope you'll never live to want such a piece of cold mutton as we had to-day! and you may threaten to go to a tavern to dine; but, with our present means, not a crumb of pudding do you get from me. You shall have nothing but the cold joint—nothing, as I'm a Christian sinner.

"Yes; there you are, throwing those fowls in my face again! I know you once brought home a pair of fowls; I know it; but you were mean enough to want to stop 'em out of my week's money! Oh, the selfishness—the shabbiness of men! They can go out and throw away pounds upon pounds with a pack of people who laugh at 'em afterward; but if it's anything wanted for their own homes, their poor wives may hunt for it. I wonder you don't blush to name those fowls again! I wouldn't be so little for the world, Mr. Caudle!

"What are you going to do? *Going to get up?* Don't make yourself ridiculous, Mr. Caudle; I can't say a word to you like any other wife, but you must threaten to get up. *Do* be ashamed of yourself.

"Puddings, indeed! Do you think I'm made of puddings? Didn't you have some boiled rice three weeks ago? Besides, is this the time of the year for puddings? It's all very well if I had money enough allowed me like any other wife to keep the house with; then, indeed, I might have preserves

like any other woman; now, it's impossible; and it's cruel—yes, Mr. Caudle, cruel—of you to expect it.

"*Apples ar'n't so dear, are they?* I know what apples are, Mr. Caudle, without your telling me. But I suppose you want something more than apples for dumplings? I suppose sugar costs something, doesn't it? And that's how it is. That's how one expense brings on another, and that's how people go to ruin.

"*Pancakes?* What's the use of your lying muttering there about pancakes? Don't you always have 'em once a year—every Shrove Tuesday? And what would any moderate, decent man want more?

"Pancakes, indeed! Pray, Mr. Caudle—no, it's no use your saying fine words to me to let you go to sleep; I sha'n't Pray, do you know the price of eggs just now? There's not an egg you can trust to under seven and eight a shilling; well, you've only just to reckon up how many eggs—don't lie swearing there at the eggs in that manner, Mr. Caudle; unless you expect the bed to let you fall through. You call yourself a respectable tradesman, I suppose? Ha! I only wish people knew you as well as I do! Swearing at eggs, indeed! But I'm tired of this usage, Mr. Caudle; quite tired of it; and I don't care how soon it's ended!

"I'm sure I do nothing but work and labour, and think how to make the most of everything; and this is how I'm rewarded."—"*Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures.*"

Bits of Repartee

THE first time Jerrold saw Tom Dibdin, the song-writer said to him, "Youngster, have you sufficient confidence in me to lend me a guinea?" "Oh, yes," said Jerrold, "I've all the confidence, but I haven't the guinea."

Jerrold went to a party at which a Mr. Pepper had assembled all his friends. Jerrold said to his host, on entering the room, "My dear Mr. Pepper, how glad you must be to see all your friends mustered!"

Upon another occasion he and Laman Blanchard were strolling together about London, discussing passionately a plan for joining Byron in Greece. The former, telling the story many years after, said, "But a shower of rain came on and washed all the Greece out of us."

"Do you know," said a friend to him, "that Jones has left the stage and turned wine merchant?" "Oh, yes," Jerrold replied, "and I'm told that his wine off the stage is better than his whine on it."

A friend seeking subscriptions for a person in trouble asked Jerrold for his mite. "What will put him right?" said Jerrold. "Oh! a one and two naughts," said the other. "Put me down for one of the naughts," said Jerrold.

He was once finding fault with a play. An acquaintance expostulated, and said, "Why, there's V——; he was bred

on these boards!" "He looks," said Jerrold, "as though he'd been cut out of them."

"Call that a kind man?" said an actor, speaking of an absent acquaintance. "A man who is away from his family, and never sends them a farthing? Call that kindness?" "Yes, unremitting kindness," was the reply.

One sunny morning a quidnunc and a bore was sauntering down Regent Street, seeking whom he might devour with his interminable twaddle. At length he espies, approaching in hot haste, the no less busy Douglas Jerrold. He stops and fastens on him. The bore puts his usual question, "Well, my dear Jerrold, what's going on?" Releasing himself, the wit strides hastily away, exclaiming, "I am."

Heraud, the writer, was another bore who inflicted "all his tediousness" on Jerrold. The satirist was asked if he had read Heraud's "Descent into Hell"? "No," was the answer, "but I should like to see it."

Jerrold was seriously disappointed with a certain book written by one of his friends. This friend heard that he had expressed his disappointment. *Friend* (to Jerrold): "I heard you said it was the worst book I ever wrote." *Jerrold:* "No, I didn't. I said it was the worst book anybody ever wrote."

Some one was talking with him about a gentleman as celebrated for the intensity as for the shortness of his friendships. "Yes," said Jerrold, "his friendships are so warm, that he no sooner takes them up than he puts them down again."

Jerrold met Alfred Bunn one day in Piccadilly. Bunn stopped Jerrold, and said, "I suppose you're strolling about, picking up character." "Well, not exactly," said Jerrold, "but there's plenty lost hereabouts."

One day enjoying a drive with a well-known spendthrift—"Well, Jerrold," said the friend, who was driving a very fine pair of grays, "what do you think of my grays?" "To tell you the truth," Jerrold replied, "I was just thinking of your duns."

A mediocre writer, employed on the same subject as himself, said, "You know, Jerrold, you and I are rowing in the same boat!" "Yes," replied the wit, "but not with the same oars!"

Abolishing the "Cat"

Nutts. Now, Mr. Slowgoe, when you've gone through the alphabet of that paper, I'm ready.

Slowgoe. Just one minute.

Nutts. Minutes, Mr. Slowgoe, are the small-change of life. Can't wait for nobody. I'll take you then, Mr. Limpy. (LIMPY *takes the chair.*) It makes my flesh crawl to see some folks with a newspaper. They go through it for all the world like a caterpillar through a cabbage-leaf.

Slowgoe. Well, for my part, I like to chew my news. I think a newspaper's like a dinner; doesn't do you half the good if it's bolted. Haven't come to it yet; but tell me—Is it true that the Duke of Wellington's going to repeal flogging?"

Tickle. Why, yes; they do say so; but the duke does nothin' in a hurry. Always likes to take his time. You know at Waterloo he would wait for the Prussians; and only because if he'd licked the French afore, he didn't know how else to spend the evening.

Slowgoe. I never heard that; but it's very like the duke. And there's to be no flogging.

Tickle. No; it's to be repealed by degrees, like the corn-laws. In nine years' time there won't be a single cat in the British army.

Nosebag. Why should they wait nine years?

Nutts. Nothin' but reg'lar. You see the cat-o'-nine-tails is one of the institutions of the country, and therefore must be handled very delicate.

"When cat's away
Sojers play."

That's been the old notion. And folks—that is, the folks with gold lace that's never flogged—think to 'bolish the cat at once would bring a blight upon laurels. They think sojers like eels—none the worse for fire for being well skinned.

Tickle. There you are; biting the 'thorities of your country agin. But since you've taken the story out of my mouth, go on, though every word you speak's a bitter almond.

Nutts. Well, it isn't a thing to talk sugar-plums about, is it? I'm not a young lady, am I?

Mrs. Nutts (*from back parlour*). I wish you'd remember you've a wife and children, Mr. Nutts, and never mind young ladies. You can't shave and talk of young ladies, too, I'm sure.

Nutts (*in a low voice*). It's very odd; she's one of the

strongest-minded women, and yet she can never hear me speak of one of the sex without fizzing like a squib.

Nosebag (*solemnly*). Same with 'em all. I suppose it's love.

Nutts. Why, it is; that is, it's jealousy, which is only love with its claws out.

Tickle. Well, claws brings you to the cat again; so go on.

Nutts. To be sure. Well, as I was saying— (*To* LIMPY.) What's the matter? I'm sure this razor would shave a new-born baby; but for a poor man I don't know where you got such a delicate skin. I will say this, Mr. Limpy, for one of the swinish multitude, you are the tenderest pork I ever shaved.

Slowgoe. But the Duke of Wellington——

Nutts. Don't hurry me; I'm going to his grace. Well, they do say that he's going to get rid of the cat by little and little. He knows the worth of knotted cords to the British soldier, and, like a dowager with false curls, can't give 'em all up at once. So there's to be a law that the cat is still to be used upon the British lion in regimentals, only that the cat is to lose a tail every year.

Slowgoe. Is it true?

Nutts. Certain. So you see, with the loss of one tail per annum, in only nine years' time, or in *anno Domino* 1855, every tail will be 'bolished; that is, the cat with its nine tails will have lost its nine lives, and be defunct and dead.

Slowgoe. I don't like to give an opinion, but that seems a very slow reform.

Nutts. Why, yes; when folks have a tooth that pains 'em, they don't get cured in that fashion. But then, again, it's wonderful with what patience we can bear the toothache of other people.

Nosebag. What horrid things there's been all the week in the papers. Officers of all sorts writing what they've seen done with the cat. Well, if I was a sojer, my red coat would burn like red-hot iron in me; I should think all the world looked at me, as if they was asking themselves, "I wonder how often *you've* been flayed."

Slowgoe. Bless your heart! and here's a dreadful matter. James Sayer, a marine on board the *Queen,* sentenced to be hanged for assaulting two sergeants—to be hanged by the neck. And the president says, "James Sayer, I am sorry indeed that I cannot offer you hope that the sentence of this court will not be fully carried out, and I recommend you to prepare yourself to meet your doom."

Bleak. What a difference is made by salt water! Frederick White, private soldier, is sentenced to be flogged for giving a blow to his sergeant. James Sayer, marine, is to be hanged for the same offence. So a blow afloat and a blow ashore isn't the same thing.

Nutts. But there'll be no hanging in the case; they say as much in Parliament, don't they?

Slowgoe. But it says here the president was "much affected." Why pass sentence, why give no hope?

Nutts. Why now, I suppose that's what they'd call a fiction of the law; and when we think what a dry matter all law is, can we wonder that the 'torneys and such folks spice it up with a few lies? Bless you, if all law was all true, nobody would go on swallowing it. It's the precious fibs that's in it that gives it a flavour, and makes men live, and grow fat upon it.—"*The Barber's Chair.*"

Thomas Hood

Faithless Nelly Gray

Ben Battle was a soldier bold,
And used to war's alarms,
But a cannon-ball took off his legs,
So he laid down his arms.

Now as they bore him off the field,
Said he, "Let others shoot;
For here I leave my second leg,
And the Forty-second Foot."

The army surgeons made him limbs;
Said he, "They're only pegs;
But they're as wooden members quite
As represent my legs."

Now Ben he loved a pretty maid,
Her name was Nelly Gray;
So he went to pay her his devours,
When he'd devoured his pay.

But when he called on Nelly Gray,
She made him quite a scoff;
And when she saw his wooden legs,
Began to take them off.

"Oh, Nelly Gray! Oh, Nelly Gray!
Is this your love so warm?

The love that loves a scarlet coat
  Should be more uniform."

Said she, "I loved a soldier once,
  For he was blithe and brave;
But I will never have a man
  With both legs in the grave.

"Before you had those timber toes
  Your love I did allow,
But then, you know, you stand upon
  Another footing now."

"Oh, Nelly Gray! Oh, Nelly Gray!
  For all your jeering speeches,
At duty's call I left my legs
  In Badajoz's breaches."

"Why, then," said she, "you've lost the feet
  Of legs in war's alarms,
And now you cannot wear the shoes
  Upon your feats of arms."

"Oh, false and fickle Nelly Gray!
  I know why you refuse—
Though I've no feet, some other man
  Is standing in my shoes!

"I wish I ne'er had seen your face;
  But now, a long farewell!
For you will be my death; alas!
  You will not be my Nell."

Now, when he went from Nelly Gray,
His heart so heavy got,
And life was such a burthen grown,
It made him take a knot.

So round his melancholy neck
A rope he did entwine,
And, for the second time in life,
Enlisted in the Line!

One end he tied around a beam,
And then removed his pegs,
And, as his legs were off, of course
He soon was off his legs.

And there he hung till he was dead
As any nail in town;
For though despair had cut him up,
It could not cut him down.

A dozen men sat on his corpse,
To find out why he died;
And they buried Ben in four cross-roads,
With a stake in his inside.

A Lay of Real Life

Who ruined me ere I was born,
Sold every acre, grass or corn,
And left the next heir all forlorn?
My Grandfather.

Who said my mother was no nurse,
And physicked me and made me worse,
Till infancy became a curse?
My Grandmother.

Who left me in my seventh year,
A comfort to my mother dear
And Mr. Pope, the overseer?
My Father.

Who let me starve to buy her gin,
Till all my bones came through my skin,
Then called me "ugly little sin"?
My Mother.

Who said my mother was a Turk,
And took me home—and made me work,
But managed half my meals to shirk?
My Aunt.

Who "of all earthly things" would boast
He "hated others' brats the most,"
And therefore made me feel my post?
My Uncle.

Who got in scrapes, an endless score,
And always laid them at my door,
Till many a bitter bang I bore?
My Cousin.

Who took me home when mother died,
Again with father to reside,
Black shoes, clean knives, run far and wide?
My Stepmother.

Who marred my stealthy urchin joys,
And when I played cried, "What a noise!"
Girls always hector over boys—
My Sister.

Who used to share in what was mine,
Or took it all, did I decline,
'Cause I was eight and he was nine?
My Brother.

Who stroked my head and said "Good lad,"
And gave me sixpence, "all he had";
But at the stall the coin was bad?
My Godfather.

Who, gratis, shared my social glass,
But when misfortune came to pass,
Referred me to the pump? Alas!
My Friend.

Through all this weary world, in brief,
Who ever sympathised with grief,
Or shared my joy—my sole relief?
Myself.

No!

No sun—no moon!
No morn—no noon—
No dawn—no dusk—no proper time of day—
No sky—no earthly view—
No distance looking blue—
No road—no street—no "t'other side the way"—

No end to any Row—
No indications where the Crescents go—
No top to any steeple—
No recognitions of familiar people—
No courtesies for showing 'em—
No knowing 'em!
To travelling at all—no locomotion,
No inkling of the way—no notion—
No go—by land or oecan—
No mail—no post—
No news from any foreign coast—
No park—no ring—no afternoon gentility—
No company—no nobility—
No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease,
No comfortable feel in any member—
No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees.
No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds.
November!

The Remains of a Lost Banquet

By common consent the company all hastened toward the fallen marquee, and clearing away the canvas, they beheld the turf variously strewed, exactly as if Time—that *edax rerum*—had made a miscellaneous meal which had disagreed with him.

In the middle the tables lay on their sides with their legs stretched out like dead horses, and the bruised covers, and knives and forks, were scattered about like battered helmets

and masterless weapons after a skirmish of cavalry. The table-cloths were dappled with the purple blood of the grape; and the eatables and drinkables scattered, battered, spattered, shattered, and tattered, all round about, presented a spectacle equally whimsical and piteous. The following are but a few of the objects which the Hon. Mr. Danvers beheld when he looked on:

Item. A huge cold round of beef, surrounded by the froth of a trifle, like an island "begirt with foam," with a pigeon perched on the top instead of a cormorant.

Item. A large lobster, roosting on the branch of an *épergne.*

Item. A roast duck, seemingly fast asleep, with a cream cheese for a mattress and a cucumber for a bolster.

Item. Brawn, in an ample writing-paper ruff, well sprinkled with claret, reminding the spectator irresistibly of the neck of King Charles the First.

Item. Tipsy-cake, appropriately under the table.

Item. A puddle of cold punch, and a neat's tongue apparently licking it up.

Item. A noble ham, brilliantly powdered with broken glass.

Item. A boiled rabbit smothered in custard.

Item. A lump of *blancmange* dyed purple.

Item. A shoal of prawns in an ocean of lemonade.

Item. A very fine boiled turkey in a harlequin suit of lobster salad.

Item. A ship of sugar-candy, high and dry on a fillet of veal.

Item. A "hedge-hog" sitting on a "hen's nest." *Vide* "Mrs. Glasse's Cookery" for the confectionery devices.

Item. A "floating island," as a new constellation,

amongst "the moon and stars in jelly." See Mrs. Glasse again.

Item. A large pound crab, sitting upright against a table, and nursing a chicken between its claws.

Item. A collard eel, uncoiled, and threatening like a boa-constrictor to swallow a fowl.

Item. A Madeira pond, in a dish cover, with a duck drowned in it.

Item. A pig's face, with a snout smelling at a bunch of artificial flowers.

Item. A leg of lamb, as yellow as the leg of a boy at Christ's Hospital, thanks to the mustard-pot.

Item. A tongue all over "flummery."

Item. An immense *macédoine* of all the fruits of the season, jumbled together in jam, jelly, and cream.

Such were some of the objects, interspersed with Serpentines of sherry, Peerless Pools of port, and New Rivers of Madeira, that saluted the eyes of the expectant guests, thus untimely reduced to the feast of reason and the flow of soul. The unfortunate hostess appeared ready to drop on the spot; but, according to Major Oakley's theory, she refrained from fainting among so many broken bottles. Twigg stood with the very aspect and attitude of a baker's journeyman we once saw, just after a stumble which had pitched five rice puddings, two custard ditto, a gooseberry pie, a currant tart, and two dozen cheesecakes into a reservoir of M'Adams's broth from flints. The swamping of his collation on the ait in the Thames was a retail concern to this enormous wreck. His eyebrows worked, his eyes rolled, his lips quivered with inaudible curses, and his fingers twitched, as if eager to be doing something, but waiting for orders from the will. He was divided, in truth, between a dozen rival impulses, sug-

gesting to him, all at once, to murder the cow, to thrash Pompey, to quarrel with his wife, to disinherit his son, to discharge the cooks, to order everybody's carriage, to send Matilda back to boarding-school, to go to bed suddenly ill, to run away God knew where, to hang himself on the pear-tree, to drown himself in the fish-pond, to burn the marquee, to turn infidel and deny a Providence, to get dead drunk.

—*"Tylney Hall."*

Francis Mahony—"Father Prout"

Pot-Luck at the Vatican

WHEN his riv'rence was in Room, ov coorse the pope axed him to take pot-look wid him. More be token, it was on a Friday; but, for all that, there was plenty of mate; for the pope gev himself an absolution from the fast on account of the great company that was in it—at laste so I'm towld. Howandiver, there's no fast on the dhrink, anyhow—glory be to God!—and so, as they wor sitting, afther dinner, taking their sup together, says the pope, says he, "Thomaus"—for the pope, you know, spakes that away, all as one as one ov uz—"Thomaus *a lanna*," says he, "I'm towld you welt them English heretics out ov the face."

"You may say that," said his riv'rence to him again. "Be my soul," says he, "if I put your holiness undher the table, you won't be the first pope I floored."

Well, his holiness laughed like to split; for you know, Pope was the great Prodesan that Father Tom put down upon purgathory; and ov coorse they knew all the ins and outs of the conthravarsy at Room. "Faix, Thomaus," says he, smiling across the table at him mighty agreeable, "it's no lie what they tell me, that yourself is the pleasant man over the dhrop ov good liquor."

"Would you like to thry?" says his riv'rence.

"Sure, amn't I thrying all I can?" says the pope. "Sorra betther bottle ov wine's betuxt this and Salamancha, nor there's fornenst you on the table; it's raal Lachrymalchrystal, every spudh ov it."

"It's mortial could," says Father Tom.

"Well, man alive," says the pope, "sure and here's the best ov good claret in the cut decanther."

"Not maning to make little ov the claret, your holiness," says his riv'rence, "I would prefir some hot wather and sugar, wid a glass ov spirits through it, if convanient."

"Hand me over the bottle of brandy," says the pope to his head butler, "and fetch up the materi'ls," says he.

"Ah, then, your holiness," says his riv'rence, mighty eager, "maybe you'd have a dhrop ov the native in your cellar? Sure it's all one throuble," says he, "and, troth, I dunna how it is, but brandy always plays the puck wid my inthrails."

"'Pon my conscience, then," says the pope, "it's very sorry I am, Misther Maguire," says he, "that it isn't in my power to plase you; for I'm sure and certaint that there's not as much whisky in Room this blessed minit as 'ud blind the eye ov a midge."

"Well, in troth, your holiness," says Father Tom, "I knewn there was no use in axing; only," says he, "I didn't know how else to exqueeze the liberty I tuck," says he, "of bringing a small taste," says he, "of the real stuff," says he, hauling out an imperi'l quart bottle out ov his coat-pocket; "that never seen the face ov a guager," says he, setting it down on the table fornenst the pope; "and if you'll jist thry the full ov a thimble ov it, and it doesn't rise the cockles ov your holiness's heart, why then, my name," says he, "isn't Tom Maguire!" and wid that he outs wid the cork.

Well, the pope at first was going to get vexed at Father Tom for fetching dhrink thataway in his pocket, as if there wasn't lashins in the house: so says he, "Misther Maguire," says he, "I'd have you to comprehind the differ betuxt an inwitation to dinner from the succissor of Saint Pether,

and from a common mayur or a Prodesan squireen that maybe hasn't liquor enough in his cupboard to wet more nor his own heretical whistle. That may be the way wid them that you wisit in Leithrim," says he, "and in Roscommon; and I'd let you know the differ in the prisint case," says he, "only that you're a champion ov the Church and entitled to laniency. So," says he, "as the liquor's come, let it stay. And in troth I'm curis myself," says he, getting mighty soft when he found the delightful smell ov the *putteen,* "in inwistigating the composition ov distilled liquors; it's a branch ov natural philosophy," says he, taking up the bottle and putting it to his blessed nose.

Ah! my dear, the very first snuff he got ov it, he cried out, the dear man, "Blessed Vargin, but it has the divine smell!" and crossed himself and the bottle half a dozen times running.

"Well, sure enough, it's the blessed liquor now," says his riv'rence, "and so there can be no harm any way in mixing a dandy of punch; and," says he, stirring up the materi'ls wid his goolden muddlar—for everything at the pope's table, to the very shcrew for drawing the corks, was ov vergin goold—"if I might make bowld," says he, "to spake on so deep a subjic afore your holiness, I think it 'ud considherably whacilitate the inwestigation ov its chemisthry and phwarmaceutics, if you'd jist thry the laste sup in life ov it inwardly."

"Well, then, suppose I do make the same expiriment," says the pope, in a much more condescinding way nor you'd have expected—and wid that he mixes himself a real stiff facer.

"Now, your holiness," says Father Tom, "this bein' the first time you ever dispinsed them chymicals," says he, "I'll

jist make bowld to lay down one rule ov orthography," says he, "for conwhounding them, *secundum mortem*."

"What's that?" says the pope.

"Put in the sperits first," says his riv'rence; "and then put in the sugar; and remember, every dhrop ov wather you put in after that, spoils the punch."

"Glory be to God!" says the pope, not minding a word Father Tom was saying. "Glory be to God!" says he, smacking his lips. "I never knewn what dhrink was afore," says he. "It bates the Lachrymalchrystal out ov the face!" says he—"it's Necthar itself, it is, so it is!" says he, wiping his epistolical mouth wid the cuff ov his coat.

"'Pon my secret honour," says his riv'rence, "I'm raally glad to see your holiness set so much to your satiswhaction; especially," says he, "as, for fear ov accidents, I tuck the liberty of fetching the fellow ov that small vesshel," says he, "in my other coat-pocket. So devil a fear ov our running dhry till the butt-end of the evening, anyhow," says he.

"Dhraw your stool in to the fire, Misther Maguire," says the pope, "for faix," says he, "I'm bent on analising the metaphwysics ov this phinomenon. Come, man alive, clear off," says he, "you're not dhrinking at all."

"Is it dhrink?" says his riv'rence; "by gorra, your holiness," says he, "I'd dhrink wid you till the cows 'ud be coming home in the morning."

So wid that they tackled to, to the second fugee apiece, and fell into a larned discourse.

—"*Father Tom and the Pope.*"

Richard Whately

Did Bonaparte Exist?

Let those who pretend to philosophical freedom of inquiry, who scorn to rest their opinions on popular belief, and to shelter themselves under the example of the unthinking multitude, consider carefully, each one for himself, what is the evidence proposed to himself in particular, for the existence of such a person as Napoleon Bonaparte. I do not mean whether there ever was a person bearing that *name*, for that is a question of no consequence, but whether any such person ever performed all the wonderful things attributed to him. Let him then weigh well the objections to that evidence, and if he then finds it amount to anything *more* than a probability, I have only to congratulate him on his easy faith.

Let us consider what sort of a story it is that is proposed to our acceptance. It carries an air of fiction and romance on the very face of it: all the events are great, and splendid, and marvellous—great armies, great victories, great frosts, great reverses, "hair-breadth 'scapes," empires subverted in a few days—everything happening in defiance of political calculations, and in opposition to the *experience* of past times; everything upon that grand scale so common in epic poetry, so rare in real life, and thus calculated to strike the imagination of the vulgar, and to remind the sober-thinking few of the "Arabian Nights." Every event, too, has that *roundness* and completeness which is so characteristic of fiction; nothing is done by halves; we have *com-*

plete victories—*total* overthrows—*entire* subversion of empires—*perfect* re-establishments of them—crowded upon us in rapid succession. To enumerate the improbabilities of each of the several parts of this history would fill volumes; but they are so fresh in every one's memory, that there is no need of such a detail. Let any judicious man, not ignorant of history and of human nature, revolve them in his mind, and consider how far they are conformable to experience, our best and only sure guide. In vain will he seek in history for something similar to this wonderful Bonaparte: "Naught but himself can be his parallel."

Will the conquests of Alexander be compared with his? *They* were effected over a rabble of effeminate, undisciplined barbarians, else his progress would hardly have been so rapid: witness his father, Philip, who was much longer occupied in subduing the comparatively insignificant territory of the warlike and civilised Greeks, notwithstanding their being divided into numerous petty states, whose mutual jealousy enabled him to contend with them separately. But the Greeks had never made such progress in arts and arms as the great and powerful states of Europe which Bonaparte is represented as so speedily overpowering. His empire has been compared to the Roman. Mark the contrast: he gains in a few years that dominion, or at least control, over Germany, wealthy, civilised, and powerful, which the Romans in the plenitude of their power could not obtain, during a struggle of as many centuries, against the ignorant half-savages who then possessed it!

Another peculiar circumstance in the history of this extraordinary personage is that, when it is found convenient to represent him as defeated, though he is by no means defeated by halves, but involved in much more sudden and

total ruin than the personages of real history usually meet with; yet, if it is thought fit he should be restored, it is done as quickly and completely as if Merlin's rod had been employed. He enters Russia with a prodigious army, which is totally ruined by an unprecedented hard winter—everything relating to this man is *prodigious* and *unprecedented;* yet in a few months we find him intrusted with another great army in Germany, which is also totally ruined at Leipsic, making, inclusive of the Egyptian, the third great army thus totally lost: yet the French are so good-natured as to furnish him with another, sufficient to make a formidable stand in France. He is, however, *conquered, and presented with the sovereignty of Elba.* Surely, by-the-bye, some more *probable* way might have been found of disposing of him, till again wanted, than to place him thus on the very verge of his ancient dominions. Thence he returns to France, where he is received with open arms, and enabled to lose a fourth great army at Waterloo. Yet so eager were these people to be a fifth time led to destruction, that it was found necessary to confine him in an island some thousand miles off, and to quarter foreign troops upon *them,* lest they should make an insurrection in *his* favour!

Does any one believe all this, and yet refuse to believe a miracle? Or rather, what is this but a miracle? Is it not a violation of the laws of nature? For surely there are moral laws of nature as well as physical, which, though more liable to exceptions in this or that particular case, are no less *true as general rules* than the laws of matter, and therefore cannot be violated and contradicted *beyond a certain point,* without a miracle. Nay, there is this additional circumstance which renders the contradiction of experience more glaring in this case than in that of the miraculous his-

tories which ingenious sceptics have held up to contempt: all the advocates of miracles admit that they are rare exceptions to the general course of nature, but contend that they must needs be so, on account of the rarity of those extraordinary *occasions* which are the *reason* of their being performed. A miracle, they say, does not happen every day, because a revelation is not given every day. It would be foreign to the present purpose to seek for arguments against this answer: I leave it to those who are engaged in the controversy, to find a reply to it; but my present object is to point out that this solution does not at all apply in the present case. Where is the peculiarity of the *occasion?* What sufficient *reason* is there for a series of events occurring in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, which never took place before? . . . What, for instance, would the great Hume, or any of the philosophers of his school have said, if they had found in the antique records of any nation such passages as these:

"And it came to pass after these things that Napoleon strengthened himself, and gathered together another host instead of that which he had lost, and went and warred against the Prussians, and the Russians, and the Austrians, and all the rulers of the north country, which were confederate against him. And the ruler of Sweden also, which was a Frenchman, warred against Napoleon. So they went forth, and fought against the French in the plain of Leipsic. And the French were discomfited before their enemies, and fled, and came to the rivers which are behind Leipsic, and essayed to pass over, that they might escape out of the hand of their enemies; but they could not, for Napoleon had broken down the bridges; so the people of the north countries came upon them, and smote them with a very grievous slaughter.

"Then the ruler of Austria and all the rulers of the north countries sent messengers unto Napoleon to speak peaceably unto him, saying, Why should there be war between us any more? Now Napoleon had put away his wife, and taken the daughter of the ruler of Austria to wife. So all the counsellors of Napoleon came and stood before him, and said, Behold now these kings are merciful kings; do even as they say unto thee; knowest thou not yet that France is destroyed? But he spake roughly unto his counsellors, and drave them out from his presence, neither would he hearken unto their voice. And when all the kings saw that, they warred against France, and smote it with the edge of the sword, and came near to Paris, which is the royal city, to take it: so the men of Paris went out, and delivered up the city to them. Then those kings spake kindly unto the men of Paris, saying, Be of good cheer, there shall no harm happen unto you. Then were the men of Paris glad, and said, Napoleon is a tyrant; he shall no more rule over us. Also all the princes, the judges, the counsellors, and the captains, whom Napoleon had raised up, even from the lowest of the people, sent unto Louis, the brother of King Louis whom they had slain, and made him king over France.

"And when Napoleon saw that the kingdom was departed from him, he said unto the rulers which came against him, Let me, I pray you, give the kingdom unto my son; but they would not hearken unto him. Then he spake yet again, saying, Let me, I pray you, go and live in the island of Elba, which is over against Italy, nigh unto the coast of France; and ye shall give me an allowance for me and my household, and the land of Elba also for a possession. So they made him ruler of Elba.

"In those days the pope returned unto his own land.

Now the French, and divers other nations of Europe, are servants of the pope, and hold him in reverence; but he is an abomination unto the Britons, and to the Prussians, and to the Russians, and to the Swedes. Howbeit the French had taken away all his lands, and robbed him of all that he had, and carried him away captive into France. But when the Britons, and the Prussians, and the Russians, and the Swedes, and the rest of the nations that were confederate against France, came thither, they caused the French to set the pope at liberty, and to restore all his goods that they had taken; likewise, they gave him back all his possessions; and he went home in peace, and ruled over his own city as in times past.

"And it came to pass when Napoleon had not yet been a full year in Elba, that he said unto his men of war which clave unto him, Go to, let us go back to France, and fight against King Louis, and thrust him out from being king. So he departed, he and 600 men with him that drew the sword, and warred against King Louis. Then all the men of Belial gathered themselves together, and said, God save Napoleon. And when Louis saw that, he fled, and gat him into the land of Batavia; and Napoleon ruled over France."

Now if a free-thinking philosopher—one of those who advocate the cause of unbiased reason, and despised pretended revelations—were to meet with such a tissue of absurdities as this in an old Jewish record, would he not reject it at once as too palpable an imposture to deserve even any inquiry into its evidence? Is that credible, then, of the civilised Europeans now which could not, if reported of the semi-barbarous Jews 3,000 years ago, be established by any testimony? Will it be answered that "there is nothing *supernatural* in all this"? Why is it, then, that you object

to what is *supernatural*—that you reject every account of *miracles*—if not *because* they are *improbable?* Surely, then, a story equally or still more improbable is not to be implicitly received, merely on the ground that it is *not* miraculous, though in fact it really *is* miraculous. The opposition to experience has been proved to be as complete in this case as in what are commonly called miracles; and the reasons assigned for that contrariety by the defenders of *them* cannot be pleaded in the present instance. If, then, philosophers, who reject every wonderful story that is maintained by priests, are yet found ready to believe *everything else,* however improbable, they will surely lay themselves open to the accusation brought against them of being unduly prejudiced against whatever relates to religion.

There is another circumstance which I cannot forbear mentioning, because it so much adds to the air of fiction which pervades every part of this marvellous tale; and that is, the *nationality* of it.

Bonaparte prevailed over all the hostile states in turn, *except England;* in the zenith of his power his fleets were swept from the sea, *by England;* his troops always defeat an equal, and frequently even a superior, number of those of any other nation, *except the English,* and with them it is just the reverse; twice, and twice only, he is personally engaged against an *English commander,* and both times he is totally defeated, at Acre and at Waterloo; and, to crown all, *England* finally crushes this tremendous power, which has so long kept the Continent in subjection or in alarm, and to the *English* he surrenders himself prisoner! Thoroughly national, to be sure! It *may* be all very true; but I would only ask, *if* a story *had* been fabricated for the express purpose of amusing the English nation, could it

have been contrived more ingeniously? It would do admirably for an epic poem; and indeed bears a considerable resemblance to the Iliad and the Æneid, in which Achilles and the Greeks, Æneas and the Trojans—the ancestors of the Romans—are so studiously held up to admiration. Bonaparte's exploits seem magnified in order to enhance the glory of his conquerors, just as Hector is allowed to triumph during the absence of Achilles merely to give additional splendour to his overthrow by the arm of that invincible hero. Would not this circumstance alone render a history rather *suspicious* in the eyes of an acute critic, even if it were not filled with such gross improbabilities; and induce him to suspend his judgment, till very satisfactory evidence—far stronger than can be found in this case—should be produced?

Is it, then, too much to demand of the wary academic a suspension of judgment as to the "Life and Adventures of Napoleon Bonaparte"? I do not pretend to *decide* positively that there is not, nor ever was, any such person; but merely to propose it as a *doubtful* point, and one the more deserving of careful investigation from the very circumstance of its having hitherto been admitted without inquiry. Far less would I undertake to decide what is, or has been, the real state of affairs. He who points out the improbability of the current story is not bound to suggest an hypothesis of his own—though it may safely be affirmed that it would be hard to invent any more improbable than the received one. One may surely be allowed to hesitate in admitting the stories which the ancient poets tell, of earthquakes and volcanic eruptions being caused by imprisoned giants, without being called upon satisfactorily to account for those phenomena.

Amidst the defect of valid evidence under which, as I have

already shown, we labour in the present instance, it is hardly possible to offer more than here and there a probable conjecture; or to pronounce how much may be true, and how much fictitious, in the accounts presented to us; for it is to be observed that this case is much *more* open to sceptical doubts even than some miraculous histories, for some of them are of such a nature that you cannot consistently admit a part and reject the rest, but are bound, if you are satisfied as to the reality of any one miracle, to embrace the whole system, so that it is necessary for the sceptic to impeach the evidence of *all* of them, separately and collectively; whereas *here*, each single point requires to be *established* separately, since no one of them authenticates the rest.

Supposing there be a state prisoner at St. Helena—which, by the way, it is acknowledged many of the French disbelieve—how do we know who he is, or why he is confined there? There have been state prisoners before now, who were never guilty of subjugating half Europe, and whose offences have been very imperfectly ascertained. Admitting that there have been bloody wars going on for several years past, which is highly probable, it does not follow that the events of those wars were such as we have been told—that Bonaparte was the author and conductor of them, or that such a person ever existed. What disturbances may have taken place in the government of the French people, we, and even nineteen-twentieths of *them*, have no means of learning but from imperfect hearsay evidence; but that there have been numerous bloody wars with France under the dominion of the *Bourbons* we are well assured; and we are now told that France is governed by a Bourbon king of the name of Louis, who professes to be in the twenty-third year of his reign. Let every one conjecture for himself. I

am far from pretending to decide who may have been the governor or governors of the French nation, and the leaders of their armies, for several years past. Certain it is, that when men are indulging their inclination for the marvellous, they always show a strong propensity to accumulate upon one individual, real or imaginary, the exploits of many, besides multiplying and exaggerating these exploits a thousandfold. Thus, the expounders of the ancient mythology tell us there were several persons of the name of Hercules—either originally bearing that appellation, or having it applied to them as an honour—whose collective feats, after being dressed up in a sufficiently marvellous garb, were attributed to a single hero. Is it not just possible, that during the rage for words of Greek derivation, the title of "Napoleon," which signifies "Lion of the Forest," may have been conferred by the popular voice on more than one favourite general, distinguished for irresistible valour? Is it not also possible that "bona parte" may have been originally a sort of cant term applied to the "*good* (*i.e.*, the bravest or most patriotic) *part*" of the French army collectively, and have been afterward mistaken for the proper name of an individual? I do not profess to support this conjecture; but it is certain that such mistakes may and do occur. . . .

However, I merely throw out these conjectures without by any means contending that more plausible ones might not be suggested. But whatever supposition we adopt, or whether we adopt any, the objections to the commonly received accounts will remain in their full force, and imperiously demand the attention of the candid sceptic.

—"*Historic Doubts Relative to Bonaparte.*"

Thomas B. Macaulay

On Robert Montgomery's Poems

We have no enmity to Mr. Robert Montgomery. We know nothing whatever about him, except what we have learned from his books and from the portrait prefixed to one of them, in which he appears to be doing his very best to look like a man of genius and sensibility, though with less success than his strenuous exertions deserve. We select him because his works have received more enthusiastic praise, and have deserved more unmixed contempt, than any which, as far as our knowledge extends, have appeared within the last three or four years. His writing bears the same relation to poetry which a Turkey carpet bears to a picture. There are colours in a Turkey carpet out of which a picture might be made. There are words in Mr. Montgomery's writings which, when disposed in certain orders and combinations, have made, and will again make, good poetry. But as they now stand they seem to be put together on principle in such a manner as to give no image of anything "in the heavens above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth."

The poem on the "Omnipresence of the Deity" commences with a description of the creation, in which we can find only one thought which has the least pretension to ingenuity, and that one thought is stolen from Dryden—and marred in the stealing:

> "Last, softly beautiful as music's close,
> Angelic woman into being rose."

The all-pervading influence of the Supreme Being is then described in a few tolerable lines borrowed from Pope, and a great many intolerable lines of Mr. Robert Montgomery's own. The following may stand as a specimen:

> "But who could trace Thine unrestricted course,
> Though fancy followed with immortal force?
> There's not a blossom fondled by the breeze,
> There's not a fruit that beautifies the trees,
> There's not a particle in sea or air,
> But nature owns Thy plastic influence there!
> With fearful gaze, still be it mine to see
> How all is filled and vivified by Thee;
> Upon Thy mirror, earth's majestic view,
> To paint Thy presence, and to feel it too."

The last two lines contain an excellent specimen of Mr. Robert Montgomery's Turkey-carpet style of writing. The majestic view of earth is the mirror of God's presence, and on this mirror Mr. Robert Montgomery paints God's presence. The use of a mirror, we submit, is not to be painted upon. . . .

We would not be understood to say that Mr. Robert Montgomery cannot make similitudes for himself. We find one which has every mark of originality, and on which, we will be bound, none of the poets whom he has plundered will ever think of making reprisals:

> "The soul, aspiring, pants its source to mount,
> As streams meander level with their fount."

We take this to be, on the whole, the worst similitude in the world. In the first place, no stream meanders, or can

possibly meander, level with its fount. In the next place, if streams did meander level with their founts, no two motions can be less like each other than that of meandering level and that of mounting upward.

We have, then, an apostrophe to the Deity couched in terms which, in any writer who dealt in meanings, we should call profane, but to which we suppose Mr. Robert Montgomery attaches no idea whatever:

> "Yes! pause and think, within one fleeting hour,
> How vast a universe obeys Thy power;
> Unseen, but felt, Thine interfused control
> Works in each atom, and pervades the whole;
> Expands the blossom, and erects the tree,
> Conducts each vapour, and commands each sea,
> Beams in each ray, bids whirlwinds be unfurl'd,
> Unrolls the thunder, and upheaves a world!"

No field-preacher surely ever carried his irreverent familiarity so far as to bid the Supreme Being stop and think on the importance of the interests which are under His care. The grotesque indecency of such an address throws into the shade the subordinate absurdities of the passage, the unfurling of whirlwinds, the unrolling of thunder, and the upheaving of worlds. . . .

Our poet then proceeds to demonstrate the immortality of the soul:

> "And shall the soul, the fount of reason, die,
> When dust and darkness round its temple lie?
> Did God breathe in it no ethereal fire,
> Dimless and quenchless, though the breath expire?"

The soul is a fountain, and therefore it is not to die, though dust and darkness lie round its temple, because an ethereal fire has been breathed into it, which cannot be quenched though its breath expire. Is it the fountain or the temple that breathes, and has fire breathed into it? Mr. Montgomery apostrophises the "Immortal beacons—spirits of the just," and describes their employments in another world, which are to be, it seems, bathing in light, hearing fiery streams flow, and riding on living cars of lightning. The death-bed of the sceptic is described with what we suppose is meant for energy. We then have the death-bed of a Christian made as ridiculous as false imagery and false English can make it. But this is not enough. The Day of Judgment is to be described, and a roaring cataract of nonsense is poured forth on this tremendous subject. Earth, we are told, is dashed into eternity. Furnace-blasts wheel round the horizon, and burst into bright wizard phantoms. Racing hurricanes unroll, and whirl quivering fire-clouds. The white waves gallop. Shadowy worlds career around. The red and raging eye of imagination is then forbidden to pry farther. But farther Mr. Robert Montgomery persists in prying. The stars bound through the airy roar. The unbosomed deep yawns on the ruin. The billows of eternity then begin to advance. The world glares in fiery slumber. A car comes forward driven by living thunder:

> "Creation shudders with sublime dismay,
> And in a blazing tempest whirls away."

And this is fine poetry! This is what ranks its writer with the master-spirits of the age! This is what has been described, over and over again, in terms which would re-

quire some qualification if used respecting "Paradise Lost"! . . .

"Satan" is a long soliloquy, which the devil pronounces in five or six thousand lines of bad blank verse, concerning geography, politics, newspapers, fashionable society, theatrical amusements, Sir Walter Scott's novels, Lord Byron's poetry, and Mr. Martin's pictures. The new designs for Milton have, as was natural, particularly attracted the attention of a personage who occupies so conspicuous a place in them. Mr. Martin must be pleased to learn that, whatever may be thought of those performances on earth, they give full satisfaction in Pandemonium, and he is there thought to have hit off the likenesses of the various thrones and dominations very happily.

The motto to the poem of "Satan" is taken from the Book of Job: "Whence comest thou? From going to and fro in the earth, and walking up and down in it." And certainly Mr. Robert Montgomery has not failed to make his hero go to and fro, and walk up and down. With the exception, however, of this propensity to locomotion, Satan has not one satanic quality. Mad Tom had told us that "the prince of darkness is a gentleman," but we had yet to learn that he is a respectable and pious gentleman, whose principal fault is that he is something of a twaddle and far too liberal of his good advice. That happy change in his character which Origen anticipated, and of which Tillotson did not despair, seems to be rapidly taking place. Bad habits are not eradicated in a moment. It is not strange, therefore, that so old an offender should now and then relapse for a short time into wrong dispositions. But to give him his due, as the proverb recommends, we must say that he always returns, after two or three lines of impiety, to his preaching style. We would seriously advise Mr. Montgom-

ery to omit or alter about a hundred lines in different parts of this large volume, and to republish it under the name of "Gabriel."—"*Mr. Robert Montgomery.*"

The Ponderous Work of Dr. Nares

THE work of Dr. Nares has filled us with astonishment similar to that which Captain Lemuel Gulliver felt when he first landed in Brobdingnag, and saw corn as high as the oaks in the New Forest, thimbles as large as buckets, and wrens of the bulk of turkeys. The whole book, and every component part of it, is on a gigantic scale. The title is as long as an ordinary preface, the prefatory matter would furnish out an ordinary book, and the book contains as much reading as an ordinary library. We cannot sum up the merits of the stupendous mass of paper which lies before us better than by saying that it consists of about two thousand closely printed quarto pages, that it occupies fifteen hundred inches cubic measure, and that it weighs sixty pounds avoirdupois. Such a book might before the deluge have been considered as light reading by Hilpa and Shatum. But unhappily the life of man is now threescore years and ten, and we cannot but think it somewhat unfair in Dr. Nares to demand from us so large a portion of so short an existence.

Compared with the labour of reading through these volumes, all other labour—the labour of thieves on the treadmill, of children in factories, of negroes in sugar plantations—is an agreeable recreation. There was, it is said, a criminal in Italy, who was suffered to make his choice between Guicciardini and the galleys. He chose the history. But the war

of Pisa was too much for him. He changed his mind and went to the oar. Guicciardini, though certainly not the most amusing of writers, is a Herodotus or a Froissart when compared with Dr. Nares.

It is not only in bulk, but in specific gravity also, that these memoirs exceed all other human compositions. On every subject which the professor discusses, he produces three times as many pages as another man; and one of his pages is as tedious as another man's three. His book is swelled to its vast dimensions by endless repetitions, by episodes which have nothing to do with the main action, by quotations from books which are in every circulating library, and by reflections which, when they happen to be just, are so obvious that they must necessarily occur to the mind of every reader. He employs more words in expounding and defending a truism than any other writer would employ in supporting a paradox. Of the rules of historical perspective he has not the faintest notion. There is neither foreground nor background in his delineation. Though a man of great industry and research, he is so utterly incompetent to arrange the materials which he has collected, that he might as well have left them in their original repositories.

—*"Burleigh and his Times."*

Samuel Lover

Buying a Present for the Priest

"I PROMISED my mother to bring a present to the priest from Dublin, and I could not make up my mind rightly what to get all the time I was there. I thought of a pair o' top-boots; for, indeed, his riverence's is none of the best, and only you *know* them to be top-boots, you would not *take* them to be top-boots, bekase the bottoms has been put in so often that the tops is wore out intirely, and is no more like top-boots than my brogues. So I wint to a shop in Dublin, and picked out the purtiest pair o' top-boots I could see—whin I say purty, I don't mane a flourishin' taarin' pair, but sich as was fit for a priest, a respectable pair of boots—and with that I pulled out my good money to pay for thim, whin jist at that minit, remembering the thricks o' the town, I bethought o' myself, and, says I, 'I suppose these are the right thing?' says I to the man. 'You can thry them,' says he. 'How can I thry them?' says I. 'Pull them on you,' says he. 'Throth, an' I'd be sorry,' says I, 'to take sich a liberty with them,' says I. 'Why, aren't you goin' to ware thim?' says he. 'Is it me?' says I. 'Me ware top-boots? Do you think it's taking lave of my sinsis I am?' says I. 'Then what do you want to buy them for?' says he. 'For his riverence, Father Kinshela,' says I. 'Are they the right sort for him?' 'How should I know?' says he. 'You're a purty bootmaker,' says I, 'not to know how to make a priest's boot!' 'How do I know his size?' says he. 'Oh, don't be comin' off that way,' says I. 'There's no sitch great differ betune priests and other min!'"

"I think you were very right there," said the pale traveller.

"To be sure," said Rory; "and it was only jist a *come off* for his own ignorance. 'Tell me his size,' says the fellow, 'and I'll fit him.' 'He's betune five and six feet,' says I. 'Most men are,' says he, laughin' at me. He was an impidint fellow. 'It's not the five, nor six, but his *two* feet I want to know the size of,' says he. So I persaived he was jeerin' me, and, says I, 'Why, then, you respectful vagabone o' the world, you Dublin jackeen! do you mane to insinivate that Father Kinshela ever wint bare-futted in his life, that I could know the size of his fut?' says I, and with that I threw the boots in his face. 'Take that,' says I, 'you dirty thief o' the world! You impidint vagabone o' the world! You ignorant citizen o' the world!' And with that I left the place." . . .

"Well, sir, on laving the shop, as soon as I kem to myself afther the fellow's impidince, I begun to think what was the next best thing I could get for his riverence; and with that, while I was thinkin' about it, I seen a very respectable owld gintleman goin' by, with the most beautiful stick in his hand I ever set my eyes on, and a golden head to it that was worth its weight in gold; and it gev him such an iligant look altogether, that, says I to myself, 'It's the very thing for Father Kinshela, if I could get sitch another.'

"And so I wint lookin' about me every shop seen as I wint by, and at last, in a sthreet they call Dame Sthreet—and, by the same token, I didn't know why they called it Dame Sthreet till I ax'd, and I was towld they called it Dame Sthreet bekase the ladies were so fond of walkin' there; and lovely craythurs they wor! And I can't b'lieve that the town is such an onwholesome place to live in, for

most o' the ladies I seen there had the most beautiful rosy cheeks I ever clapt my eyes upon—and the beautiful rowlin' eyes o' them! Well, it was in Dame Sthreet, as I was sayin', that I kem to a shop where there was a power o' sticks, and so I wint in and looked at thim, and a man in the place kem to me, and ax'd me if I wanted a cane. 'No,' says I, 'I don't want a cane; it's a stick I want,' says I. 'A cane, you *mane*,' says he. 'No,' says I, 'it's a stick;' for I was determined to have no cane, but to stick to the stick. 'Here's a nate one,' says he. 'I don't want a *nate* one,' says I, 'but a responsible one,' says I. 'Faith!' says he, 'if an Irishman's stick was responsible, it would have a great dale to answer for.' And he laughed a power. I didn't know myself what he meant, but that's what he said."

"It was because you asked for a responsible stick," said the traveller.

"And why wouldn't I," said Rory, "when it was for his riverence I wanted it? Why wouldn't he have a nice-lookin', respectable, responsible stick?"

"Certainly," said the traveller.

"Well, I picked out one that looked to my likin'—a good substantial stick, with an ivory top to it—for I seen that the goold-headed ones was so dear I couldn't come up to them; and so says I, 'Give me howld o' that,' says I, and I tuk a grip with it. I never was so surprised in my life. I thought to get a good, brave handful of a solid stick, but, my dear, it was well it didn't fly out o' my hand a'most, it was so light. 'Phew!' says I, 'what sort of a stick is this?' 'I tell you it's not a stick, but a cane,' says he. 'Faith! I b'lieve you,' says I. 'You see how good and light it is,' says he. Think o' that, sir! To call a stick good and light—as if there could be any good in life in a stick that wasn't heavy,

and could sthreck a good blow! 'Is it jokin' you are?' says I. 'Don't you feel it yourself?' says he. 'Throth, I can hardly feel it at all,' says I. 'Sure, that's the beauty of it,' says he. Think o' the ignorant vagabone! To call a stick a beauty that was as light a'most as a bulrush! 'And so you can hardly feel it!' says he, grinnin'. 'Yis, indeed,' says I; 'and, what's worse, I don't think I could make any one else feel it either.' 'Oh! you want a stick to bate people with!' says he. 'To be sure,' says I; 'sure, that's the use of a stick.' 'To knock the sinsis out o' people!' says he, grinnin' again. 'Sartinly,' says I, 'if they're saucy,' lookin' hard at him at the same time. 'Well, these is only walkin'-sticks,' says he. 'Throth, you may say *runnin'*-sticks,' says I, 'for you daren't stand before any one with sich a *thraneen* as that in your fist.' 'Well, pick out the heaviest o' them you plaze,' says he; 'take your choice.' So I went pokin' and rummagin' among them, and, if you believe me, there wasn't a stick in their whole shop worth a kick in the shins—divil a one!"

"But why did you require such a heavy stick for the priest?"

"Bekase there is not a man in the parish wants it more," says Rory.

"Is he so quarrelsome, then?" said the traveller.

"No, but the greatest o' pacemakers," says Rory.

"Then what does he want the heavy stick for?"

"For wollopin' his flock, to be sure," said Rory.

"Walloping?" said the traveller, choking with laughter.

"Oh, you may laugh," said Rory, "but 'pon my sowl, you wouldn't laugh if you were undher his hand, for he has a brave heavy one, bless him and spare him to us!"

"And what is all this walloping for?"

"Why, sir, whin we have a bit of a fight, for fun, or the regular faction one, at the fair, his riverence sometimes hears of it, and comes, av coorse."

"Good heaven!" said the traveller, in real astonishment, "does the priest join the battle?"

"No, no, no, sir! I see you're quite a stranger in the counthry. The priest join it! Oh! by no manes! But he comes and stops it! And, av coorse, the only way he can stop it is to ride into thim, and wallop thim all round before him, and disparse thim—scatter thim like chaff before the wind; and it's the best o' sticks he requires for that same."

"But might he not use his heavy stick for that purpose, and make use of a lighter one on other occasions?"

"As for that matther, sir," said Rory, "there's no knowin' the minit he might want it, for he is often necessiated to have recoorse to it. It might be, going through the village, the public-house is too full, and in he goes and dhrives thim out. Oh! it would delight your heart to see the style he clears a public-house in, in no time!"

"But wouldn't his speaking to them answer the purpose as well?"

"Oh, no! he doesn't like to throw away his discoorse on thim; and why should he? He keeps that for the blessed althar on Sunday, which is a fitter place for it; besides, he does not like to be sevare on us."

"Severe!" said the traveller, in surprise; "why, haven't you said that he thrashes you round on all occasions?"

"Yis, sir; but what o' that? Sure that's nothin' to his tongue—his words is like swoords or razhors, I may say. We're used to a lick of a stick every day, but not to sich language as his riverence sometimes murthers us with whin we displaze him. Oh! it's terrible, so it is, to have the weight

of his tongue on you! Throth, I'd rather let him bate me from this till to-morrow, than have one angry word with him."

"I see, then, he must have a heavy stick," said the traveller.

"To be sure he must, sir, at all times; and that was the raison I was so particular in the shop."—*"Rory O'More."*

The King and the Bishop

THE boatman told me that "there was a mighty *quare* story" about the last king that ruled Clonmacnoise. I, having expressed an eager desire to hear the *quare* story, he seemed quite happy at being called on to fulfil the office of chronicler; and pulling his oar with an easier sweep, lest he might disturb the quiet hearing of his legend by the rude splash of the water, he prepared to tell his tale, and I, to "devour up his discourse."

"Well, sir, they say there was a king wanst lived in the palace beyant and a sportin' fellow he was, and *Cead mile failte* was the word in the palace, for no one kem but was welkim; and I go bail no one left it without the parting cup. Well, to be sure, the king av coorse had the best of eatin' and drinkin', and there was bed and boord for the stranger, let alone the welkim for the neighbour—and a good neighbour he was, by all accounts, until, as bad luck would have it, a crass ould bishop—the saints forgi' me for saying the word—kem to rule over the churches. Now, you must know, the king was a likely man, and, as I said already, he was a sportin' fellow, and by coorse a great favourite with the

women; he had a smile and a wink for the crathurs at every hand's turn, and the soft word, and the—the short and the long of it is, he was the *divil* among the girls.

"Well, sir, it was all mighty well, untell the ould bishop I mentioned arrived at the churches; but whin he kem, he tuck great scandal at the goings-an of the king, and he detarmined to cut him short in his coorses all at wanst, so with that whin the king wint to his duty, the bishop ups and he tells him that he must mend his manners and all to that; and when the king said that the likes o' that was never tould him afore by the best priest o' them all, 'More shame for them that *wor* before me,' says the bishop.

"But to make a long story short, the king looked mighty black at the bishop, and the bishop looked twice blacker at him again, and so on, from bad to worse, till they parted the bittherest of inimies; and the king, that was the best o' friends to the churches afore, swore be this and be that, he'd vex them for it, and that he'd be even with the bishop afore long.

"Now, sir, the bishop might jist as well have kept never mindin' the king's little *kimneens* with the girls, for the story goes that he had a little failin' of his own in regard of a dhrop, and that he knew the differ betune wine and wather, for, poor ignorant crathurs, it's little they knew about whisky in them days. Well, the king used often to send *lashins* o' wine to the churches, by the way, as he said, that they should have plinty of it for celebrating the mass —although he knew well that it was a little of it went far that-a-way, and that their riverinces was fond of a hearty glass as well as himself. And why not, sir?—if they'd let him alone; for, says the king, as many a one said afore, and will again, I'll make a child's bargain with you, says

he: do you let me alone, and I'll let you alone; *manin'* by that, sir, that if they'd say nothin' about the girls, he would give them plinty of wine.

"And so it fell out a little before he had the *scrimmage* with the bishop, the king promised them a fine store of wine that was comin' up the Shannon in boats, sir, and big boats they wor, I'll go bail—not all as one as the little wren of a thing we're in now, but nigh-hand as big as a ship; and there was three of these fine boats-full comin'—two for himself and one for the churches; and so says the king to himself, 'The divil receave the dhrop of that wine they shall get,' says he, 'the dirty beggarly neygars; bad cess to the dhrop,' says he, 'my big-bellied bishop, to nourish your jolly red nose. I said I'd be even with you,' says he, 'and so I will; and if you spoil my divarshin, I'll spoil yours, and turn about is fair play, as the divil said to the smoke-jack.' So with that, sir, the king goes and he gives ordhers to his sarvants how it wid be when the boats kem up the river with the wine—and more especial to one in partic'lar they called Corny, his own man, by raison he was mighty stout, and didn't love priests much more nor himself.

"Now Corny, sir, let alone bein' stout, was mighty dark, and if he wanst said the word, you might as well sthrive to move the rock of Dunamaise as Corny, though without a big word at all at all, but as *quite* as a child. Well, in good time, up kem the boats and down runs the monks, all as one as a flock o' crows over a corn-field to pick up whatever they could for themselves; but troth the king was afore them, for all his men was there with Corny at their head.

"'*Dominus vobiscum*'—which manes, God save you, sir—says one of the monks to Corny, 'we kem down to save you

the throuble of unloading the wine, which the king, God bless him, gives to the Church.'

"'Oh, no throuble in life, plaze your riverince,' says Corny; 'we'll unload it ourselves, your riverince,' says he.

"So with that they began unloading, first one boat, and then another; but sure enough, every individual cashk of it went up to the palace, and not a one to the churches. So whin they seen the second boat a'most empty, quare thoughts began to come into their heads, for, before this offer, the first boatload was always sent to the bishop afore a dhrop was taken to the king, which, you know, was good manners, sir; and the king, by all accounts, was a gintleman, every inch of him. So, with that, says one of the monks:

"'My blessin' an you, Corny, my son,' says he, 'sure it's not forgettin' the bishop you'd be, nor the churches,' says he, 'that stand betune you and the divil.'

"Well, sir, at the word divil, 'twas as good as a play to see the look Corny gave out o' the corner of his eye at the monk.

"'Forget yez!' says Corny; 'throth it's long afore me or my *masther*,' says he, nodding his head a bit at the word, 'will forget the Bishop of Clonmacnoise. Go an with your work, boys,' says he to the men about him, and away they wint, and soon finished unloadin' the second boat; and with that they began at the third.

"'God bless your work, boys,' says the bishop; for, sure enough, 'twas the bishop himself kem down to the river side, having got the *hard word* ot what was goin' an. 'God bless your work,' says he, as they heaved the first barrel of wine out of the boat. 'Go, help them, my sons,' says he, turnin' round to half a dozen strappin' young priests as was standing by.

"'No occasion in life, plaze your riverince,' says Corny. 'I'm intirely obleeged to your lordship, but we're able for the work ourselves,' says he. And without sayin' another word, away went the barrel out of the boat, and up an their shoulders, or whatever way they wor takin' it, and up the hill to the palace.

"'Hillo!' says the bishop, 'where are yiz goin' with that wine?' says he.

"'Where I tould them,' says Corny.

"'Is it to the palace?' says his riverince.

"'Faith, you jist hit it,' says Corny.

"'And what's that for?' says the bishop.

"'For fun,' says Corny, no way *frikened* at all by the dark look the bishop gave him. And sure it's a wondher the fear of the Church didn't keep him in dread—but Corny was the divil intirely.

"'Is that the answer you give your clargy, you reprobate?' says the bishop. 'I'll tell you what it is, Corny,' says he, 'as sure as your standin' there I'll excommunicate you, my fine fellow, if you don't keep a civil tongue in your head.'

"'Sure it wouldn't be worth your riverince's while,' says Corny, 'to excommunicate the likes o' me,' says he, 'while there's the king my masther to the fore, for your holiness to play bell, book, and candle-light with.'

"'Do you mane to say, you scruff o' the earth,' says the bishop, 'that your masther, the king, put you up to what you're doing?'

"'Divil a thing else I mane,' says Corny.

"'You *villian!*' says the bishop, 'the king never did the like.'

"'Yes, but I did though,' says the king, puttin' in his word

fair and aisy; for he was lookin' out o' his dhrawin'-room windy, and run down the hill to the river, when he seen the bishop goin', as he thought, to put his *comether* upon Corny.

"'So,' says the bishop, turnin' round quite short to the king—'so, my lord,' says he, 'am I to understand this villian has your commands for his purty behavor?'

"'He has my commands for what he done,' says the king, quite stout; 'and more to be token, I'd have you to know he's no villian at all," says he, 'but a thrusty sarvant, that does his masther's biddin'.'

"'And don't you intind sendin' any of this wine over to my churches beyant?' says the bishop.

"'Bad luck to the dhrop,' says the king.

"'And what for?' says the bishop.

"'Bekase I've changed my mind,' says the king.

"'And won't you give the Church wine for the holy mass?' says the bishop.

"'The mass!' says the king, eyein' him mighty sly.

"'Yes, sir—the mass,' says his riverince, colouring up to the eyes—'the mass.'

"'Oh, *baithershin!*' says the king.

"'What do you mane?' says the bishop; and his nose got blue with fair rage.

"'Oh, nothin',' says the king, with a toss of his head.

"'Are you a gintleman?' says the bishop.

"'Every inch o' me,' says the king.

"'Then sure no gintleman goes back of his word,' says the other.

"'I won't go back o' my word, either,' says the king. 'I promised to give wine for the mass,' says he, 'and so I will. Send to my palace every Sunday mornin', and you shall have a bottle of wine, and that's plinty; for I'm thinkin',' says the

king, 'that so much wine lyin' beyant there is neither good for your bodies nor your sowls.'

"'What do you mane?' says the bishop in a great passion, for all the world like a Turkey-cock.

"'I mane, that when your wine-cellar is so full,' says the king, 'it only brings the fairies about you, and makes away with the wine too fast,' says he, laughin'; 'and the fairies to be about the churches isn't good, your riverince,' says the king; 'for I'm thinkin',' says he, 'that some of the spiteful little divils has given your riverince a blast, and burnt the ind of your nose.'

"With that, my dear, you couldn't hould the bishop, with the rage he was in; and says he, 'You think to dhrink all that wine, but you're mistaken,' says he. 'Fill your cellars as much as you like,' says the bishop, *'but you'll die in drooth yit.'* And with that he went down on his knees and cursed the king—God betune us and harm!—and shakin' his fist at him, he gathered all his monks about him, and away they wint home to the churches.

"Well, sir, sure enough, the king fell sick of a suddent, and all the docthors in the country round was sent for. But they could do him no good at all at all, and day by day he was wastin' and wastin', and pinin' and pinin', till the flesh was worn off his bones, and he was as bare and yallow as a kite's claw; and then, what would you think, but the drooth came an him sure enough, and he was callin' for dhrink every *minit,* till you'd think he'd dhrink the say dhry.

"Well, when the clock struck twelve that night, the drooth was an him worse nor ever, though he dhrunk as much that day—aye, troth, as much as would turn a mill; and he called to his servants for a dhrink of *grule.*

"'The grule's all out,' says they.

"'Well, then give me some *whay*,' says he.

"'There's none left, my lord,' says they.

"'Then give me a dhrink of wine,' says he.

"'There's none in the room, dear,' says the nurse-tindher.

"'Then go down to the wine-cellar,' says he, 'and get some.'

"With that, they wint to the wine-cellar—but jew'l machree! they soon run back into his room, with their faces as white as a sheet, and tould him there was not one dhrop of wine in all the cashks in the cellar.

"'Oh, murther! murther!' says the king. *'I'm dyin' of drooth,'* says he.

"And then, God help iz! they bethought themselves of what the bishop said, and the curse he laid an the king.

"'You've no *grule?*" says the king.

"'No,' says they.

"'Nor *whay?*'

"'No,' says the servants.

"'Nor wine?' says the king.

"'Nor wine, either, my lord,' says they.

"'Have you no *tay?*' says he.

"'Not a dhrop,' says the nurse-tindher.

"'Then,' says the king, 'for the tindher marcy of heaven, gi' me a dhrink of wather.'

"And what would you think, sir, but there wasn't a dhrop of wather in the place.

"'Oh, murther! murther!' says the king. 'Isn't it a poor case, that a king can't get a dhrink of wather in his own house? Go then,' says he, 'and get me a jug of wather out of the ditch.'

"For there was a big ditch, sir, all round the palace. And away they run for wather out of the ditch, while the king

was roarin' like mad for the drooth, and his mouth like a coal of fire. And sure, sir, as the story goes, they couldn't find any wather in the ditch!

"'Millia murther! millia murther!' cries the king. 'Will no one take pity an a king that's *dyin' for the bare drooth?*'

"And they thrimbled again with the fair fright, when they heerd this, and thought of the ould bishop's prophecy.

"'Well,' says the poor king, 'run down to the Shannon,' says he, 'and sure, at all events, you'll get wather *there,*' says he.

"Well, sir, away they run with pails and noggins, down to the Shannon, and—God betune us and harm!—what would you think, sir, but the river Shannon was dhry! So, av coorse, when the king heerd the Shannon was gone dhry, it wint to his heart; and he thought o' the bishop's curse an him, and, givin' one murtherin' big *screech,* that split the walls of the palace, as may be seen to this day, he died, sir—makin' the bishop's words good, that *'he would die of drooth yet!'*

"And now, sir," says my historian, with a look of lurking humour in his dark gray eye, "isn't that mighty wonderful—*iv it's thrue?*"—*"Legends and Stories of Ireland."*

The Blarney

Oh, did you ne'er hear of the Blarney
That's found near the banks of Killarney?
Believe it from me,
No girl's heart is free,
Once she hears the sweet sound of the Blarney.

For the Blarney's so great a deceiver
That a girl thinks you're there, though you leave her,
And never finds out
All the tricks you're about
Till she's quite gone herself, with your Blarney.

Oh, say, would you find this same Blarney?
There's a castle not far from Killarney;
On the top of its wall
(But take care you don't fall)
There's a stone that contains all this Blarney
Like a magnet, its influence such is,
That attraction it gives all it touches.
If you kiss it, they say,
From that blessed day
You may kiss whom you please with your Blarney.

Lanty Leary

LANTY was in love, you see,
With lovely, lively Rosie Carey;
But her father can't agree
To give the girl to Lanty Leary.
Up to fun, "Away we'll run,"
Says she; "my father's so conthrairy.
Won't you follow me? Won't you follow me?"
"Faith, I will!" says Lanty Leary.

But her father died one day
(I hear 'twas not by dhrinkin' wather);

House and land and cash, they say,
  He left by will to Rose his daughter;
House and land and cash to seize,
  Away she cut so light and airy.
"Won't you follow me? Won't you follow me?"
  "Faith, I will!" says Lanty Leary.

Rose, herself, was taken bad,
  The fayver worse each day was growin';
"Lanty, dear," says she, "'tis sad,
  To th' other world I'm surely goin'.
You can't survive my loss, I know,
  Nor long remain in Tipperary.
Won't you follow me? Won't you follow me?"
  "Faith, I won't!" says Lanty Leary.

Andy as Waiter at Table and Messenger to the Post-Office

THE first time Andy was admitted into the mysteries of the dining-room, great was his wonder. The butler took him in to give him some previous instructions, and Andy was so lost in admiration at the sight of the assembled glass and plate, that he stood with his mouth and eyes wide open, and scarcely heard a word that was said to him. After the head man had been dinning his instructions into him for some time, he said he might go until his attendance was required. But Andy moved not; he stood with his eyes fixed by a sort of fascination on some object that seemed to rivet them

with the same unaccountable influence that the snake exercises over its victim.

"What are you looking at?" said the butler.

"Them things, sir," said Andy, pointing to some silver forks.

"Is it the forks?" said the butler.

"Oh, no, sir! I know what forks is very well; but I never seen them things afore."

"What things do you mean?"

"These things, sir," said Andy, taking up one of the silver forks, and turning it round and round in his hand in utter astonishment, while the butler grinned at his ignorance, and enjoyed his own superior knowledge.

"Well!" said Andy after a long pause, "the divil be from me if ever I seen a silver spoon split that way before."

The butler laughed a horse-laugh, and made a standing joke of Andy's split spoon. But time and experience made Andy less impressed with wonder at the show of plate and glass, and the split spoons became familiar as "household words" to him; yet still there were things in the duties of table attendance beyond Andy's comprehension; he used to hand cold plates for fish, and hot plates for jelly, etc. But "one day," as Zanga says—"one day" he was thrown off his centre in a remarkable degree by a bottle of soda-water.

It was when that combustible was first introduced into Ireland as a dinner beverage, that the occurrence took place, and Andy had the luck to be the person to whom a gentleman applied for some soda-water.

"Sir?" said Andy.

"Soda-water," said the guest, in that subdued tone in which people are apt to name their wants at a dinner-table.

Andy went to the butler. "Mr. Morgan, there's a gintleman——"

"Let me alone, will you?" said Mr. Morgan.

Andy manœuvred round him a little longer, and again essayed to be heard.

"Mr. Morgan!"

"Don't you see I'm as busy as I can be! Can't you do it yourself?"

"I dunna what he wants."

"Well, go and ax him," said Mr. Morgan.

Andy went off as he was bidden, and came behind the thirsty gentleman's chair, with "I beg your pardon, sir."

"Well!" said the gentleman.

"I beg your pardon, sir; but what's this you ax'd me for?"

"Soda-water."

"What, sir?"

"Soda-water. But perhaps you have not any."

"Oh, there's plenty in the house, sir! Would you like it hot, sir?"

The gentleman laughed, and, supposing the new fashion was not understood in the present company, said, "Never mind."

But Andy was too anxious to please, to be so satisfied, and again applied to Mr. Morgan.

"Sir!"

"Bad luck to you! Can't you let me alone?"

"There's a gintleman wants some soap and wather."

"Some what?"

"Soap and wather, sir."

"Divil sweep you! Soda-wather, you mane. You'll get it under the sideboard."

"Is it in the can, sir?"

"The curse o' Crum'll on you—in the bottles."

"Is this it, sir?" said Andy, producing a bottle of ale.

"No, bad cess to you!—the little bottles."

"Is it the little bottles with no bottoms, sir?"

"I wish *you* wor in the bottom o' the say!" said Mr. Morgan, who was fuming and puffing, and rubbing down his face with his napkin, as he was hurrying to all quarters of the room, or, as Andy said, in praising his activity, that he was "like bad luck—everywhere."

"There they are!" said Morgan at last.

"Oh! them bottles that won't stand," said Andy; "sure, them's what I said, with no bottoms to them. How'll I open it?—it's tied down."

"Cut the cord, you fool!"

Andy did as he was desired. He happened at the time to hold the bottle of soda-water on a level with the candles that shed light over the festive board from a large silver branch, and the moment he made the incision, bang went the bottle of soda, knocking out two of the lights with the projected cork, which, performing its parabola the length of the room, struck the squire himself in the eye at the foot of the table, while the hostess at the head had a cold bath down her back. Andy, when he saw the soda-water jumping out of the bottle, held it from him at arm's length. Every fizz it made, he exclaimed "Ow!—ow!—ow!" and, at last, when the bottle was empty, he roared out, "Oh, Lord! it's all gone!"

Great was the commotion. Few could resist laughter except the ladies, who all looked at their gowns, not liking the mixture of satin and soda-water. The extinguished candles were relighted, the squire got his eye open again, and the next time he perceived the butler sufficiently near to speak to him, he said in a low and hurried tone of deep

anger, while he knit his brow, "Send that fellow out of the room!" But within the same instant, he resumed the former smile, that beamed on all around as if nothing had happened.

Andy was expelled the *salle à manger* in disgrace, and for days kept out of his master's and mistress's way. In the meantime the butler made a good story of the thing in the servants' hall; and, when he held up Andy's ignorance to ridicule, by telling how he asked for "soap and wather," Andy was given the name of "Suds," and was called by no other, for months after.

Though Andy's functions in the interior were suspended, his services in out-of-door affairs were occasionally put in requisition. But here his evil genius still haunted him, and he put his foot in a piece of business his master sent him upon one day, which was so simple as to defy almost the chance of Andy making any mistake about it. But Andy was very ingenious in his own particular line.

"Ride into the town, and see if there's a letter for me," said the squire one day to our hero.

"Yis, sir."

"You know where to go?"

"To the town, sir."

"But do you know where to go in the town?"

"No, sir."

"And why don't you ask, you stupid thief?"

"Sure, I'd find out, sir."

"Didn't I often tell you to ask what you're to do, when you don't know?"

"Yis, sir."

"And why don't you?"

"I don't like to be troublesome, sir."

"Confound you!" said the squire, though he could not help laughing at Andy's excuse for remaining in ignorance.

"Well," continued he, "go to the post-office. You know the post-office, I suppose?"

"Yis, sir—where they sell gunpowdher."

"You're right for once," said the squire. For his majesty's postmaster was the person who had the privilege of dealing in the aforesaid combustible. "Go then to the post-office, and ask for a letter for me. Remember—not gunpowder, but a letter."

"Yis, sir," said Andy, who got astride of his hack, and trotted away to the post-office. On arriving at the shop of the postmaster (for that person carried on a brisk trade in groceries, gimlets, broadcloth, and linen-drapery), Andy presented himself at the counter, and said:

"I want a letther, sir, if you plase."

"Who do you want it for?" said the postmaster, in a tone which Andy considered an aggression upon the sacredness of private life. So Andy thought the coolest contempt he could throw upon the prying impertinence of the postmaster was to repeat his question.

"I want a letther, sir, if you plase."

"And who do you want it for?" repeated the postmaster.

"What's that to you?" said Andy.

The postmaster, laughing at his simplicity, told him he could not tell what letter to give him unless he told him the direction.

"The directions I got was to get a letther here. That's the directions."

"Who gave you those directions?"

"The masther."

"And who's your master?"

"What consarn is that o' yours?"

"Why, you stupid rascal, if you don't tell me his name, how can I give you a letter?"

"You could give it if you liked; but you're fond of axin' impident questions, bekase you think I'm simple."

"Go along out o' this. Your master must be as great a goose as yourself to send such a messenger."

"Bad luck to your impidence!" said Andy. "Is it Squire Egan you dar to say goose to?"

"Oh, Squire Egan's your master, then?"

"Yis. Have you anything to say agin it?"

"Only that I never saw you before."

"Faith, then you'll never see me agin, if I have my own consint."

"I won't give you any letter for the squire, unless I know you're his servant. Is there any one in the town knows you?"

"Plenty," said Andy. "It's not every one is as ignorant as you."

Just at this moment a person entered the house to get a letter, to whom Andy was known; and he vouched to the postmaster that the account he gave of himself was true. "You may give him the squire's letter. Have you one for me?"

"Yes, sir," said the postmaster, producing one; "fourpence."

The new-comer paid the fourpence postage, and left the shop with his letter.

"Here's a letter for the squire," said the postmaster. "You've to pay me elevenpence postage."

"What 'ud I pay elevenpence for?"

"For postage."

"To the divil wid you! Didn't I see you give Mr. Delany a letther for fourpence this minit, and a bigger letther than this? And now you want me to pay elevenpence for this scrap of a thing. Do you think I'm a fool?"

"No; but I'm sure of it," said the postmaster.

"Well, you're welkim to think what you plase; but don't be delayin' me now. Here's fourpence for you, and gi' me the letther."

"Go along, you stupid thief!" said the postmaster, taking up the letter, and going to serve a customer with a mouse-trap.

While this person and many others were served, Andy lounged up and down the shop, every now and then putting in his head in the middle of the customers, and saying, "Will you gi' me the letther?"

He waited for above half an hour, in defiance of the anathemas of the postmaster, and at last left, when he found it impossible to get the common justice for his master which he thought he deserved as well as another man; for, under this impression, Andy determined to give no more than fourpence.

The squire, in the meantime, was getting impatient for his return, and when Andy made his appearance, asked if there was a letter for him.

"There is, sir," said Andy.

"Then give it to me."

"I haven't it, sir."

"What do you mean?"

"He wouldn't give it to me, sir."

"Who wouldn't give it to you?"

"That owld chate beyant in the town, wanting to charge double for it."

"Maybe it's a double letter. Why the devil didn't you pay what he asked, sir?"

"Arrah, sir, why would I let you be chated? It's not a double letther at all—not above half the size o' one Mr. Delany got before my face for fourpence."

"You'll provoke me to break your neck some day, you vagabond! Ride back for your life, you omadhaun! Pay him whatever he asks, and get me the letter."

"Why, sir, I tell you he was sellin' them before my face for fourpence apiece."

"Go back, you scoundrel, or I'll horsewhip you! And if you're longer than an hour, I'll have you ducked in the horse-pond!"

Andy vanished, and made a second visit to the post-office. When he arrived, two other persons were getting letters, and the postmaster was selecting the epistles for each from a parcel of them that lay before him on the counter; at the same time many shop customers were waiting to be served.

"I'm come for that letther," said Andy.

"I'll attend to you by-and-by."

"The masther's in a hurry."

"Let him wait till his hurry's over."

"He'll murther me if I'm not back soon."

"I'm glad to hear it."

While the postmaster went on with such provoking answers to these appeals for despatch, Andy's eye caught the heap of letters that lay on the counter. So, while certain weighing of soap and tobacco was going forward, he contrived to become possessed of two letters from the heap; and, having effected that, waited patiently enough until it was the great man's pleasure to give him the missive directed to his master.

Then did Andy bestride his hack, and, in triumph at his trick on the postmaster, rattle along the road homeward as fast as his hack could carry him. He came into the squire's presence, his face beaming with delight, and an air of self-satisfied superiority in his manner, quite unaccountable to his master, until he pulled forth his hand, which had been grubbing up his prizes from the bottom of his pocket; and held three letters over his head while he said, "Look at that!" He next slapped them down under his broad fist on the table before the squire, saying:

"Well! if he did make me pay elevenpence, by gor, I brought your honour the worth o' your money, anyhow."

—"*Handy Andy.*"

Rory O'More

YOUNG Rory O'More courted young Kathleen Bawn.
He was bold as a hawk, and she soft as the dawn.
He wished in his heart pretty Kathleen to please,
And he thought the best way to do that was to tease.
"Now, Rory, be aisy," sweet Kathleen would cry,
Reproof on her lips, but a smile in her eye;
"With your tricks I don't know in troth what I'm about!
Faith! you've teased till I've put on my cloak inside out."
"Oh, jewel," says Rory, "that same is the way
You've thrated my heart for this many a day;
And 'tis plased that I am, and why not, to be sure,
For 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

"Indeed, then," says Kathleen, "don't think of the like,
For I half gave a promise to soothering Mike;

The ground that I walk on he loves, I'll be bound."
"Faith," says Rory, "I'd rather love you than the ground."
"Now, Rory, I'll cry if you don't let me go,
Sure, I dream every night that I'm hating you so."
"Oh!" says Rory, "that same I'm delighted to hear,
For dhrames always go by conthrairies, my dear;
Oh! jewel, keep dhraming that same till you die,
And bright morning will give dirty night the black lie.
And 'tis plased that I am, and why not, to be sure,
Since 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

"Arrah, Kathleen, my darlint, you've teased me enough,
And I've thrashed for your sake Dinny Grimes and Jim Duff;
And I've made myself, drinking your health, quite a baste,
So, I think, after that, I may talk to the praste."
Then Rory, the rogue, stole his arm round her neck,
So soft and so white, without freckle or speck!
And he looked in her eyes that were beaming with light;
And he kissed her sweet lips. Don't you think he was right?
"Now, Rory, leave off, sir—you'll hug me no more—
There's eight times to-day that you've kissed me before."
"Then here goes another," says he, "to make sure.
For there's luck in odd numbers," says Rory O'More.

Mrs. Gaskell

Miss Jenkyns's Literary Tastes

WHEN the trays reappeared with biscuits and wine, punctually at a quarter to nine, there was conversation, comparing of cards, and talking over tricks; but by-and-by Captain Brown sported a bit of literature.

"Have you seen any numbers of *The Pickwick Papers?*" said he. (They were then publishing in parts.) "Capital thing!"

Now Miss Jenkyns was daughter of a deceased rector of Cranford; and, on the strength of a number of manuscript sermons, and a pretty good library of divinity, considered herself literary, and looked upon any conversation about books as a challenge to her. So she answered and said, "Yes, she had seen them; indeed, she might say she had read them."

"And what do you think of them?" exclaimed Captain Brown. "Aren't they famously good?"

So urged, Miss Jenkyns could not but speak.

"I must say, I don't think they are by any means equal to Dr. Johnson. Still, perhaps, the author is young. Let him persevere, and who knows what he may become if he will take the great doctor for his model."

This was evidently too much for Captain Brown to take placidly; and I saw the words on the tip of his tongue before Miss Jenkyns had finished her sentence.

"It is quite a different sort of thing, my dear madam," he began.

"I am quite aware of that," returned she. "And I make allowances, Captain Brown."

"Just allow me to read you a scene out of this month's number," pleaded he. "I had it only this morning, and I don't think the company can have read it yet."

"As you please," said she, settling herself with an air of resignation. He read the account of the "swarry" which Sam Weller gave at Bath. Some of us laughed heartily. *I* did not dare, because I was staying in the house. Miss Jenkyns sat in patient gravity. When it was ended, she turned to me and said, with mild dignity:

"Fetch me 'Rasselas,' my dear, out of the book-room."

When I brought it to her she turned to Captain Brown:

"Now allow *me* to read you a scene, and then the present company can judge between your favourite, Mr. Boz, and Dr. Johnson."

She read one of the conversations between Rasselas and Imlac, in a high-pitched majestic voice; and when she had ended she said, "I imagine I am now justified in my preference of Dr. Johnson as a writer of fiction." The captain screwed his lips up, and drummed on the table, but he did not speak. She thought she would give a finishing blow or two.

"I consider it vulgar, and below the dignity of literature, to publish in numbers."

"How was 'The Rambler' published, ma'am?" asked Captain Brown, in a low voice, which I think Miss Jenkyns could not have heard.

"Dr. Johnson's style is a model for young beginners. My father recommended it to me when I began to write letters. I have formed my own style upon it; I recommend it to your favourite."

"I should be very sorry for him to exchange his style for any such pompous writing," said Captain Brown.

Miss Jenkyns felt this as a personal affront, in a way of which the captain had not dreamed. Epistolary writing she and her friends considered as her *forte*. Many a copy of many a letter have I seen written and corrected on the slate, before she "seized the half-hour just previous to post-time to assure" her friends of this or of that; and Dr. Johnson was, as she said, her model in these compositions. She drew herself up with dignity, and only replied to Captain Brown's last remark by saying, with marked emphasis on every syllable, "I prefer Dr. Johnson to Mr. Boz."

—"*Cranford*."

Charles Lever

Major Monsoon and the King of Spain's Story

"Now, then, for the King of Spain's story. Out with it, old boy; we are all good men and true here!" cried Power, as we slowly came along upon the tide up the Tagus, "So you've nothing to fear."

"Upon my life," replied the major, "I don't half like the tone of our conversation. There is a certain freedom young men affect nowadays regarding morals that is not at all to my taste. When I was five or six and twenty——"

"You were the greatest scamp in the service," cried Power.

"Fie, fie, Fred! If I was a little wild or so"—here the major's eye twinkled maliciously—"it was the ladies that spoiled me. I was always something of a favourite, just like our friend Sparks there. Not that we fared very much *alike* in our adventures; for somehow I believe I was generally in fault in most of mine, as many a good man and many an excellent man has been before." Here his voice dropped into a moralising key, as he added, "David, you know, didn't behave well to old Uriah. Upon my life, he did not; and he was a very respectable man."

"But the story, major—the story."

"You sha'n't have a bit of it."

"What," said Power, "will you break faith with us?"

"There's none to be kept with reprobates like you. Fill my glass."

"Hold there! Stop!" cried Power. "Not a spoonful till he redeems his pledge!"

"Well, then, if you must have a story—for most assuredly I must drink—I have no objection to give you a leaf from my early reminiscences; and, in compliment to Sparks there, my tale shall be of love."

"I dinna like to lose the king's story. I hae my thoughts it wasna a bad ane."

"Nor I, either, doctor; but——"

"Come, come, you shall have that, too, the first night we meet in a bivouac, and, as I fear the time may not be very far distant, don't be impatient; besides, a love-story——"

"Quite true," said Power; "a love-story claims precedence. *Place aux dames.* There's a bumper for you, old Wickedness; so go along."

The major cleared off his glass, refilled it, sipped twice, and ogled it as though he would have no peculiar objection to sip once more, took a long pinch of snuff from a box something the shape of a child's coffin, looked around to see that we were all attention, and thus began:

"When I have been in a moralising mood, as I very frequently am about this hour in the morning, I have often felt surprised by what little, trivial, and insignificant circumstances our lot in life seems to be cast; I mean especially as regards the fair sex. You are prospering, as it were, to-day; to-morrow a new cut of your whiskers, a novel tie of your cravat, mars your destiny and spoils your future—*varium et mutabile,* as Horace has it. On the other hand, some equally slight circumstance will do what all your ingenuity may have failed to effect. In fact, you are never safe. They are like the guerillas, and they pick you off when you least expect it, and when you think there is nothing to fear. Therefore, as young fellows beginning life, I would caution you. On this head you can never be too circumspect. Do you know,

I was once nearly caught by so slight a habit as sitting thus, with my legs across."

Here the major rested his right foot on his left knee, in illustration, and continued:

"We were quartered in Jamaica. I had not long joined, and was about as raw a young gentleman as you could see; the only very clear ideas in my head being that we were monstrous fine fellows in the 50th, and that the planters' daughters were deplorably in love with us. Not that I was much wrong on either side. For brandy-and-water, sangaree, Manilla cigars, and the ladies of colour, I'd have backed the corps against the service. Proof was, of eighteen only two ever left the island; for it's very hard to leave the West Indies if once you've been quartered there. In fine, if you don't knock under to the climate you become soon totally unfit for living anywhere else. Preserved ginger, yams, flannel jackets, and grog won't bear exportation; and the free-and-easy chuck under the chin, cherishing, waist-pressing kind of way we get with the ladies would be quite misunderstood in less favoured regions, and lead to very unpleasant consequences. It is a curious fact how much climate has to do with love-making. In our cold country the progress is lamentably slow; fogs, east winds, sleet, storms, and cutting March weather, nip many a budding flirtation; whereas, warm sunny days, and bright moonlight nights, with genial air and balmy zephyrs, open the heart, like the cup of a camellia, and let us drink in the soft dew of——"

"Devilish poetical, that!" said Power.

"Isn't it, though?" said the major, smiling graciously. "Where was I?"

"Out of my latitude altogether," said the poor skipper, who often found it hard to follow the thread of a story.

"Yes, I remember. I was remarking that sangaree, and calipash, mangoes, and guava jelly dispose the heart to love, and so they do. I was not more than six weeks in Jamaica when I felt it myself. Now, it was a very dangerous symptom, if you had it strong in you, for this reason. Our colonel, the most cross-grained old crabstick that ever breathed, happened himself to be taken in when young, and resolving, like the fox who lost his tail, and said it was not the fashion to wear one, to pretend he did the thing for fun, resolved to make every fellow marry upon the slightest provocation. Very hard this was, for me particularly; for, like poor Sparks there, my weakness was ever for the petticoats. I had, besides, no petty contemptible prejudices as to nation, habits, language, colour, or complexion; black, brown, or fair, from the Muscovite to the Malabar, from the voluptuous *embonpoint* of the adjutant's widow—don't be angry, old boy—to the fairy form of Isabella herself, I loved them all round. But were I to give a preference anywhere, I should certainly do so to the West Indians, if it were only for the sake of the planters' daughters. I say it fearlessly, these colonies are the brightest jewels in the crown. Let's drink their health, for I'm as husky as a lime-kiln."

This ceremony being performed, with suitable enthusiasm, the major cried out:

"Another cheer for Polly Hackett, the sweetest girl in Jamaica! By Jove, Power, if you only saw her, as I did, five-and-forty years ago, with eyes black as jet, twinkling, ogling, leering, teasing, and imploring, all at once, do you mind, and a mouthful of downright pearls pouting and smiling at you, why man, you'd have proposed for her in the first half-hour, and shot yourself the next, when she refused you. She was, indeed, a perfect little beauty, *rayther* dark, to be

sure: a little upon the rosewood tinge, but beautifully polished, and a very nice piece of furniture for a cottage *ornée*, as the French call it. Well, well, it's all past and gone now.

"But I was very fond of Polly Hackett, and she was of me. We used to take our little evening walks together through the coffee plantation; very romantic little strolls they were; she in white muslin, with a blue sash and blue shoes; I in a flannel jacket and trousers, straw hat, and cravat; a Virginia cigar, as long as a walking-stick, in my mouth, puffing and courting between times; then we'd take a turn to the refining-house, look in at the big boilers, quiz the niggers, and come back to Twangberry Moss to supper, where old Hackett, the father, sported a glorious table at eleven o'clock. Great feeding it was. You were always sure of a preserved monkey, a baked land-crab, or some such delicacy. And such Madeira! It makes me dry to think of it!

"I was the man to appreciate it all. The whole course of proceeding seemed to have been invented for my peculiar convenience, and not a man in the island enjoyed a more luxurious existence than myself, not knowing all the while how dearly I was destined to pay for my little comforts. Among my plenary after-dinner indulgences I had contracted an inveterate habit of sitting cross-legged, as I showed you. Now, this was become a perfect necessity of existence to me. I could have dispensed with cheese, with my glass of port, my pickled mango, my olive, my anchovy toast, my nut-shell of curaçoa, but not my favourite lounge. You may smile; but I've read of a man who could never dance except in a room with an old hair-brush. Now, I'm certain my stomach would not digest if my legs were per-

pendicular. I don't mean to defend the thing. The attitude was not graceful; it was not imposing; but it suited me somehow, and I liked it.

"Well, one day old Hackett gave us a great blow-out, a dinner of two-and-twenty souls; six days' notice; turtle from St. Lucia, guinea-fowl, claret of the year forty, Madeira *à discrétion*, and all that. Very well done the whole thing; nothing wrong, nothing wanting. As for me, I was in great feather. I took Polly in to dinner, greatly to the discomfiture of old Belson, our major, who was making up in that quarter; for, you must know, she was an only daughter, and had a very nice thing of it in molasses and niggers. The papa preferred the major, but Polly looked sweetly upon me. Well, down we went, and really a most excellent feed we had. Now, I must mention here that Polly had a favourite Blenheim spaniel the old fellow detested; it was always tripping him up and snarling at him; for it was, except to herself, a beast of rather vicious inclinations. With a true Jamaica taste, it was her pleasure to bring the animal always into the dinner-room, where, if papa discovered him, there was sure to be a row. Servants sent in one direction to hunt him out; others endeavouring to hide him, and so on; in fact, a tremendous hubbub always followed his introduction and accompanied his exit, upon which occasions I invariably exercised my gallantry by protecting the beast, although I hated him like the devil all the time.

"To return to our dinner. After two mortal hours of hard eating, the pace began to slacken, and a sense of peaceful repose seemed to descend upon our labours. Pastilles shed an aromatic vapour through the room. The well-iced decanters went with measured pace along; conversation, subdued to the meridian of after-dinner comfort, just mur-

mured; the open *jalousies* displayed upon the veranda the orange-tree in full blossom, slightly stirring with the cool sea-breeze.

"Well, it was just the hour when, opening the last two buttons of your white waistcoat—remember, we were in Jamaica—you stretch your legs to the full extent, throw your arm carelessly over the back of your chair, look contemplatively toward the ceiling, and wonder within yourself why it is not all 'after dinner' in this same world of ours. Such, at least, were my reflections as I assumed my attitude of supreme comfort, and inwardly ejaculated a health to Sneyd and Barton. Just at this moment I heard Polly's voice gently whisper, 'Isn't he a love? Isn't he a darling?'

"'Zounds!' thought I, as a pang of jealousy shot through my heart, 'is it the major she means?' For old Belson, with his bag-wig and rouged cheeks, was seated on the other side of her.

"'What a dear thing it is!' said Polly.

"'It is him!' said I, throwing off a bumper, and almost boiling over with passion at the moment.

"'I wish I could take one look at him,' said she, laying down her head as she spoke.

"The major whispered something in her ear, to which she replied:

"'Oh! I dare not; papa will see me at once.'

"The major leaned over, as if to touch her hand, beneath the cloth. I almost sprang from my chair, when Polly, in her sweetest accents, said:

"'You must be patient, dear thing, or you may be found out, and then there will be such a piece of work. Though I'm sure, major, you would not betray me.' The major

smiled till he cracked the paint upon his cheeks. 'And I am sure that Mr. Monsoon——'

"'You may rely upon me,' said I, half-sneeringly.

"The major and I exchanged glances of defiance, while Polly continued, 'Now, come, don't be restless. You are very comfortable there. Isn't he, major?' The major smiled again more graciously than before, as he added:

"'May I take a look?'

"'Just one peep, then, no more!' said she coquettishly. 'Poor dear Wowski is so timid.'

"Scarcely had these words borne balm and comfort to my heart—for I now knew that to the dog, and not to my rival, were all the flattering expressions applied—when a slight scream from Polly, and a tremendous oath from the major, raised me from my dream: 'Take your foot down, sir!' And, 'Mr. Monsoon, how could you do so?' cried Polly.

"'What the devil, sir, do you mean?' shouted the major.

"'Oh! I shall die of shame!' sobbed she.

"By this time the whole table had got at the story, and such peals of laughter, mingled with suggestions for my personal maltreatment, I never heard. All my attempts at explanation were in vain. I was not listened to, and the old colonel finished the scene by ordering me to my quarters, the whole room being one scene of tumultuous laughter from one end to the other. Jamaica after this became too hot for me. The story was repeated on every side, for it seems I had been sitting with my foot on Polly's lap; but so occupied was I with my jealous vigilance of the major I was not aware of the fact until she herself discovered it.

"I need not say how the following morning brought with it every possible offer of *amende* upon my part. How the

matter might have ended I know not, for, in the middle of the negotiations, we were ordered off to Halifax, where I abandoned my Oriental attitude for many a long day after."

—*"Charles O'Malley."*

Widow Malone

Did you hear of the Widow Malone, ohone!
Who lived in the town of Athlone, ohone?
Oh! she melted the hearts of the swains in them parts,
So lovely the Widow Malone, ohone!
So lovely the Widow Malone.

Of lovers she had a full score, or more,
And fortunes they all had galore, in store;
From the minister down to the clerk of the crown,
All were courting the Widow Malone, ohone!
All were courting the Widow Malone.

But so modest was Mistress Malone, 'twas known,
That no one could see her alone, ohone!
Let them ogle and sigh, they could ne'er catch her eye,
So bashful the Widow Malone, ohone!
So bashful the Widow Malone.

Till one Mister O'Brien, from Clare—how quare!
It's little for blushing they care down there,
Put his arm round her waist—gave ten kisses at laste—
"Oh," says he, "you're my Molly Malone, my own!
Oh," says he, "you're my Molly Malone."

And the widow they all thought so shy, my eye!
Ne'er thought of a simper or sigh, for why?
"But, Lucius," says she, "since you've now made so free,
You may marry your Mary Malone, ohone!
You may marry your Mary Malone."

How to Make Love for a Friend

A TALL, dashing-looking, half-swaggering fellow, in a very sufficient envelope of box coats, entered the coffee-room, and unwinding a shawl from his throat, showed me the honest and manly countenance of my friend Jack Waller, of the —th dragoons, with whom I had served in the Peninsula.

Five minutes sufficed for Jack to tell me that he was come down on a bold speculation, at this unseasonable time for Cheltenham; that he was quite sure his fortune was about to be made in a few weeks at furthest, and what seemed nearly as engrossing a topic—that he was perfectly famished, and desired a hot supper, *tout de suite.*

Jack having despatched this agreeable meal with a traveller's appetite, proceeded to unfold his plans to me as follows:

There resided *somewhere* near Cheltenham, in what direction he did not absolutely know, an old East India colonel, who had returned from a long career of successful staff-duties and government contracts, with the moderate fortune of two hundred thousand. He possessed, in addition, a son and a daughter; the former being a rake and a gambler, he had long since consigned to his own devices, and to the latter he had avowed his intention of leaving all his wealth. That she was beautiful as an angel—highly accomplished—

gifted—agreeable—and all that, Jack, who had never seen her, was firmly convinced; that she was also bent resolutely on marrying him, or any other gentleman whose claims were principally the want of money, he was quite ready to swear to; and, in fact, so assured did he feel that "the whole affair was feasible" (I use his own expression), that he had managed a two months' leave, and was come down express to see, make love to, and carry her off at once.

"But," said I, with difficulty interrupting him, "how long have you known her father?"

"Know him? I never saw him."

"Well, that certainly is cool; and how do you propose making his acquaintance? Do you intend to make him a *particeps criminis* in the elopement of his own daughter, for a consideration to be hereafter paid out of his own money?" . . .

"Just hear me out without interruption, and I'll explain. I'll first discover the *locale* of this worthy colonel—'Hydrabad Cottage,' he calls it; good, eh?—then I shall proceed to make a tour of the immediate vicinity, and either be taken dangerously ill in his grounds, within ten yards of the hall-door, or be thrown from my gig at the gate of his avenue, and fracture my skull; I don't care much which. Well, then, as I learn that the old gentleman is the most kind, hospitable fellow in the world, he'll admit me at once; his daughter will tend my sick couch—nurse—read to me; glorious fun, Harry. I'll make fierce love to her; and now, the only point to be decided is whether, having partaken of the colonel's hospitality so freely, I ought to carry her off, or marry her with papa's consent. You see there is much to be said for either line of proceeding."

"I certainly agree with you there; but since you seem to

see your way so clearly up to that point, why, I should advise you leaving that an 'open question,' as the ministers say, when they are hard pressed for an opinion."

"Well, Harry, I consent; it shall remain so. Now for *your* part, for I have not come to that."

"*Mine*," said I in amazement; "why, how can I possibly have any character assigned me in the drama?"

"I'll tell you, Harry; you shall come with me in the gig, in the capacity of my valet."

"Your what?" said I, horror-struck at his impudence.

"Come, no nonsense, Harry, you'll have a glorious time of it—shall choose as becoming a livery as you like—and you'll have the whole female world below stairs dying for you; and all I ask for such an opportunity vouchsafed to you is to puff me, your master, in every possible shape and form, and represent me as the finest and most liberal fellow in the world, rolling in wealth, and only striving to get rid of it."

The unparalleled effrontery of Master Jack, in assigning to me such an office, absolutely left me unable to reply to him; while he continued to expatiate upon the great field for exertion thus open to us both. At last it occurred to me to benefit by an anecdote of a something similar arrangement, of capturing, not a young lady, but a fortified town, by retorting Jack's proposition.

"Come," said I, "I agree, with only one difference—I'll be the master, and you the man on this occasion."

To my utter confusion, and without a second's consideration, Waller grasped my hand, and cried, "Done!" Of course I laughed heartily at the utter absurdity of the whole scheme, and rallied my friend on his prospects for Botany Bay for such an exploit, never contemplating in the most remote degree the commission of such extravagance. . . .

As the clock struck two, I had just affixed my name to an agreement, for Jack Waller had so much of method in his madness, that, fearful of my retracting in the morning, he had committed the whole to writing, which as a specimen of Jack's legal talents I copy from the original document now in my possession:

"The Plough, Cheltenham, Tuesday night or morning, two o'clock—be the same more or less. I, Harry Lorrequer, sub. in his Majesty's —th regiment of foot, on the one part; and I, John Waller, commonly called Jack Waller, of the —th light dragoons on the other; hereby promise and agree, each for himself, and not one for the other, to the following conditions, which are hereafter subjoined, to wit, the aforesaid Jack Waller is to serve, obey, and humbly follow the aforementioned Harry Lorrequer, for the space of one month of four weeks, conducting himself in all respects, modes, ways, manners, as his, the aforesaid Lorrequer's own man, skip, valet, or sauce-pan—duly praising, puffing, and lauding the aforesaid Lorrequer, and in every way facilitating his success to the hand and fortune of——"

"Shall we put in her name, Harry, here?" said Jack.

"I think not; we'll fill it up in pencil; that looks very knowing."

"—— at the end of which period, if successful in his suit, the aforesaid Harry Lorrequer is to render to the aforesaid Waller the sum of ten thousand pounds, three and a half per cent., with a faithful discharge in writing, for his services as may be. If, on the other hand, and which heaven forbid, the aforesaid Lorrequer fail in obtaining the hand of ——, that he will evacuate the territory within twelve hours, and repairing to a convenient spot selected by the

aforesaid Waller, then and there duly invest himself with a livery chosen by the aforesaid Waller——"

"You know, each man uses his choice in this particular," said Jack.

"—— and for the space of four calendar weeks, be unto the aforesaid Waller, as his skip, or valet, receiving in the event of success, the alike compensation as aforesaid, each promising strictly to maintain the terms of this agreement, and binding by a solemn pledge, to divest himself of every right appertaining to his former condition, for the space of time there mentioned."

We signed and sealed it formally, and finished another flask to its perfect ratification. This done, and after a heavy shake hands, we parted and retired for the night.

The first thing I saw, on waking the following morning, was Jack Waller standing beside my bed, evidently in excellent spirits with himself and all the world.

"Harry, my boy, I have done it gloriously," said he. "I only remembered on parting with you last night, that one of the most marked features in our old colonel's character is a certain vague idea, he has somewhere picked up, that he has been at some very remote period of his history a most distinguished officer. This notion, it appears, haunts his mind, and he absolutely believes he has been in every engagement, from the Seven Years' War down to the battle of Waterloo. You cannot mention a siege he did not lay down the first parallel for, nor a storming party where he did not lead the forlorn hope; and there is not a regiment in the service, from those that form the fighting brigade of Picton, down to the London train-bands, with which, to use his own phrase, he has not fought and bled. This mania of heroism is droll enough, when one considers that the sphere of his action was

necessarily so limited; but yet *we* have every reason to be thankful for the peculiarity, as you'll say, when I inform you that this morning I despatched a hasty messenger to his villa, with a most polite note, setting forth that a Mr. Lorrequer—aye, Harry, all above-board—there is nothing like it—'as Mr. Lorrequer, of the —th, was collecting for publication, such materials as might serve to commemorate the distinguished achievements of British officers, who have, at any time, been in command—he most respectfully requests an interview with Colonel Kamworth, whose distinguished services, on many gallant occasions, have called forth the unqualified approval of his Majesty's government. Mr. Lorrequer's stay is necessarily limited to a few days, as he proceeds from this to visit Lord Anglesey; and therefore would humbly suggest as early a meeting as may suit Colonel K.'s convenience.' What think you now? Is this a masterstroke or not?"

"Why, certainly, we are in for it now," said I, drawing a deep sigh. "But, Jack, what is all this? Why, you're in livery already."

I now, for the first time, perceived that Waller was arrayed in a very decorous suit of dark gray, with cord shorts and boots, and looked a very knowing style of servant for the side of a tilbury.

"You like it, do you? Well, I should have preferred something a little more showy myself; but as you chose this last night, I, of course, gave way, and after all, I believe you're right; it certainly is neat."

"Did I choose it last night? I have not the slightest recollection of it."

"Yes, you were most particular about the length of the waistcoat and the height of the cockade, and you see I have

followed your orders tolerably close; and now, adieu to sweet equality for the season, and I am your most obedient servant for four weeks—see that you make the most of it."

While we were talking, the waiter entered with a note addressed to me, which I rightly conjectured could only come from Colonel Kamworth. It ran thus:

"Colonel Kamworth feels highly flattered by the polite attention of Mr. Lorrequer, and will esteem it a particular favour if Mr. L. can afford him the few days his stay in this part of the country will permit, by spending them at Hydrabad Cottage. Any information as to Colonel Kamworth's services in the four quarters of the globe, he need not say, is entirely at Mr. L.'s disposal.

"Colonel K. dines at six precisely."

When Waller had read the note through, he tossed his hat up in the air, and with something little short of an Indian whoop, shouted out:

"The game is won already. Harry, my man, give me the check for the ten thousand: she is your own this minute."

Without participating entirely in Waller's exceeding delight, I could not help feeling a growing interest in the part I was advertised to perform, and began my rehearsal with more spirit than I thought I should have been able to command.

That same evening, at the same hour as that in which on the preceding I sat lone and comfortless by the coffee-room fire, I was seated opposite a very pompous, respectable-looking old man, with a large stiff queue of white hair, who pressed me repeatedly to fill my glass and pass the decanter. The room was a small library with handsomely fitted shelves;

there were but four chairs, but each would have made at least three of any modern one; the curtains of deep crimson cloth effectually secured the room from draught; and the cheerful wood fire blazing on the hearth, which was the only light in the apartment, gave a most inviting look of comfort and snugness to everything. This, thought I, is excellent; and however the adventure ends, this is certainly pleasant, and I never tasted better Madeira.

"And so, Mr. Lorrequer, you heard of my affair at Cantantrabad, when I took the rajah prisoner!"

"Yes," said I; "the governor-general mentioned the gallant business the very last time I dined at Government-House."

"Ah, did he? kind of him, though. Well, sir, I received two millions of rupees on the morning after, and a promise of ten more if I would permit him to escape—but no, I refused flatly."

"Is it possible? And what did you do with the two millions? Sent them, of course!"

"No, that I didn't; the wretches know nothing of the use of money. No, no; I have them this moment in good government security.

"I believe I never mentioned to you the storming of Java. Fill yourself another glass, and I'll describe it all to you, for it will be of infinite consequence that a true narrative of this meets the public eye—they really are quite ignorant of it. Here now is Fort Cornelius, and there is the moat, the sugar-basin is the citadel, and the tongs is the first trench; the decanter will represent the tall tower toward the sou'-west angle, and here, the wine-glass—this is me. Well, it was a little after ten at night that I got the order from the general in command, to march upon this plate of

figs, which was an open space before Fort Cornelius, and to take up my position in front of the fort, and with four pieces of field artillery—these walnuts here—to be ready to open my fire at a moment's warning upon the sou'-west tower; but, my dear sir, you have moved the tower; I thought you were drinking Madeira. As I said before, to open my fire upon the sou'-west tower, or, if necessary, protect the sugar-tongs, which I explained to you was the trench. Just at the same time, the besieged were making preparations for a sortie to occupy this dish of almonds and raisins—the high ground to the left of my position—put another log on the fire, if you please, sir, for I cannot see myself—I thought I was up near the figs, and I find myself down near the half-moon."

"It is past nine," said a servant, entering the room; "shall I take the carriage for Miss Kamworth, sir?" This being the first time the name of the young lady was mentioned since my arrival, I felt somewhat anxious to hear more of her, in which laudable desire I was not, however, to be gratified, for the colonel, feeling considerably annoyed by the interruption, dismissed the servant by saying:

"What do you mean, sirrah, by coming in at this moment; don't you see I am preparing for the attack on the half-moon? Mr. Lorrequer, I beg your pardon for one moment, this fellow has completely put me out; and besides, I perceive you have eaten the flying artillery, and in fact, my dear sir, I shall be obliged to lay down the position again."

With this praiseworthy interest, the colonel proceeded to arrange the *matériel* of our dessert in battle array, when the door was suddenly thrown open, and a very handsome girl, in a most becoming *demie toilette,* sprung into the

Cheltenham gave me some uneasiness, and I more than once had recourse to the bell to demand if "my servant had come back yet?" At each of these times I well remember the peculiar expression of Mary's look, the half-embarrassment, half-drollery, with which she listened to the question, and heard the answer in the negative. Supper at length made its appearance; and I asked the servant who waited, "if my man had brought me any letters," varying my inquiry to conceal my anxiety; and again I heard he had not returned. Resolving now to propose in all form for Miss Kamworth the next morning, and by referring the colonel to my uncle, Sir Guy, smooth, as far as I could, all difficulties, I wished them good-night and retired; not, however, before the colonel had warned me that they were to have an excursion to some place in the neighbourhood the next day; and begging that I might be in the breakfast-room at nine, as they were to assemble there from all parts, and start early on the expedition. I was in a sound sleep the following morning, when a gentle tap at the door awoke me; at the same time I recognised the voice of the colonel's servant, saying, "Mr. Lorrequer, breakfast is waiting, sir."

I sprung up at once, and replying, "Very well, I shall come down," proceeded to dress in all haste, but to my horror I could not discern a vestige of my clothes; nothing remained of the habiliments I possessed only the day before—even my portmanteau had disappeared. After a most diligent search I discovered on a chair in a corner of the room a small bundle tied up in a handkerchief, on opening which I perceived a new suit of livery of the most gaudy and showy description; the vest and breeches of yellow plush with light blue binding and lace; of which colour was also the coat, which had a standing collar and huge cuffs, deeply

ornamented with worked button-holes and large buttons. As I turned the things over, without even a guess at what they could mean, for I was scarcely well awake, I perceived a small slip of paper fastened to the coat-sleeve, upon which, in Waller's handwriting, the following few words were written:

"The livery I hope will fit you, as I am rather particular about how you'll look; get quietly down the stable-yard, and drive the tilbury into Cheltenham, where wait for further orders from your kind master, JOHN WALLER."

The horrible villainy of this wild scamp actually paralysed me. That I should put on such ridiculous trumpery was out of the question; yet what was to be done? I rung the bell violently: "Where are my clothes, Thomas?"

"Don't know, sir; I was out all the morning, sir, and never seed them."

"There, Thomas, be smart now, and send them up, will you?" Thomas disappeared, and speedily returned to say "that my clothes could not be found anywhere; no one knew anything of them, and begged me to come down, as Miss Kamworth desired him to say that they were still waiting, and she begged Mr. Lorrequer would not make an elaborate *toilette* as they were going on a country excursion." An elaborate *toilette!* I wish to Heaven she saw my costume; no, I'll never do it. "Thomas, you must tell the ladies, and the colonel, too, that I feel very ill; I am not able to leave my bed; I am subject to attacks—very violent attacks in my head, and must always be left quiet and alone—perfectly alone—mind me, Thomas—for a day at least." Thomas departed; and as I lay distracted in my bed, I heard

from the breakfast-room the loud laughter of many persons evidently enjoying some excellent joke; could it be me they were laughing at? The thought was horrible.

"Colonel Kamworth wishes to know if you'd like the doctor, sir," said Thomas, evidently suppressing a most inveterate fit of laughing, as he again appeared at the door.

"No, certainly not," said I, in a voice of thunder; "what the devil are you grinning at?"

"You may as well come, my man; you're found out; they all know it now," said the fellow with an odious grin.

I jumped out of the bed, and hurled the bootjack at him with all my strength; but had only the satisfaction to hear him go down-stairs chuckling at his escape; and as he reached the parlour, the increase of mirth and the loudness of the laughter told me that he was not the only one who was merry at my expense. Anything was preferable to this; down-stairs I resolved to go at once—but how? A blanket I thought would not be a bad thing, and particularly as I had said I was ill; I could at least get as far as Colonel Kamworth's dressing-room, and explain to him the whole affair; but then, if I was detected *en route,* which I was almost sure to be, with so many people parading about the house! No, that would never do; there was but one alternative, and dreadfully shocking as it was, I coud not avoid it, and with a heavy heart, and as much indignation at Waller for what I could not but consider a most scurvy trick, I donned the yellow inexpressibles; next came the vest, and last the coat, with its broad flaps and lace excrescences, fifty times more absurd and merry-andrewlike than any stage servant who makes off with his table and two chairs, amid the hisses and gibes of an upper gallery.

If my costume leaned toward the ridiculous, I resolved

that my air and bearing should be more than usually austere and haughty; and with something of the stride of John Kemble in "Coriolanus," I was leaving my bedroom, when I accidentally caught a view of myself in the glass; and so mortified, so shocked was I, that I sank into a chair, and almost abandoned my resolution to go on; the very gesture I had assumed for my vindication only increased the ridicule of my appearance; and the strange quaintness of the costume totally obliterated every trace of any characteristic of the wearer, so infernally cunning was its contrivance. I don't think that the most saturnine martyr of gout and dyspepsia could survey me without laughing. With a bold effort I flung open my door, hurried down the stairs, and reached the hall. The first person I met was a kind of pantry boy, a beast only lately emancipated from the plough, and destined after a dozen years' training as a servant, again to be turned back to his old employ for incapacity; he grinned horribly for a minute, as I passed, and then in a half-whisper said:

"Maester, I advise ye to run for it; they're a-waiting for ye with the constables in the justice's room." I gave him a look of contemptuous superiority, at which he grinned the more, and passed on.

Without stopping to consider where I was going, I opened the door of the breakfast-parlour, and found myself in one plunge among a roomful of people. My first impulse was to retreat again; but so shocked was I at the very first thing that met my sight, that I was perfectly powerless to do anything. Among a considerable number of people who stood in small groups round the breakfast-table, I discerned Jack Waller, habited in a very accurate black frock and dark trousers, supporting upon his arm—shall I confess?—no less a person than

Mary Kamworth, who leaned on him with the familiarity of an old acquaintance, and chatted gaily with him. The buzz of conversation, which filled the apartment when I entered, ceased for a second of deep silence; and then followed a peal of laughter so long and vociferous, that in my momentary anger I prayed some one might burst a blood-vessel, and frighten the rest. I put on a look of indescribable indignation, and cast a glance of what I intended should be most withering scorn on the assembly; but alas! my infernal harlequin costume ruined the effect; and confound me, if they did not laugh the louder. I turned from one to the other with the air of a man who marks out victims for his future wrath; but with no better success; at last, amid the continued mirth of the party, I made my way toward where Waller stood absolutely suffocated with laughter, and scarcely able to stand without support.

"Waller," said I, in a voice half-tremulous with rage and shame together; "Waller, if this rascally trick be yours, rest assured no former term of intimacy between us shall——"

Before I could conclude the sentence, a bustle at the door of the room called every attention in that direction; I turned and beheld Colonel Kamworth, followed by a strong *posse comitatus* of constables, tipstaffs, etc., armed to the teeth, and evidently prepared for vigorous battle. Before I was able to point out my woes to my kind host, he burst out with:

"So, you scoundrel, you impostor, you d——d young villain; pretending to be a gentleman, you get admission into a man's house, and dine at his table, when your proper place had been behind his chair! How far he might have gone, Heaven can tell, if that excellent young gentleman, his master, had not traced him here this morning—but you'll pay dearly for it, you young rascal, that you shall."

"Colonel Kamworth," said I, drawing myself proudly up, and I confess exciting new bursts of laughter, "Colonel Kamworth, for the expressions you have just applied to me, a heavy reckoning awaits you; not, however, before another individual now present shall atone for the insult he has dared to pass upon me." Colonel Kamworth's passion at this declaration knew no bounds; he cursed and swore absolutely like a madman, and vowed that transportation for life would be a mild sentence for such iniquity.

Waller, at length, wiping the tears of laughter from his eyes, interposed between the colonel and his victim, and begged that I might be forgiven; "for, indeed, my dear sir," said he, "the poor fellow is of rather respectable parentage, and such is his taste for good society that he'd run any risk to be among his betters, although, as in the present case, the exposure brings a rather heavy retribution; however, let me deal with him. Come, Henry," said he, with an air of insufferable superiority, "take my tilbury into town, and wait for me at the George. I shall endeavour to make your peace with my excellent friend, Colonel Kamworth; and the best mode you can contribute to that object is to let us have no more of your society."

I cannot attempt to picture my rage at these words; however, escape from this diabolical predicament was my only present object; and I rushed from the room, and springing into the tilbury at the door, drove down the avenue at the rate of fifteen miles per hour, amid the united cheers, groans, and yells of the whole servants' hall, who seemed to enjoy my "detection," more even than their betters. Meditating vengeance, sharp, short, and decisive, on Waller, the colonel, and every one else, in the infernal conspiracy against me, for I utterly forgot every vestige of our agreement in the

surprise by which I was taken, I reached Cheltenham. Unfortunately, I had no friend there to whose management I could commit the bearing of a message, and was obliged, as soon as I could procure suitable costume, to hasten up to Coventry, where the —th dragoons were then quartered. I lost no time in selecting an adviser, and taking the necessary steps to bring Master Waller to a reckoning; and on the third morning we again reached Cheltenham, I thirsting for vengeance, and bursting still with anger; not so my friend, however, who never could discuss the affair with common gravity, and even ventured every now and then on a sly illusion to my yellow shorts. As we passed the last toll-bar, a travelling carriage came whirling by, with four horses, at a tremendous pace; and as the morning was frosty, and the sun scarcely risen, the whole team were smoking and steaming, so as to be half invisible. We both remarked on the precipitancy of the party; for as our own pace was considerable, the two vehicles passed like lightning. We had scarcely dressed, and ordered breakfast, when a more than usual bustle in the yard called us to the window; the waiter, who came in at the same instant, told us that four horses were ordered out to pursue a young lady who had eloped that morning with an officer.

"Ah, our friend in the green travelling chariot, I'll be bound," said my companion; but as neither of us knew that part of the country, and I was too engrossed by my own thoughts, I never inquired further. As the chaise in chaise drove round to the door, I looked to see what the pursuer was like; and as he issued from the inn, recognised my *ci devant* host, Colonel Kamworth. I need not say my vengeance was sated at once; *he* had lost his daughter, and *Waller* was on the road to be married. Apologies and explanations came

in due time, for all my injuries and sufferings; and I confess, the part which pleased me most was, that I saw no more of Jack for a considerable period after; he started for the Continent, where he has lived ever since on a small allowance, granted by his father-in-law, and never paying me the stipulated sum, as I had clearly broken the compact.

—"*Harry Lorrequer.*"

Thomas Carlyle

Sir Jabesh Windbag

CONTRAST this Oliver with my right honourable friend Sir Jabesh Windbag, Mr. Facing-both-Ways, Viscount Mealy-mouth, Duke of Windlestraw, or what other Cagliostro, Cagliostrino, Cagliostraccio, the course of Fortune and Parliamentary Majorities has constitutionally guided to that dignity, any time during these last sorrowful hundred-and-fifty years! Windbag, weak in the faith of a God, which he believes only at church on Sundays, if even then; strong only in the faith that Paragraphs and Plausibilities bring votes; that Force of Public Opinion, as he calls it, is the primal Necessity of Things, and highest God we have—Windbag, if we will consider him, has a problem set before him which may be ranged in the impossible class. He is a Columbus minded to sail to the indistinct country of NOWHERE, to the indistinct country of WHITHERWARD, by the *friendship* of those same waste-tumbling Water-Alps and howling waltz of All the Winds; not by conquest of them and in spite of them, but by friendship of them, when once *they* have made up their mind! He is the most original Columbus I ever saw. Nay, his problem is not an impossible one: he will infallibly *arrive* at that same country of NOWHERE; his indistinct Whitherward will be a *Thitherward*! In the Ocean Abysses and Locker of Davy Jones, there certainly enough do he and *his* ship's company, and all their cargo and navigatings, at last find lodgment. . . .

Oh, Windbag, my right honourable friend, in very truth

I pity thee! I say, these Paragraphs, and low or loud votings of thy poor fellow-blockheads of mankind, will never guide thee in any enterprise at all. Govern a country on such guidance? Thou canst not make a pair of shoes, sell a pennyworth of tape on such. No, thy shoes are vamped up falsely to meet the market; behold, the leather only *seemed* to be tanned; thy shoes melt under me to rubbishy pulp, and are not veritable mud-defying shoes, but plausible vendible similitudes of shoes—thou unfortunate, and I! Oh, my right honourable friend, when the Paragraphs flowed in, who was like Sir Jabesh? On the swelling tide he mounted; higher, higher, triumphant, heaven-high. But the Paragraphs again ebbed out, as unwise Paragraphs need must: Sir Jabesh lies stranded, sunk and forever sinking in ignominious ooze; the Mud-nymphs, and ever-deepening bottomless Oblivion, his portion to eternal time. "Posterity?" Thou appealest to Posterity, thou? My right honourable friend, what will Posterity do for thee? The voting of Posterity, were it continued through centuries in thy favour, will be quite inaudible, extra-forensic, without any effect whatever. Posterity can do simply nothing for a man; nor even seem to do much, if the man be not brain-sick. Besides, to tell thee truth, the bets are a thousand to one, Posterity will not hear of thee, my right honourable friend! Posterity, I have found, has generally his own Windbags sufficiently trumpeted in all market-places, and no leisure to attend to ours.—*"Past and Present."*

Adamitism

"OFTEN, in my atrabiliar moods, when I read of pompous ceremonials, Frankfort Coronations, Royal Drawing-rooms, Levees, Couchees; and how the ushers and macers and pursuivants are all in waiting; how Duke this is presented by Archduke that, and Colonel A by General B, and innumerable Bishops, Admirals, and miscellaneous Functionaries are advancing gallantly to the Anointed Presence; and I strive, in my remote privacy, to form a clear picture of that solemnity—on a sudden, as by some enchanter's wand, the—shall I speak it?—the Clothes fly off the whole dramatic corps; and Dukes, Grandees, Bishops, Generals, Anointed Presence itself, every mother's son of them, stand straddling there, not a shirt on them; and I know not whether to laugh or weep. This physical or psychical infirmity, in which perhaps I am not singular, I have, after hesitation, thought right to publish, for the solace of those afflicted with the like."

Would to Heaven, say we, thou hadst thought right to keep it secret! Who is there now that can read the five columns of Presentations in his Morning Newspaper without a shudder? Hypochondriac men, and all men are to a certain extent hypochondriac, should be more gently treated. With what readiness our fancy, in this shattered state of the nerves, follows out the consequences which Teufelsdröckh, with a devilish coolness, goes on to draw:

"What would Majesty do, could such an accident befall in reality; should the buttons all simultaneously start, and the solid wool evaporate, in very Deed, as here in Dream?

Ach Gott! How each skulks into the nearest hiding place; their high State Tragedy (*Haupt- und Staats-Aktion*) becomes a Pickleherring-Farce to weep at, which is the worst kind of Farce; *the tables* (according to Horace), and with them, the whole Fabric of Government, Legislation, Property, Police, and Civilised Society, *are dissolved,* in wails and howls."

Lives the man that can figure a naked Duke of Windlestraw addressing a naked House of Lords? Imagination, choked as in mephitic air, recoils on itself, and will not forward with the picture. The Woolsack, the Ministerial, the Opposition Benches—*infandum—infandum!* And yet—why is the thing impossible? Was not every soul, or rather every body, of these Guardians of our Liberties, naked, or nearly so, last night, "a forked Radish with a head fantastically carved?" And why might he not, did our stern Fate so order it, walk out to St. Stephen's, as well as into bed, in that no-fashion, and there, with other similar Radishes, hold a Bed of Justice? "Solace of those afflicted with the like!" Unhappy Teufelsdröckh, had man ever such a "physical or psychical infirmity" before? And now how many, perhaps, may thy unparalleled confession (which we, even to the sounder British world, and goaded on by Critical and Biographical duty, grudge to reimpart) incurably infect therewith! Art thou the malignest of Sansculottists, or only the maddest?

"It will remain to be examined," adds the inexorable Teufelsdröckh, "in how far the Scarecrow, as a Clothed Person, is not also entitled to benefit of clergy, and English trial by jury: nay, perhaps, considering his high function (for is not he, too, a defender of Property, and Sovereign armed with the *terrors* of the Law?), to a certain royal

Immunity and Inviolability—which, however, misers and the meaner class of persons are not always voluntarily disposed to grant him."—*"Sartor Resartus."*

The Dandy

TOUCHING Dandies, let us consider, with some scientific strictness, what a Dandy specially is. A Dandy is a Clothes-wearing Man, a Man whose trade, office, and existence consists in the wearing of Clothes. Every faculty of his soul, spirit, purse, and person is heroically consecrated to this one object, the wearing of Clothes wisely and well: so that as others dress to live, he lives to dress. The all-importance of Clothes, which a German Professor, of unequalled learning and acumen, writes his enormous Volume to demonstrate, has sprung up in the intellect of the Dandy, without effort, like an instinct of genius; he is inspired with Cloth, a Poet of Cloth. What Teufelsdröckh would call a "Divine Idea of Cloth" is born with him; and this, like other such Ideas, will express itself outwardly, or wring his heart asunder with unutterable throes.

But, like a generous, creative enthusiast, he fearlessly makes his Idea an Action; shows himself, in peculiar guise, to mankind; walks forth, a witness and living Martyr to the eternal Worth of Clothes. We called him a Poet: is not his body the (stuffed) parchment-skin whereon he writes, with cunning Huddersfield dyes, a Sonnet to his mistress's eyebrow? Say, rather, an Epos, and *Clotha virumque cano*, to the whole world, in Macaronic verses, which he that runs may read. Nay, if you grant, what seems to be admissible,

that the Dandy has a Thinking-principle in him, and some notions of Time and Space, is there not in this Life-devotedness to Cloth, in this so willing sacrifice of the Immortal to the Perishable, something (though in reverse order) of that blending and identification of Eternity with Time, which, as we have seen, constitutes the Prophetic character?

And now, for all this perennial Martyrdom, and Poesy, and even Prophecy, what is it that the Dandy asks in return? Solely, we may say, that you would recognise his existence; would admit him to be a living object; or even failing this, a visual object, or thing that will reflect rays of light. Your silver or your gold (beyond what the niggardly Law has already secured him) he solicits not; simply the glance of your eyes. Understand his mystic significance, or altogether miss and misinterpret it; do but look at him, and he is contented. May we not well cry shame on an ungrateful world that refuses even this poor boon; that will waste its optic faculty on dried Crocodiles and Siamese Twins; and over the domestic wonderful wonder of wonders, a live Dandy, glance with hasty indifference and a scarcely concealed contempt! Him no Zoologist classes among the Mammalia, no Anatomist dissects with care: when did we see any injected Preparation of the Dandy in our Museums; any specimen of him preserved in spirits? Lord Herringbone may dress himself in a snuff-brown shirt and shoes: it skills not; the undiscerning public, occupied with grosser wants, passes by regardless on the other side.

The age of Curiosity, like that of Chivalry, is, indeed, properly speaking, gone. Yet perhaps only gone to sleep; for here arises the Clothes-Philosophy to resuscitate, strangely enough, both the one and the other! Should sound views of this Science come to prevail, the essential

nature of the British Dandy, and the mystic significance that lies in him, cannot always remain hidden under laughable and lamentable hallucination.

ARTICLES OF FAITH

1. Coats should have nothing of the triangle about them; at the same time, wrinkles behind should be carefully avoided.

2. The collar is a very important point: it should be low behind, and slightly rolled.

3. No licence of fashion can allow a man of delicate taste to adopt the posterial luxuriance of a Hottentot.

4. There is safety in a swallow-tail.

5. The good sense of a gentleman is nowhere more finely developed than in his rings.

6. It is permitted to mankind, under certain restrictions, to wear white waistcoats.

7. The trousers must be exceedingly tight across the hips.

—"*Sartor Resartus.*"

George Borrow

Three Thimbles and a Pea

A MAN emerged from the tent, bearing before him a rather singular table. It appeared to be of white deal, was exceedingly small at the top, and with very long legs. At a few yards from the entrance he paused and looked round, as if to decide on the direction which he should take. Presently, his eye glancing on me as I lay upon the ground, he started, and appeared for a moment inclined to make off as quick as possible, table and all. In a moment, however, he seemed to recover assurance, and, coming up to the place where I was, the long legs of the table projecting before him, he cried, "Glad to see you here, my lord!"

"Thank you," said I; "it's a fine day."

"Very fine, my lord. Will your lordship play? Them that finds, wins—them that don't finds, loses."

"Play at what?" said I.

"Only at the thimble and pea, my lord."

"I never heard of such a game."

"Didn't you? Well, I'll soon teach you," said he, placing the table down. "All you have to do is to put a sovereign down on my table, and to find the pea, which I put under one of my thimbles. If you find it—and it is easy enough to find it—I give you a sovereign besides your own; for them that finds, wins."

"And them that don't find, loses," said I. "No, I don't wish to play."

"Why not, my lord?"

"Why, in the first place, I have no money."

"Oh, you have no money! That, of course, alters the case. If you have no money, you can't play. Well, I suppose I must be seeing after my customers," said he, glancing over the plain.

"Good day," said I.

"Good day," said the man slowly, but without moving, and as if in reflection. After a moment or two, looking at me inquiringly, he added, "Out of employ?"

"Yes," said I, "out of employ."

The man measured me with his eye as I lay on the ground. At length he said, "May I speak a word or two to you, my lord?"

"As many as you please," said I.

"Then just come a little out of hearing, a little farther on the grass, if you please, my lord."

"Why do you call me my lord?" said I, as I arose and followed him.

"We of the thimble always calls our customers lords," said the man. "But I won't call you such a foolish name any more. Come along."

The man walked along the plain till he came to the side of a dry pit, when, looking round to see that no one was nigh, he laid his table on the grass, and, sitting down with his legs over the side of the pit, he motioned me to do the same. "So you are in want of employ?" said he, after I had sat down beside him.

"Yes," said I, "I am very much in want of employ."

"I think I can find you some."

"What kind?" said I.

"Why," said the man, "I think you would do to be my bonnet."

"Bonnet," said I; "what is that?"

"Don't you know? However, no wonder, as you had never heard of the thimble-and-pea game; but I will tell you. We of the game are very much exposed. Folks, when they have lost their money, as those who play with us mostly do, sometimes uses rough language, calls us cheats, and sometimes knocks our hats over our eyes; and what's more, with a kick under our table, causes the top deals to fly off. This is the third table I have used this day, the other two being broken by uncivil customers. So we of the game generally like to have gentlemen go about with us to take our part, and encourage us, though pretending to know nothing about us. For example, when the customer says, 'I'm cheated,' the bonnet must say, 'No, you a'n't; it is all right.' Or when my hat is knocked over my eyes, the bonnet must square, and say, 'I never saw the man before in all my life, but I won't see him ill-used.' And when they kicks at the table, the bonnet must say, 'I won't see the table ill-used, such a nice table, too; besides, I want to play myself.' And then I would say to the bonnet, 'Thank you, my lord, them that finds, wins.' And then the bonnet plays, and I lets the bonnet win."

"In a word," said I, "the bonnet means the man who covers you, even as the real bonnet covers the head."

"Just so," said the man; "I see you are awake, and would soon make a first-rate bonnet."

"What would the wages be?" I demanded.

"Why, to a first-rate bonnet, as I think you would prove, I could afford to give from forty to fifty shillings a week."

"Is it possible?" said I.

"Good wages, a'n't they?" said the man. . . .

"I find no fault with the wages," said I, "but I don't like the employ."

"Not like bonneting?" said the man. "Ah, I see, you

would like to be principal. Well, a time may come—those long white fingers of yours would just serve for the business."

"Is it a difficult one?" I demanded.

"Why, it is not very easy. Two things are needful—natural talent and constant practice. But I'll show you a point or two connected with the game," and, placing his table between his knees as he sat over the side of the pit, he produced three thimbles, and a small brown pellet, something resembling a pea. He moved the thimble and pellet about, now placing it to all appearance under one, and now under another. "Under which is it now?" he said at last. "Under that," said I, pointing to the lowermost of the thimbles, which, as they stood, formed a kind of triangle. "No," said he, "it is not; but lift it up." And, when I lifted up the thimble, the pellet, in truth, was not under it. "It was under none of them," said he; "it was pressed by my little finger against my palm." And then he showed me how he did the trick, and asked me if the game was not a funny one; and, on my answering in the affirmative, he said, "I am glad you like it; come along and let us win some money."

Thereupon, getting up, he placed the table before him, and was moving away; observing, however, that I did not stir, he asked me what I was staying for. "Merely for my own pleasure," said I; "I like sitting here very well." "Then you won't close?" said the man. "By no means," I replied; "your proposal does not suit me." "You may be principal in time," said the man. "That makes no difference," said I; and, sitting with my legs over the pit, I forthwith began to decline an Armenian noun. "That a'n't cant," said the man; "no, nor gipsy, either. Well, if you won't close, another will; I can't lose any more time," and forthwith he departed.

And after I had declined four Armenian nouns, of different declensions, I rose from the side of the pit, and wandered about amongst the various groups of people scattered over the green. Presently I came to where the man of the thimbles was standing, with the table before him, and many people about him. "Them who finds, wins, and them who can't find, loses," he cried. Various individuals tried to find the pellet, but all were unsuccessful, till at last considerable dissatisfaction was expressed, and the terms rogue and cheat were lavished upon him. "Never cheated anybody in all my life!" he cried; and, observing me at hand, "Didn't I play fair, my lord?" he inquired. But I made no answer. Presently some more played, and he permitted one or two to win, and the eagerness to play with him became greater. After I had looked on for some time, I was moving away. Just then I perceived a short, thick personage, with a staff in his hand, advancing in a great hurry; whereupon, with a sudden impulse, I exclaimed:

"Shoon thimble-engro;
Avella gorgio!"

The man, who was in the midst of his pea-and-thimble process, no sooner heard the last word of the distich, than he turned an alarmed look in the direction of where I stood. Then, glancing around, and perceiving the constable, he slipped forthwith his pellet and thimbles into his pocket, and, lifting up his table, he cried to the people about him, "Make way!" With a motion with his head to me, as if to follow him, he darted off with a swiftness which the short, pursy constable could by no means rival. And whither he went, or what became of him, I know not, inasmuch as I turned away in another direction.—"*Lavengro.*"

A Lesson in Armenian

"WILL you take another cup of tea?" said Belle.

I took another cup. We were again silent. "It is rather uncomfortable," said I at last, "for people to sit together without having anything to say."

"Were you thinking of your company?" said Belle.

"What company?" said I.

"The present company."

"The present company! Oh, ah! I remember that I said one only feels uncomfortable in being silent with a companion, when one happens to be thinking of the companion. Well, I had been thinking of you the last two or three minutes, and had just come to the conclusion that, to prevent us both feeling occasionally uncomfortably toward each other, having nothing to say, it would be as well to have a standing subject on which to employ our tongues. Belle, I have determined to give you lessons in Armenian."

"What is Armenian?"

"Did you ever hear of Ararat?"

"Yes, that was the place where the ark rested; I have heard the chaplain in the great house talk of it; besides, I have read of it in the Bible."

"Well, Armenian is the speech of people of that place, and I should like to teach it you."

"To prevent——"

"Aye, aye, to prevent our occasionally feeling uncomfortable together. Your acquiring it, besides, might prove of ulterior advantage to us both. For example, suppose you and I were in promiscuous company, at a court, for example,

and you had something to communicate to me which you did not wish any one else to be acquainted with, how safely you might communicate it to me in Armenian."

"Would not the language of the roads do as well?" said Belle.

"In some places it would," said I, "but not at court, owing to its resemblance to thieves' slang. There is Hebrew, again, which I was thinking of teaching you, till the idea of being presented at court made me abandon it, from the probability of our being understood, in the event of our speaking it, by at least half a dozen people in our vicinity. There is Latin, it is true, or Greek, which we might speak aloud at court with perfect confidence of safety. But upon the whole I should prefer teaching you Armenian, not because it would be a safer language to hold communication with at court, but because, not being very well grounded in it myself, I am apprehensive that its words and forms may escape from my recollection, unless I have sometimes occasion to call them forth."

"I am afraid we shall have to part company before I have learnt it," said Belle. "In the meantime, if I wish to say anything to you in private, somebody being by, shall I speak in the language of the roads?"

"If no roadster is nigh, you may," said I, "and I will do my best to understand you. Belle, I will now give you a lesson in Armenian."

"I suppose you mean no harm," said Belle.

"Not in the least; I merely propose the thing to prevent our occasionally feeling uncomfortable together. Let us begin."

"Stop till I have removed the tea-things," said Belle; and, getting up, she removed them to her own encampment.

"I am ready," said Belle, returning, and taking her former seat, "to join with you in anything which will serve to pass away the time agreeably, provided there is no harm in it."

"Belle," said I, "I have determined to commence the course of Armenian lessons by teaching you the numerals; but before I do that, it will be as well to tell you that the Armenian language is called *Haik*."

"I am sure that word will hang upon my memory," said Belle.

"Why hang upon it?"

"Because the old women in the great house used to call so the chimney-hook on which they hung the kettle; in like manner, on the hake of my memory I will hang your hake."

"Good!" said I, "you will make an apt scholar. But, mind, that I did not say *hake*, but *haik*. The words are, however, very much alike; and, as you observe, upon your *hake* you may hang my *haik*. We will now proceed to the numerals."

"What are numerals?" said Belle.

"Numbers. I will say the *Haikan* numbers up to ten. There, have you heard them?"

"Yes."

"Well, try and repeat them."

"I only remember number one," said Belle, "and that because it is me."

"I will repeat them again," said I, "and pay great attention. Now, try again."

"*Me, jergo, earache.*"

"I neither said *jergo* nor *earache*. I said *yergou* and *yerek*. Belle, I am afraid I shall have some difficulty with you as a scholar."—"*Lavengro*."

Benjamin Disraeli

Aphorisms

THE woman who is talked about is generally virtuous, and she is only abused because she devotes to one the charms which all wish to enjoy.

It takes three generations to make a gentleman.

A majority is always better than the best repartee.

An after-dinner anecdote ought to be as piquant as anchovy toast.

What is the use of belonging to an old family, unless to have the authority of an ancestor ready for any prejudice, religious or political, which your combinations may require?

What is crime amongst the multitude is only vice among the few.

Confiscation is a blunder that destroys public credit; taxation, on the contrary, improves it. Both come to the same thing.

The critic is a man who has failed in literature or in art.

One cannot ask any person to meet another in one's own house without going through a sum of moral arithmetic.

When a man falls into his anecdotage, it is a sign for him to retire.

The gentleman was distinguished for ignorance; for he had only one idea, and that was wrong.

The world is a wheel, and it will all come round right.

—*Novels and Speeches.*

W. M. Thackeray

The Battle of Limerick

Ye Genii of the nation,
Who look with veneration,
And Ireland's desolation onsaysingly deplore;
Ye sons of General Jackson,
Who thrample on the Saxon,
Attend to the thransaction upon Shannon shore.

When William, Duke of Schumbug,
A tyrant and a humbug,
With cannon and with thunder on our city bore,
Our fortitude and valliance
Insthructed his battalions
To rispict the galliant Irish upon Shannon shore.

Since that capitulation,
No city in this nation
So grand a reputation could boast before,
As Limerick prodigious,
That stands with quays and bridges,
And the ships up to the windies of the Shannon shore.

A chief of ancient line,
'Tis William Smith O'Brine
Reprisints this darling Limerick, this ten years or more.
Oh, the Saxons can't endure
To see him on the flure,
And thrimble at the Cicero from Shannon shore!

This valliant son of Mars
Had been to visit Par's,
That land of Revolution, that grows the tricolour;
And to welcome his returrn
From pilgrimages furren,
We invited him to tay on the Shannon shore.

Then we summoned to our board
Young Meagher of the sword;
'Tis he will sheathe that battle-axe in Saxon gore;
And Mitchil of Belfast
We bade to our repast,
To dthrink a dish of coffee on the Shannon shore.

Convaniently to howld
These patriots so bowld,
We tuck the opportunity of Tim Doolan's store;
And with ornamints and banners
(As becomes gintale good manners)
We made the loveliest tay-room upon Shannon shore.

'Twould binifit your sowls
To see the buttherd rowls,
The sugar-tongs and sangwidges and craim galyore,
And the muffins and the crumpets,
And the band of harps and thrumpets,
To celebrate the sworry upon Shannon shore.

Sure the Imperor of Bohay
Would be proud to dthrink the tay
That Misthress Biddy Rooney for O'Brine did pour;
And since the days of Strongbow,
There never was such Congo—
Mitchil dthrank six quarts of it—by Shannon shore.

But Clarndon and Corry
Connellan beheld this sworry
With rage and imulation in their black hearts' core;
And they hired a gang of ruffins
To interrupt the muffins
And the fragrance of the Congo on the Shannon shore.

When full of tay and cake,
O'Brine began to spake;
But juice a one could hear him, for a sudden roar
Of a ragamuffin rout
Began to yell and shout,
And frighten the propriety of Shannon shore.

As Smith O'Brine harangued,
They batthered and they banged,
Tim Doolan's doors and windies down they tore;
They smashed the lovely windies
(Hung with muslin from the Indies),
Purshuing of their shindies upon Shannon shore.

With throwing of brickbats,
Drowned puppies and dead rats,
These ruffin democrats themselves did lower;
Tin kettles, rotten eggs,
Cabbage-stalks, and wooden legs,
They flung among the patriots of Shannon shore.

Oh, the girls began to scrame
And upset the milk and crame;
And the honourable gintlemin, they cursed and swore;
And Mitchil of Belfast,
'Twas he that looked aghast,
When they roasted him in effigy by Shannon shore.

Oh, the lovely tay was spilt
On that day of Ireland's guilt;
Says Jack Mitchil, "I am kilt! Boys, where's the back door?
'Tis a national disgrace;
Let me go and veil me face."
And he bowlted with quick pace from the Shannon shore.

"Cut down the bloody horde!"
Says Meagher of the sword;
"This conduct would disgrace any blackamore."
But the best use Tommy made
Of his famous battle blade
Was to cut his own stick from the Shannon shore.

Immortal Smith O'Brine
Was raging like a line;
'Twould have done your sowl good to have heard him roar.
In his glory he arose,
And he rush'd upon his foes,
But they hit him on the nose by the Shannon shore.

Then the Futt and the Dthragoons
In squadthrons and platoons,
With their music playing chunes, down upon us bore;
And they bate the rattatoo,
But the Peelers came in view,
And ended the shaloo on the Shannon shore.

—"*Lyra Hibernica.*"

George de Barnwell

(Burlesquing Lytton in conjunction with "George Barnwell," a popular tragedy by Lillo.)

Volume I

On the Morning of Life the Truthful wooed the Beautiful, and their offspring was Love. Like his Divine parents, He is eternal. He has his Mother's ravishing smile, his Father's steadfast eyes. He rises every day, fresh and glorious as the untired Sun-God. He is Eros, the ever young. Dark, dark were this world of ours had either Divinity left it—dark without the day-beams of the Latonian Charioteer, darker yet without the dædal Smile of the God of the Other Bow! Dost know him, reader?

Old is he, Eros, the ever young. He and Time were children together. Chronos shall die too; but Love is imperishable. Brightest of the Divinities, where hast thou not been sung? Other worships pass away; the idols for whom pyramids were raised lie in the desert crumbling and almost nameless; the Olympians are fled, their fanes no longer rise among the quivering olive-groves of Ilissus, or crown the emerald islets of the amethyst Ægean! These are gone, but thou remainest. There is still a garland for thy temple, a heifer for thy stone. A heifer? Ah, many a darker sacrifice! Other blood is shed at thy altars, Remorseless One, and the Poet Priest who ministers at thy Shrine draws his auguries from the bleeding hearts of men!

While Love hath no end, can the Bard ever cease singing? In Kingly and Heroic ages, 'twas of Kings and Heroes that

the Poet spake. But in these, our times, the Artisan hath his voice as well as the Monarch. The people To-day is King, and we chronicle his woes, as They of old did the sacrifice of the princely Iphigenia, or the fate of the crowned Agamemnon.

Is Odysseus less august in his rags than in his purple? Fate, Passion, Mystery, the Victim, the Avenger, the Hate that harms, the Furies that tear, the Love that bleeds, are not these with us Still? are not these still the weapons of the Artist, the colours of his palette, the chords of his lyre? Listen! I tell thee a tale—not of Kings—but of Men—not of Thrones, but of Love and Grief and Crime. Listen, and but once more. 'Tis for the last time (probably) these fingers shall sweep the strings.

NOON-DAY IN CHEPE

'Twas noon-day in Chepe. High Tide in the mighty River City—its banks well-nigh overflowing with the myriad-waved Stream of Man! The toppling wains, bearing the produce of a thousand marts; the gilded equipage of the Millionary; the humbler, but yet larger vehicle from the green metropolitan suburbs (the Hanging Gardens of our Babylon), in which every traveller might, for a modest remuneration, take a republican seat; the mercenary caroche, with its private freight; the brisk curricle of the letter-carrier, robed in royal scarlet: these and a thousand others were labouring and pressing onward, and locked and bound and hustling together in the narrow channel of Chepe. The imprecations of the charioteers were terrible. From the noble's broidered hammer-cloth, or the driving-seat of the common coach, each driver assailed the other with floods

of ribald satire. The pavid matron with the one vehicle (speeding to the Bank for her semestrial pittance) shrieked and trembled; the angry Dives hastening to his office (to add another thousand to his heap), thrust his head over the blazoned panels, and displayed an eloquence of objurgation which his very Menials could not equal; the dauntless street urchins, as they gaily threaded the Labyrinth of Life, enjoyed the perplexities and quarrels of the scene, and exacerbated the already furious combatants by their poignant infantile satire. And the Philosopher, as he regarded the hot strife and struggle of these Candidates in the race for Gold, thought with a sigh of the Truthful and the Beautiful, and walked on melancholy and serene.

'Twas noon in Chepe. The warerooms were thronged. The flaunting windows of the mercers attracted many a purchaser; the glittering panes behind which Birmingham had glazed its simulated silver induced rustics to pause; although only noon, the savoury odours of the Cook Shops tempted the overhungry citizen to the bun of Bath, or to the flagrant pottage that mocks the turtle's flavour—the turtle! *O dapibus supremi grata testudo Jovis!* I am an Alderman when I think of thee! Well—it was noon in Chepe.

But were all battling for gain there? Among the many brilliant shops whose casements shone upon Chepe, there stood one a century back (about which period our tale opens) devoted to the sale of Colonial produce. A rudely carved image of a Negro, with a fantastic plume and apron of variegated feathers, decorated the lintel. The East and West had sent their contributions to replenish the window.

The poor slave had toiled, died perhaps, to produce yon pyramid of swarthy sugar marked "ONLY 6½*d.*" That catty box, on which was the epigraph "STRONG FAMILY CONGO,

ONLY 3*s.* 9*d.*," was from the country of Confutzee. That heap of dark produce which bore the legend "TRY OUR REAL NUT," 'twas Cocoa—and that nut the Cocoa-nut, whose milk has refreshed the traveller and perplexed the natural philosopher. The shop in question was, in a word, a Grocer's.

In the midst of the shop and its gorgeous contents sat one who, to judge from his appearance (though 'twas a difficult task, as, in sooth, his back was turned), had just reached that happy period of life when the Boy is expanding into the Man. Oh, Youth, Youth! Happy and Beautiful! Oh, fresh and roseate dawn of life, when the dew yet lies on the flowers, ere they have been scorched and withered by Passion's fiery Sun! Immersed in thought or study, and indifferent to the din around him, sat the boy. A careless guardian was he of the treasures confided to him. The crowd passed in Chepe; he never marked it. The sun shone on Chepe; he only asked that it should illumine the page he read. The knave might filch his treasures; he was heedless of the knave. The customer might enter; but his book was all in all to him.

And indeed a customer *was* there; a little hand was tapping on the counter with a pretty impatience; a pair of arch eyes were gazing at the boy, admiring, perhaps, his manly proportions through the homely and tightened garments he wore.

"Ahem! sir! I say, young man!" the customer exclaimed.

"*Ton d'apameibomenos prosephe,*" read on the student, his voice choked with emotion. "What language!" he said. "How rich, how noble, how sonorous! *Prosephe podas*——"

The customer burst out in a fit of laughter so shrill and cheery, that the young Student could not but turn round,

and blushing, for the first time remarked her. "A pretty grocer's boy you are," she cried, "with your applepiebomenos and your French and lingo! Am I to be kept waiting for hever!"

"Pardon, fair Maiden," said he, with high-bred courtesy; "'twas not French I read, 'twas the Godlike language of the blind old bard. In what can I be serviceable to ye, lady?" And to spring from his desk, to smooth his apron, to stand before her the obedient Shop Boy, the Poet no more, was the work of a moment.

"I might have prigged this box of figs," the damsel said good-naturedly, "and you'd never turned round."

"They came from the country of Hector," the boy said. "Would you have currants, lady? These once bloomed in the island gardens of the blue Ægean. They are uncommon fine ones, and the figure is low; they're fourpence-halfpenny a pound. Would ye mayhap make trial of our teas? We do not advertise, as some folks do, but sell as low as any other house."

"You're precious young to have all these good things!" the girl exclaimed, not unwilling, seemingly, to prolong the conversation. "If I was you, and stood behind the counter, I should be eating figs the whole day long."

"Time was," answered the lad, "and not long since, when I thought so, too. I thought I never should be tired of figs. But my old uncle bade me take my fill, and now, in sooth, I am aweary of them."

"I think you gentlemen are always so," the coquette said.

"Nay, say not so, fair stranger!" the youth replied, his face kindling as he spoke, and his eagle eyes flashing fire. "Figs pall; but, oh! the Beautiful never does. Figs rot; but, oh! the truthful is Eternal. I was born, lady, to grapple

with the Lofty and the Ideal. My soul yearns for the Visionary. I stand behind the counter, it is true; but I ponder here upon the deeds of heroes, and muse over the thoughts of sages. What is grocery for one who has ambition? What sweetness has Muscovado to him who hath tasted of Poesy? The Ideal, lady, I often think, is the true Real, and the Actual but a visionary hallucination. But pardon me; with what may I serve thee?"

"I came only for sixpenn'orth of tea-dust," the girl said, with a faltering voice; "but, oh, I should like to hear you speak on for ever!"

Only for sixpenn'orth of tea-dust? Girl, thou camest for other things! Thou lovedst his voice? Siren! what was the witchery of thine own? He deftly made up the packet, and placed it in the little hand. She paid for her small purchase, and with a farewell glance of her lustrous eyes, she left him. She passed slowly through the portals, and in a moment more was lost in the crowd. It was noon in Chepe. And George de Barnwell was alone.

Volume II

We have selected the following episodical chapter in preference to anything relating to the mere story of George de Barnwell, with which most readers are familiar.

Up to this passage (extracted from the beginning of Volume II) the tale is briefly thus:

The rogue of a Millwood has come back every day to the grocer's shop in Chepe, wanting some sugar or some nutmeg, or some figs, half a dozen times in the week.

She and George de Barnwell have vowed to each other an eternal attachment.

This flame acts violently upon George. His bosom swells with ambition. His genius breaks out prodigiously. He talks about the Good, the Beautiful, the Ideal, etc., in and out of all season, and is virtuous and eloquent almost beyond belief—in fact, like Devereux, or P. Clifford, or E. Aram, Esquires.

Inspired by Millwood and love, George robs the till, and mingles in the world which he is destined to ornament. He outdoes all the dandies, all the wits, all the scholars, and all the voluptuaries of the age—an indefinite period of time between Queen Anne and George II—dines with Curll at St. John's Gate, pinks Colonel Charteris in a duel behind Montague House, is initiated into the intrigues of the Chevalier St. George, whom he entertains at his sumptuous pavilion at Hampstead, and likewise in disguise at the shop in Cheapside.

His uncle, the owner of the shop, a surly curmudgeon with very little taste for the True and Beautiful, has retired from business to the pastoral village in Cambridgeshire from which the noble Barnwell came. George's cousin Annabel is, of course, consumed with a secret passion for him.

Some trifling inaccuracies may be remarked in the ensuing brilliant little chapter; but it must be remembered that the author wished to present an age at a glance; and the dialogue is quite as fine and correct as that in the "Last of the Barons," or in "Eugene Aram," or other works of our author, in which Sentiment and History, or the True and Beautiful, are united.

BUTTON'S IN PALL MALL

Those who frequent the dismal and enormous Mansions of Silence which society has raised to Ennui in that Ompha-

los of town, Pall Mall, and which, because they knock you down with their dulness, are called Clubs, no doubt; those who yawn from a bay-window in St. James's Street, at a half-score of other dandies gaping from another bay-window over the way; those who consult a dreary evening paper for news, or satisfy themselves with the jokes of the miserable *Punch* by way of wit—the men about town of the present day, in a word, can have but little idea of London some six or eight score years back. Thou pudding-sided old dandy of St. James's Street, with thy lacquered boots, thy dyed whiskers, and thy suffocating waistband, what art thou to thy brilliant predecessor in the same quarter? The Brougham from which thou descendest at the portal of the "Carlton" or the "Traveller's" is like everybody else's; thy black coat has no more plaits, nor buttons, nor fancy in it than thy neighbour's; thy hat was made on the very block on which Lord Addlepate's was cast, who has just entered the Club before thee. You and he yawn together out of the same omnibus-box every night; you fancy yourselves men of pleasure; you fancy yourselves men of fashion; you fancy yourselves men of taste; in fancy, in taste, in opinion, in philosophy, the newspaper legislates for you; it is there you get your jokes and your thoughts, and your facts and your wisdom—poor Pall Mall dullards! Stupid slaves of the press, on the ground which you at present occupy there were men of wit and pleasure and fashion some five and twenty lustres ago!

We are at Button's—the well-known sign of the "Turk's Head." The crowd of periwigged heads at the windows, the swearing chairmen round the steps (the blazoned and coronalled panels of whose vehicles denote the lofty rank of their owners), the throng of embroidered beaux entering or de-

parting, and rendering the air fragrant with the odours of pulvillio and pomander, proclaim the celebrated resort of London's Wit and Fashion. It is the corner of Regent Street. Carlton House has not yet been taken down.

A stately gentleman in crimson velvet and gold is sipping chocolate at one of the tables, in earnest converse with a friend whose suit is likewise embroidered, but stained by time, or wine mayhap, or wear. A little deformed gentleman in iron-gray is reading *The Morning Chronicle* newspaper by the fire, while a divine, with a broad brogue and a shovel hat and cassock, is talking freely with a gentleman, whose star and ribbon, as well as the unmistakable beauty of his Phidian countenance, proclaim him to be a member of Britain's aristocracy.

Two ragged youths, the one tall, gaunt, clumsy, and scrofulous, the other with a wild, careless, beautiful look, evidently indicating Race, are gazing in at the window, not merely at the crowd in the celebrated Club, but at Timothy the waiter, who is removing a plate of that exquisite dish, the muffin (then newly invented), at the desire of some of the revellers within.

"I would, Sam," said the wild youth to his companion, "that I had some of my mother Macclesfield's gold, to enable us to eat of those cates and mingle with yon springalds and beaux."

"To vaunt a knowledge of the stoical philosophy," said the youth addressed as Sam, "might elicit a smile of incredulity upon the cheek of the parasite of pleasure; but there are moments in life when History fortifies endurance, and past study renders present deprivation more bearable. If our pecuniary resources be exiguous, let our resolution, Dick, supply the deficiencies of Fortune. The muffin we desire

to-day would little benefit us to-morrow. Poor and hungry as we are, are we less happy, Dick, than yon listless voluptuary who banquets on the food which you covet?"

And the two lads turned away up Waterloo Place, and past the "Parthenon" Club-house, and disappeared to take a meal of cow-heel at a neighbouring rook's shop. Their names were Samuel Johnson and Richard Savage.

Meanwhile the conversation at Button's was fast and brilliant. "By Wood's thirteens, and the divvle go wid 'em," cried the Church dignitary in the cassock, "is it in blue and goold ye are this morning, Sir Richard, when you ought to be in seebles?"

"Who's dead, dean?" said the nobleman, the dean's companion.

"Faix mee Lard Bolingbroke, as sure as mee name's Jonathan Swift—and I'm not so sure of that, neither, for who knows his father's name?—there's been a mighty cruel murther committed entirely. A child of Dick Steele's has been barbarously slain, dthrawn, and quarthered, and it's Joe Addison yondther has done it. Ye should have killed one of your own, Joe, ye thief of the world."

"I!" said the amazed and Right Honourable Joseph Addison. "I kill Dick's child! I was godfather to the last."

"And promised a cup and never sent it," Dick ejaculated. Joseph looked grave.

"The child I mean is Sir Roger de Coverley, Knight and Baronet. What made ye kill him, ye savage Mohock? The whole town is in tears about the good knight; all the ladies at church this afternoon were in mourning; all the booksellers are wild; and Lintot says not a third of the copies of *The Spectator* are sold since the death of the brave old gentleman." And the Dean of St. Patrick's pulled out *The*

Spectator newspaper, containing the well-known passage regarding Sir Roger's death. "I bought it but now in 'Wellington Street,'" he said; "the newsboys were howling all down the Strand."

"What a miracle is Genius—Genius, the Divine and Beautiful," said a gentleman leaning against the same fireplace with the deformed cavalier in iron-gray, and addressing that individual, who was in fact Mr. Alexander Pope. "What a marvellous gift is this, and royal privilege of Art! To make the Ideal more credible than the Actual; to enchain our hearts, to command our hopes, our regrets, our tears, for a mere brain-born Emanation; to invest with life the Incorporeal, and to glamour the cloudy into substance—these are the lofty privileges of the Poet, if I have read poesy aright. And I am as familiar with the sounds that rang from Homer's lyre, as with the strains which celebrate the loss of Belinda's lovely locks." Mr. Pope blushed and bowed, highly delighted. "These, I say, are the privileges of the Poet—the Poietes—the Maker; he moves the world, and asks no lever; if he cannot charm death into life, as Orpheus feigned to do, he can create Beauty out of Nought, and defy Death by rendering Thought Eternal. Ho! Jemmy, another flask of Nantz!"

And the boy—for he who addressed the most brilliant company of wits in Europe was little more—emptied the contents of the brandy-flask into a silver flagon, and quaffed it gaily to the health of the company assembled. 'Twas the third he had taken during the sitting. Presently, and with a graceful salute to the Society, he quitted the coffee-house, and was seen cantering on a magnificent Arab past the National Gallery.

"Who is yon spark in blue and silver? He beats Joe

Addison himself, in drinking, and pious Joe is the greatest toper in the three kingdoms," Dick Steele said good-naturedly.

"His paper in *The Spectator* beats thy best, Dick, thou sluggard," the Right Honourable Mr. Addison exclaimed. "He is the author of that famous No. 996, for which you have all been giving me the credit."

"The rascal foiled me at capping verses," Dean Swift said, "and won a tenpenny piece of me, plague take him!"

"He has suggested an emendation in my 'Homer,' which proves him a delicate scholar!" Mr. Pope exclaimed.

"He knows more of the French king than any man I ever met with; and we must have an eye upon him," said Lord Bolingbroke, then Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and, beckoning a suspicious-looking person who was drinking at a side-table, whispered to him something.

Meantime, who was he? Where was he, this youth who had struck all the wits of London with admiration? His galloping charger had returned to the City; his splendid court-suit was doffed for the citizen's gaberdine and grocer's humble apron.

George de Barnwell was in Chepe—in Chepe, at the feet of Martha Millwood.

Volume III

THE CONDEMNED CELL

"*Quid me mollibus implicas lacertis,* my Ellinor? Nay," George added, a faint smile illumining his wan but noble features, "why speak to thee in the accents of the Roman poet, which thou comprehendest not? Bright One, there be

other things in Life, in Nature, this Inscrutable Labyrinth, this Heart on which thou leanest, which are equally unintelligible to thee! Yes, my pretty one, what is the Unintelligible but the Ideal? What is the Ideal but the Beautiful? What the Beautiful but the Eternal? And the Spirit of Man that would commune with these is like Him who wanders by the *thin poluphloiboio thalasses,* and shrinks awe-struck before that Azure Mystery."

Emily's eyes filled with fresh-gushing dew. "Speak on, speak ever thus, my George!" she exclaimed. Barnwell's chains rattled as the confiding girl clung to him. Even Snoggin, the Turnkey appointed to sit with the prisoner, was affected by his noble and appropriate language, and also burst into tears.

"You weep, my Snoggin," the Boy said; "and why? Hath Life been so charming to me that I should wish to retain it? Hath Pleasure no after-Weariness; Ambition no Deception; Wealth no Care; and Glory no Mockery? Psha! I am sick of Success, palled of Pleasure, weary of Wine and Wit, and—nay, start not, my Adelaide—and Woman. I fling away all these things as the Toys of Boyhood. Life is the Soul's Nursery. I am a man, and pine for the Illimitable! Mark you me! Has the Morrow any terrors for me, think ye? Did Socrates falter at his poison? Did Seneca blench in his bath? Did Brutus shirk the sword when his great stake was lost? Did even weak Cleopatra shrink from the Serpent's fatal nip? And why should I? My great Hazard hath been played, and I pay my forfeit. Lie sheathed in my heart, thou flashing Blade! Welcome to my Bosom, thou faithful Serpent! I hug thee, peace-bearing Image of the Eternal! Ha, the hemlock cup! Fill high, boy, for my soul is thirsty for the Infinite! Get ready the bath, friends;

prepare me for the feast To-morrow; bathe my limbs in odours, and put ointment in my hair."

"Has for a bath," Snoggin interposed, "they're not to be 'ad in this ward of the prison; but I dussay Hemmy will get you a little hoil for your 'air."

The Prisoned One laughed loud and merrily. "My guardian understands me not, pretty one; and thou, what sayest thou? From those dear lips, methinks—*plura sunt oscula quam sententiæ*—I kiss away thy tears, dove! They will flow apace when I am gone, then they will dry, and presently these fair eyes will shine on another, as they have beamed on poor George Barnwell. Yet wilt thou not all forget him, sweet one. He was an honest fellow, and had a kindly heart, for all the world said."

"That, that he had," cried the jailer and the girl, in voices gurgling with emotion. And you who read! You unconvicted Convict, you murderer—though haply you have slain no one— you Felon *in posse* if not *in esse,* deal gently with one who has used the Opportunity that has failed thee—and believe that the Truthful and the Beautiful bloom sometimes in the dock and the convict's tawny Gaberdine!

. . . . . .

In the matter for which he suffered, George could never be brought to acknowledge that he was at all in the wrong. "It may be an error of judgment," he said to the Venerable Chaplain of the jail, "but it is no crime. Were it Crime, I should feel Remorse. Where there is no remorse, Crime cannot exist. I am not sorry: therefore I am innocent. Is the proposition a fair one?"

The excellent Doctor admitted that it was not to be contested.

"And wherefore, sir, should I have sorrow," the Boy

resumed, "for ridding the world of a sordid worm; of a man whose very soul was dross, and who never had a feeling for the Truthful and the Beautiful? When I stood before my uncle in the moonlight, in the gardens of the ancestral halls of the De Barnwells, I felt that it was the Nemesis come to overthrow him. 'Dog,' I said to the trembling slave, 'tell me where thy Gold is. *Thou* hast no use for it. I can spend it in relieving the Poverty on which thou tramplest; aiding Science, which thou knowest not; in uplifting Art, to which thou art blind. Give Gold, and thou art free.' But he spake not, and I slew him."

"I would not have this doctrine vulgarly promulgated," said the admirable chaplain, "for its general practice might chance to do harm. Thou, my son, the Refined, the Gentle, the Loving and Beloved, the Poet and Sage, urged by what I cannot but think a grievous error, hast appeared as Avenger. Think what would be the world's condition, were men without any Yearning after the Ideal to attempt to reorganise Society, to redistribute Property, to avenge Wrong."

"A rabble of pygmies scaling Heaven," said the noble though misguided young Prisoner. "Prometheus was a Giant, and he fell."

"Yes, indeed, my brave youth!" the benevolent Dr. Fuzwig exclaimed, clasping the Prisoner's marble and manacled hand. "And the Tragedy of To-morrow will teach the World that Homicide is not to be permitted even to the most amiable Genius, and that the lover of the Ideal and the Beautiful, as thou art, my son, must respect the Real likewise."

"Look! here is supper!" cried Barnwell gaily. "This is the Real, Doctor; let us respect it and fall to." He par-

took of the meal as joyously as if it had been one of his early festals; but the worthy chaplain could scarcely eat it for tears.—*"Novels by Eminent Hands."*

The Ballad of Eliza Davis

GALLIANT gents and lovely ladies,
List a tail vich late befel,
Vich I heard it, bein on duty,
At the pleace hoffice, Clerkenwell.

Praps you know the fondling chapel,
Vere the little children sings:
(Lor! I likes to hear on Sundies
Them there pooty little things!)

In this street there lived a housemaid,
If you particklarly ask me where—
Vy, it vas at four-and-tventy
Guilford Street, by Brunsvick Square.

Vich her name was Eliza Davis,
And she went to fetch the beer;
In the street she met a party
As was quite surprised to see her.

Vich he vas a British sailor,
For to judge him by his look:
Tarry jacket, canvas trousies,
Ha-la Mr. T. P. Cooke.

Presently this mann accostes
Of this hinnocent young gal:
"Pray," saysee, "excuse my freedom,
You're so like my sister Sal!

"You're so like my sister Sally,
Both in valk and face and size,
Miss, that—dang my old lee scuppers—
It brings tears into my heyes!

"I'm a mate on board a wessel,
I'm a sailor bold and true;
Shiver up my poor old timbers,
Let me be a mate for you!

"What's your name, my beauty, tell me!"
And she faintly hansers, "Lor,
Sir, my name's Eliza Davis,
And I live at tventy-four."

Hofttimes came this British seaman,
This deluded gal to meet;
And at tventy-four was welcome,
Tventy-four in Guilford Street.

And Eliza told her master
(Kinder they than misuses are),
How in marridge he had ast her,
Like a galliant British tar.

And he brought his landlady vith him
(Vich was all his hartful plan),

And she told how Charley Thompson
  Reely vas a good young man:

And how she herself had lived in
  Many years of union sweet
Vith a gent she met promiskous,
  Valkin in the public street.

And Eliza listened to them,
  And she thought that soon their bands
Vould be published at the fondlin,
  Hand the clergyman jine their ands.

And he ast about the lodgers
  (Vich her master let some rooms),
Likevise vere they kep their things, and
  Vere her master kep his spoons.

Hand this vicked Charley Thompson
  Came on Sundy veek to see her;
And he sent Eliza Davis
  Hout to fetch a pint of beer.

Hand while pore Eliza vent to
  Fetch the beer, dewoid of sin,
This etrocious Charley Thompson
  Let his wile accomplish hin.

To the lodgers, their apartments,
  This abandingd female goes;
Prigs their shirts and umberellas;
  Prigs their boots, and hats, and clothes—

While the scoundrle Charley Thompson,
  Lest his wictim should escape,
Hocust her vith rum and vater,
  Like a fiend in huming shape.

But a hi was fixed upon 'em
  Vich these raskles little sore;
Namely, Mr. Hide, the landlord
  Of the house at tventy-four.

He was valkin in his garden,
  Just afore he vent to sup;
And on looking up he sor the
  Lodgers' vinders lighted up.

Hup the stairs the landlord tumbled;
  Something's going wrong, he said;
And he caught the vicked voman
  Underneath the lodger's bed.

And he called a brother pleaceman,
  Vich was passing on his beat,
Like a true and galliant feller,
  Hup and down in Guilford Street.

And that pleaceman able-bodied
  Took this voman to the cell;
To the cell vere she was quodded,
  In the Close of Clerkenwell.

And though vicked Charley Thompson
  Boulted like a miscrant base,

Presently another pleaceman
  Took him to the self-same place.

And this precious pair of raskles
  Tuesday last came up for doom;
By the beak they was committed,
  Vich his name was Mr. Combe.

Has for poor Eliza Davis,
  Simple gal of tventy-four,
She, I ope, vill never listen
  In the streets to sailors moar.

But if she must ave a sweet-art
  (Vich most every gal expex),
Let her take a jolly pleaceman;
  Vich his name peraps is—X.

—"*Ballads of Policeman X.*"

Sorrows of Werther

WERTHER had a love for Charlotte
  Such as words could never utter.
Would you know how first he met her?
  She was cutting bread and butter.

Charlotte was a married lady,
  And a moral man was Werther,
And, for all the wealth of Indies,
  Would do nothing for to hurt her.

So he sighed and pined and ogled,
And his passion boiled and bubbled,
Till he blew his silly brains out,
And no more was by it troubled.

Charlotte, having seen his body
Borne before her on a shutter,
Like a well-conducted person
Went on cutting bread and butter.

How Becky Sharp Made an Impression on Joseph Sedley

A VERY stout, puffy man, in buckskins and Hessian boots, with several immense neckcloths, that rose almost to his nose, with a red striped waistcoat and an apple-green coat with steel buttons almost as large as crown pieces (it was the morning costume of a dandy or blood of those days), was reading the paper by the fire when the two girls entered; he bounced off his arm-chair, and blushed excessively, and hid his entire face almost in his neckcloths at this apparition.

"It's only your sister, Joseph," said Amelia, laughing and shaking the two fingers which he held out. "I've come home *for good,* you know; and this is my friend, Miss Sharp, whom you have heard me mention."

"No, never, upon my word," said the head under the neckcloths, shaking very much—"that is, yes—what abominably cold weather, miss." And herewith he fell to poking the fire with all his might, although it was in the middle of June.

"He's very handsome," whispered Rebecca to Amelia, rather loud.

"Do you think so?" said the latter. "I'll tell him."

"Darling, not for worlds!" said Miss Sharp, starting back as timid as a fawn. She had previously made a respectful, virgin-like curtsey to the gentleman, and her modest eyes gazed so perseveringly on the carpet that it was a wonder how she should have found an opportunity to see him.

"Thank you for the beautiful shawls, brother," said Amelia to the fire poker. "Are they not beautiful, Rebecca?"

"Oh, heavenly!" said Miss Sharp, and her eyes went from the carpet straight to the chandelier.

Joseph still continued a huge clattering at the poker and tongs, puffing and blowing the while, and turning as red as his yellow face would allow him. "I can't make you such handsome presents, Joseph," continued his sister, "but while I was at school, I have embroidered for you a very beautiful pair of braces."

"Good Gad, Amelia!" cried the brother, in serious alarm, "what do you mean?" And plunging with all his might at the bell-rope, that article of furniture came away in his hand, and increased the honest fellow's confusion. "For Heaven's sake, see if my buggy's at the door. I *can't* wait. I must go. Damn that groom of mine—I must go."

At this minute the father of the family walked in, rattling his seals like a true British merchant. "What's the matter, Emmy?" says he.

"Joseph wants me to see if his—his *buggy* is at the door. What is a buggy, papa?"

"It is a one-horse palanquin," said the old gentleman, who was a wag in his way.

Joseph at this burst out into a wild fit of laughter, in which, encountering the eye of Miss Sharp, he stopped all of a sudden, as if he had been shot.

"This young lady is your friend? Miss Sharp, I am very happy to see you. Have you and Emmy been quarrelling already with Joseph, that he wants to be off?"

"I promised Bonamy of our service, sir," said Joseph, "to dine with him."

"Oh, fie! didn't you tell your mother you would dine here?"

"But in this dress it's impossible."

"Look at him, isn't he handsome enough to dine anywhere, Miss Sharp?"

On which, of course, Miss Sharp looked at her friend, and they both set off in a fit of laughter, highly agreeable to the old gentleman.

"Did you ever see a pair of buckskins like those at Miss Pinkerton's?" continued he, following up his advantage.

"Gracious heavens, father!" cried Joseph.

"There, now, I have hurt his feelings. Mrs. Sedley, my dear, I have hurt your son's feelings. I have alluded to his buckskins. Ask Miss Sharp if I haven't? Come, Joseph, be friends with Miss Sharp, and let us all go to dinner."

"There's a pillau, Joseph, just as you like it, and papa has brought home the best turbot in Billingsgate."

"Come, come, sir, walk down-stairs with Miss Sharp, and I will follow with these two young women," said the father, and he took an arm of wife and daughter and walked merrily off.

If Miss Rebecca Sharp had determined in her heart upon making the conquest of this big beau, I don't think, ladies, we have any right to blame her; for though the task of

husband-hunting is generally, and with becoming modesty, intrusted by young persons to their mammas, recollect that Miss Sharp had no kind parent to arrange these delicate matters for her, and that if she did not get a husband for herself, there was no one else in the wide world who would take the trouble off her hands. What causes young people to "come *out*," but the noble ambition of matrimony? What sends them trooping to watering-places? What keeps them dancing till five o'clock in the morning through a whole mortal season? What causes them to labour at pianoforte sonatas, and to learn four songs from a fashionable master at a guinea a lesson, and to play the harp if they have handsome arms and neat elbows, and to wear Lincoln-green toxophilite hats and feathers, but that they may bring down some "desirable" young man with those killing bows and arrows of theirs? What causes respectable parents to take up their carpets, set their houses topsy-turvy, and spend a fifth of their year's income in ball suppers and iced champagne? Is it sheer love of their species, and an unadulterated wish to see young people happy and dancing? Psha! they want to marry their daughters; and, as honest Mrs. Sedley has, in the depths of her kind heart, already arranged a score of little schemes for the settlement of her Amelia, so also had our beloved but unprotected Rebecca determined to do her very best to secure the husband, who was even more necessary for her than for her friend. She had a vivid imagination; she had, besides, read the "Arabian Nights" and "Guthrie's Geography"; and it is a fact, that while she was dressing for dinner, and after she had asked Amelia whether her brother was very rich, she had built for herself a most magnificent castle in the air, of which she was mistress, with a husband somewhere in the background (she had not seen

him as yet, and his figure would not therefore be very distinct); she had arrayed herself in an infinity of shawls, turbans, and diamond necklaces, and had mounted upon an elephant to the sound of the march in "Bluebeard," in order to pay a visit of ceremony to the Grand Mogul. Charming Alnaschar visions! it is the happy privilege of youth to construct you, and many a fanciful creature besides Rebecca Sharp has indulged in these delightful day-dreams ere now!

Joseph Sedley was twelve years older than his sister Amelia. He was in the East India Company's Civil Service, and his name appeared, at the period of which we write, in the Bengal division of the *East India Register* as collector of Boggley Wollah, an honourable and lucrative post, as everybody knows. In order to know to what higher posts Joseph rose in the service, the reader is referred to the same periodical.

Boggley Wollah is situated in a fine, lonely, marshy, jungly district, famous for snipe-shooting, and where not unfrequently you may flush a tiger. Ramgunge, where there is a magistrate, is only forty miles off, and there is a cavalry station about thirty miles farther; so Joseph wrote home to his parents, when he took possession of his collectorship. He had lived for about eight years of his life, quite alone, at this charming place, scarcely seeing a Christian face except twice a year, when the detachment arrived to carry off the revenues which he had collected, to Calcutta.

Luckily, at this time he caught a liver complaint, for the cure of which he returned to Europe, and which was the source of great comfort and amusement to him in his native country. He did not live with his family while in London, but had lodgings of his own, like a gay young bachelor.

Before he went to India he was too young to partake of the delightful pleasures of a man about town, and plunged into them on his return with considerable assiduity. He drove his horses in the Park; he dined at the fashionable taverns (for the Oriental Club was not as yet invented); he frequented the theatres, as the mode was in those days, or made his appearance at the opera, laboriously attired in tights and a cocked hat.

On returning to India, and ever after, he used to talk of the pleasure of this period of his existence with great enthusiasm, and give you to understand that he and Brummel were the leading bucks of the day. But he was as lonely here as in his jungle at Boggley Wollah. He scarcely knew a single soul in the metropolis; and were it not for his doctor, and the society of his blue-pill, and his liver complaint, he must have died of loneliness. He was lazy, peevish, and a *bon-vivant;* the appearance of a lady frightened him beyond measure; hence it was but seldom that he joined the paternal circle in Russell Square, where there was plenty of gaiety, and where the jokes of his good-natured old father frightened his *amour-propre.* His bulk caused Joseph much anxious thought and alarm; now and then he would make a desperate attempt to get rid of his superabundant fat. But his indolence and love of good living speedily got the better of these endeavours at reform, and he found himself again at his three meals a day. He never was well dressed; but he took the hugest pains to adorn his big person, and passed many hours daily in that occupation. His valet made a fortune out of his wardrobe; his toilet-table was covered with as many pomatums and essences as ever were employed by an old beauty; he had tried, in order to give himself a waist, every girth, stay, and waistband then invented.

Like most fast men, he *would* have his clothes made too tight, and took care they should be of the most brilliant colours and youthful cut. When dressed at length, in the afternoon, he would issue forth to take a drive with nobody in the Park; and then would come back in order to dress again and go and dine with nobody at the Piazza Coffee-House. He was as vain as a girl; and perhaps his extreme shyness was one of the results of his extreme vanity. If Miss Rebecca can get the better of *him*, and at her first entrance into life, she is a young person of no ordinary cleverness.

The first move showed considerable skill. When she called Sedley a very handsome man, she knew that Amelia would tell her mother, who would probably tell Joseph, or who, at any rate, would be pleased by the compliment paid to her son. All mothers are. If you had told Sycorax that her son Caliban was as handsome as Apollo, she would have been pleased, witch as she was. Perhaps, too, Joseph Sedley would overhear the compliment—Rebecca spoke loud enough—and he *did* hear, and (thinking in his heart that he was a very fine man) the praise thrilled through every fibre of his big body, and made it tingle with pleasure. Then, however, came a recoil. "Is the girl making fun of me?" he thought, and straightway he bounced toward the bell, and was for retreating, as we have seen, when his father's jokes and his mother's entreaties caused him to pause and stay where he was. He conducted the young lady down to dinner in a dubious and agitated frame of mind. "Does she really think I am handsome," thought he, "or is she only making game of me?" We have talked of Joseph Sedley being as vain as a girl. Heaven help us! the girls have only to turn the tables, and say of one of their own

sex, "She is as vain as a man," and they will have perfect reason. The bearded creatures are quite as eager for praise, quite as finikin over their *toilettes,* quite as proud of their personal advantages, quite as conscious of their powers of fascination, as any coquette in the world.

Down-stairs, then, they went, Joseph very red and blushing, Rebecca very modest, and holding her green eyes downward. She was dressed in white, with bare shoulders as white as snow—the picture of youth, unprotected innocence, and humble virgin simplicity. "I must be very quiet," thought Rebecca, "and very much interested about India."

Now we have heard how Mrs. Sedley had prepared a fine curry for her son, just as he liked it, and in the course of dinner a portion of this dish was offered to Rebecca. "What is it?" said she, turning an appealing look to Mr. Joseph.

"Capital," said he. His mouth was full of it, his face quite red with the delightful exercise of gobbling. "Mother, it's as good as my own curries in India."

"Oh, I must try some, if it is an Indian dish," said Miss Rebecca; "I am sure everything must be good that comes from there."

"Give Miss Sharp some curry, my dear," said Mr. Sedley, laughing.

Rebecca had never tasted the dish before.

"Do you find it as good as everything else from India?" said Mr. Sedley.

"Oh, excellent!" said Rebecca, who was suffering tortures with the cayenne pepper.

"Try a chili with it, Miss Sharp," said Joseph, really interested.

"A chili," said Rebecca, gasping. "Oh, yes!" She thought a chili was something cool, as its name imported,

and was served with some. "How fresh and green they look," she said, and put one into her mouth. It was hotter than the curry; flesh and blood could bear it no longer. She laid down her fork. "Water, for Heaven's sake, water!" she cried. Mr. Sedley burst out laughing. He was a coarse man, from the Stock Exchange, where they love all sorts of practical jokes. "They are real Indian, I assure you," said he. "Sambo, give Miss Sharp some water."

The paternal laugh was echoed by Joseph, who thought the joke capital. The ladies only smiled a little. They thought poor Rebecca suffered too much. She would have liked to choke old Sedley, but she swallowed her mortification as well as she had the abominable curry before it, and as soon as she could speak, said, with a comical, good-humoured air:

"I ought to have remembered the pepper which the Princess of Persia puts in the cream-tarts in the 'Arabian Nights.' Do you put cayenne into your cream-tarts in India, sir?"

Old Sedley began to laugh, and thought Rebecca was a good-humoured girl. Joseph simply said, "Cream-tarts, miss? Our cream is very bad in Bengal. We generally use goat's milk; and, 'gad, do you know, I've got to prefer it!"

"You won't like *everything* from India now, Miss Sharp," said the old gentleman. But when the ladies had retired after dinner, the wily old fellow said to his son, "Have a care, Joe; that girl is setting her cap at you."

"Pooh! Nonsense!" said Joe, highly flattered. "I recollect, sir, there was a girl at Dumdum, a daughter of Cutler of the Artillery, and afterward married to Lance, the surgeon, who made a dead set at me in the year '4—at me and

Mulligatawney, whom I mentioned to you before dinner—a devilish good fellow, Mulligatawney—he's a magistrate at Budgebudge, and sure to be in council in five years. Well, sir, the Artillery gave a ball, and Quintin, of the King's 14th, said to me 'Sedley,' said he, 'I bet you thirteen to ten that Sophy Cutler hooks either you or Mulligatawney before the rains.' 'Done,' says I; and egad, sir— This claret's very good. Adamson's or Carbonell's?"

A slight snore was the only reply. The honest stock-broker was asleep, and so the rest of Joseph's story was lost for that day. But he was always exceedingly communicative in a man's party, and has told this delightful tale many scores of times to his apothecary, Dr. Gallop, when he came to inquire about the liver and the blue-pill.

Being an invalid, Joseph Sedley contented himself with a bottle of claret besides his Madeira at dinner, and he managed a couple of platefuls of strawberries and cream, and twenty-four little rout cakes that were lying neglected in a plate near him, and certainly (for novelists have the privilege of knowing everything) he thought a great deal about the girl up-stairs. "A nice, gay, merry young creature," thought he to himself. "How she looked at me when I picked up her handkerchief at dinner! She dropped it twice. Who's that singing in the drawing-room! 'Gad! shall I go up and see?"

But his modesty came rushing upon him with uncontrollable force. His father was asleep; his hat was in the hall; there was a hackney-coach stand hard by in Southampton Row. "I'll go and see the 'Forty Thieves,' said he, "and Miss Decamp's dance." And he slipped away gently on the pointed toes of his boots, and disappeared without waking his worthy parent.

"There goes Joseph," said Amelia, who was looking from the open windows of the drawing-room, while Rebecca was singing at the piano.

"Miss Sharp has frightened him away," said Mrs. Sedley. "Poor Joe, why *will* he be so shy?"—*"Vanity Fair."*

Peg of Limavaddy

LIMAVADDY inn's
  But a humble bait-house,
Where you may procure
  Whisky and potatoes;
Landlord at the door
  Gives a smiling welcome
To the shivering wights
  Who to this hotel come.
Landlady within
  Sits and knits a stocking,
With a wary foot
  Baby's cradle rocking.

To the chimney nook
  Having found admittance,
There I watch a pup
  Playing with two kittens
(Playing round the fire,
  Which of blazing turf is,
Roaring to the pot
  Which bubbles with the murphies).

'And the cradled babe
  Fond the mother nursed it,
Singing it a song
  As she twists the worsted!

Up and down the stair
  Two more young ones patter
'(Twins were never seen
  Dirtier or fatter).
Both have mottled legs,
  Both have snubby noses,
Both have— Here the host
  Kindly interposes:
"Sure you must be froze
  With the sleet and hail, sir;
So will you have some punch,
  Or will you have some ale, sir?"

Presently a maid
  Enters with the liquor
'(Half a pint of ale
  Frothing in a beaker).
Gods! I didn't know
  What my beating heart meant:
Hebe's self, I thought,
  Entered the apartment.
'As she came she smiled,
  And the smile bewitching,
On my word and honour,
  Lighted all the kitchen!

With a curtsey neat
  Greeting the new-comer,
Lovely, smiling Peg
  Offers me the rummer;
But my trembling hand
  Up the beaker tilted,
And the glass of ale
  Every drop I spilt it;
Spilt it every drop
  (Dames, who read my volumes,
Pardon such a word)
  On my what-d'ye-call-'ems!

Witnessing the sight
  Of that dire disaster,
Out began to laugh
  Missis, maid, and master.
Such a merry peal
  'Specially Miss Peg's was
(As the glass of ale
  Trickling down my legs was)
That the joyful sound
  Of that mingling laughter
Echoed in my ears
  Many a long day after.

When the laugh was done,
  Peg, the pretty hussy,
Moved about the room
  Wonderfully busy.
Now she looks to see
  If the kettle keeps hot;

Now she rubs the spoons,
  Now she cleans the teapot;
Now she sets the cups
  Trimly and secure;
Now she scours a pot,
  And so it was I drew her.

Thus it was I drew her
  Scouring of a kettle.
(Faith! her blushing cheeks
  Redden'd on the metal!)
Ah! but 'tis in vain
  That I try to sketch it;
The pot perhaps is like,
  But Peggy's face is wretched.
No! The best of lead
  And of indiarubber
Never could depict
  That sweet kettle-scrubber!

See her as she moves,
  Scarce the ground she touches;
Airy as a fay,
  Graceful as a duchess;
Bare her rounded arm,
  Bare her little leg is;
Vestris never show'd
  Ankles like to Peggy's.
Braided is her hair,
  Soft her look and modest,
Slim her little waist
  Comfortably bodiced.

This I do declare:
  Happy is the laddy
Who the heart can share
  Of Peg of Limavaddy.
Married if she were,
  Blest would be the daddy
Of the children fair
  Of Peg of Limavaddy.
Beauty is not rare
  In the land of Paddy;
Fair beyond compare
  Is Peg of Limavaddy.

Citizen or Squire,
  Tory, Whig, or Radical would all desire
  Peg of Limavaddy.
Had I Homer's fire,
  Or that of Serjeant Taddy,
Meetly I'd admire
  Peg of Limavaddy.
And till I expire,
  Or till I grow mad, I
Will sing unto my lyre
  Peg of Limavaddy!

—*"The Irish Sketch-Book."*

Letter from Mr. Yellowplush to Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer

HONRABBLE Barnet!—Retired from the littery world a year or moar, I didn't think anythink would injuice me to come forrards again; for I was content with my share of reputation, and propoas'd to add nothink to those immortial wux which have rendered this Magaseen so sallybrated.

Shall I tell you the reazn of my reappearants? A desire for the benefick of my fellow-creatures? Fiddlestick! A mighty truth with which my busm laboured, and which I must bring forth or die? Nonsince—stuff! Money's the secret, my dear Barnet—money—*l'argong, gelt, spicunia.* Here's quarter-day coming, and I'm blest if I can pay my landlud, unless I can ad hartificially to my inkum.

This is, however, betwigst you and me. There's no need to blacard the streets with it, or to tell the British public that Fitzroy Y-ll-wpl-sh is short of money, or that the sallybrated hauthor of the Y—— Papers is in peskewniary difficklties, or is fiteagued by his superhuman littery labours, or by his famly suckmstansies, or by any other pusnal matter. My maxim, dear Bullwig, is on these pints to keep quiet. What the juice does the public care for you or me? Why must we always, in prefizzes and what not, be a talking about ourselves, and our igstrodnary merrats, woas, and injaries? It is on this subjick that I porpies, my dear Barnet, to speak to you in a friendly way; and praps you'll find my advice tolrabbly holesum.

Well, then—if you care about the apinions, fur good or evil, of us poor suvvants, I tell you, in the most candied

way, I like you, Barnet. I've had my fling at you in my day—for, *entry nou,* that last stoary I roat about you and Larnder was as big a bownsir as ever was—I've had my fling at you; but I like you. One may objeck to an immence deal of your writings, which, betwigst you and me, contain more sham scentiment, sham morallaty, sham poatry, than you'd like to own; but, in spite of this, there's the *stuff* in you. You've a kind and loyal heart in you, Barnet—a trifle deboshed, perhaps; a keen i, igspecially for what's comic—as for your tradgady, it's mighty flatchulent—and a ready, plesnt pen. The man who says you are an As is an As himself. Don't believe him, Barnet. Not that I suppose you wil. For, if I've formd a correck apinion of you from your wucks, you think your small-beear as good as most men's. Every man does—and why not? We brew, and we love, our own tap—amen. But the pint betwigst us, is this stewpid, absudd way of crying out, because the public don't like it too. Why shood they, my dear Barnet? You may vow that they are fools; or that the critix are your enemies; or that the wuld shood judge your poams by your critticle rules, and not their own. You may beat your breast, and vow you are a marter, and you won't mend the matter. Take heart, man! You're not so misrabble, after all; your spirits need not be so *very* cast down; you are not so *very* badly paid. I'd lay a wager that you make, with one thing or another—plays, novvles, pamphlicks, and little odd jobs here and there—your three thowsnd a year. There's many a man, dear Bullwig, that works for less, and lives content. Why shouldn't you? Three thowsnd a year is no such bad thing—let alone the barnetcy. It must be a great comfort to have that bloody hand in your skitching.

But don't you sea, that in a wuld naturally envius, wickid,

and fond of a joak, this very barnetcy, these very cumplaints, this ceaseless groning and moning and wining of yours, is igsackly the thing which makes people laff and snear more? If you were ever at a great school, you must recklect who was the boy most bullid and buffitid and purshewd —he who minded it most. He who could take a basting got but few; he who rord and wep because the knotty boys called him nicknames, was nicknamed wuss and wuss. I recklect there was at our school, in Smithfield, a chap of this milksop, spoony sort, who appeared among the romping, ragged fellers in a fine flanning dressing-gownd that his mamma had given him. That pore boy was beaten in a way that his dear ma and aunts didn't know him; his fine flanning dressing-gownd was torn all to ribbings, and he got no pease in the school ever after, but was abliged to be taken to some other saminary, where, I make no doubt, he was paid off igsactly in the same way.

Do you take the halligory, my dear Barnet? *Mutayto nomine*—you know what I mean. You are the boy, and your barnetcy is the dressing-gownd. You dress yourself out finer than other chaps, and they all begin to sault and hustle you. It's human nature, Barnet. You show weakness, think of your dear ma, mayhap, and begin to cry. It's all over with you: the whole school is at you—upper boys and under, big and little; the dirtiest little fag in the place will pipe out blaggerd names at you, and take his pewny tug at your tail.

The only way to avoid such consperracies is to put a pair of stowt shoalders forrards, and bust through the crowd of raggymuffins. A good bold fellow dubls his fistt, and cries, "Wha dares meddle wi' me?" When Scott got *his* barnetcy, for instans, did any one of us cry out? No, by the laws, he was our master; and wo betide the chap that

said neigh to him! But there's barnets and barnets. Do you recklect that fine chapter in "Squintin Durward," about the too fellos and the cups, at the siege of the bishop's castle? One of them was a brave warrier, and kep *his* cup; they strangled the other chap—strangled him, and laffd at him too.

With respeck, then, to the barnetcy pint, this is my advise: brazen it out. Us littery men I take to be like a pack of schoolboys—childish, greedy, envius, holding by our friends, and always ready to fight. What must be a man's conduck among such? He must either take no notis, and pass on myjastick, or else turn round and pummle soundly—one, two, right and left, ding dong over the face and eyes; above all, never acknowledge that he is hurt. Years ago, for instans—we've no ill blood, but only mention this by way of igsample—you began a sparring with this Magaseen. Law bless you! such a ridicklus gaym I never see; a man so belaybord, beflustered, bewolloped, was never known; it was the laff of the whole town. Your intelackshal natur, respected Barnet, is not fizzickly adapted, so to speak, for encounters of this sort. You must not indulge in combats with us course bullies of the press; you have not the *staminy* for a reglar set-to. What, then, is your plan? In the midst of the mob to pass as quiet as you can. You won't be undistubbed. Who is? Some stray kix and buffits will fall to you—mortial man is subjick to such; but if you begin to wins and cry out, and set up for a marter, wo betide you!

These remarks, pusnal as I confess them to be, are yet, I assure you, written in perfick good-natur, and have been inspired by your play of the "Sea Capting," and prefiz to it; which latter is on matters intirely pusnal, and will, therefore, I trust, igscuse this kind of *ad hominam*—as they say—diskcushion.—*"The Memoirs of Mr. Yellowplush."*

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